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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1867.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES IN ART.

A LECTURE.

Art is one of the natural forms which are assumed by joy ; what we call the arts are merely different ways of being happy. In the lives of most of us, fortunately, there are pauses, intervals without any prescribed occupation, in which the initiative is given back to ourselves. If we cannot fill these, or at least some of these, by Art, the chances are that they will be filled, if we have energy, by avarice or ambition, if we want energy, by *ennui*. This is particularly true in great cities. Life is stifled and overtaken when it is spent in the midst of a crowd ; where the animal happiness and freedom of the country is wanting, what but Art can supply its place ? A city without picture-galleries, theatres, beautiful buildings, a city where no one writes verses or reads them, or cares to talk about literary subjects, must, I imagine, be far worse than a dismal place. It need not, perhaps, be an immoral place in the common sense of the word ; the average number of thefts and murders committed in it need not be greater than in other places of the same size ; but in a high sense of the word I think it must be immoral ; the standard will be pitched low ; life will be uninteresting, and virtue will become languid and, so to speak, unprogressive. The city we live in is certainly not like this ; among us all arts are

practised. Still when one seeks among the great cities of history for a parallel to London, it is not Florence or Athens that occurs to us, but rather Tyre or Carthage. If it were only politics that took precedence of the arts, one could put up with it, but when they are crowded out by mere business, this city, to say the least, is not so great morally as it is physically. It does not make a due return to those whom it deprives of the freedom of the country and the beauties of nature.

Foreigners are fond of raising the question, whether the English people are capable of art. It seems the easiest and most triumphant answer simply to name Shakespeare and Reynolds. So long as we confine ourselves to naming our great artists, we do well ; and it is certainly hard to imagine that there can be any radical artistic deficiency in a nation that has produced such men even exceptionally. But there are nations whose artistic faculty shows itself, not in isolated cases, but as a universal birthright ; and among these certainly no one would reckon the English. The absolute want of susceptibility to art seems commoner in English people than in most other nations. The Frenchman's taste may be too exclusive and intolerant, but at any rate it is not wanting ; the German's somewhat too tolerant, but there

'is no doubt that he does enjoy a piece of music at least, and often a painting ; among us pure insensibility is perfectly common, and I imagine that of the people who may be found any day walking among the Elgin Marbles, or in the National Gallery, a considerable proportion would derive accurately the same amount of enjoyment from their promenade if the statues or the pictures were away. Of course such insensibility, when it is natural, is irremediable. Not by thinking about it will any one find out beauty. But a sensibility that is weak may be strengthened, and one that is confused may be cleared and purified. Now the way to make one's perceptions clear in art is to consider carefully what art is in general, what is its object, under what conditions it works, and what may be expected from it.

Most people in England, who are not themselves artists, both dislike and disbelieve in art-criticism. It seems to be nothing but a contrivance for making out everything that is agreeable and enjoyable to be bad, and everything that is shocking and revolting to be admirable. Such a contrivance would be irritating enough if works of art existed for anything else but enjoyment, but as they have no other end it seems to add insult to injury. A picture is painted solely to please me, and I am to be told that it is a masterpiece, although it makes me shudder ! I go to the theatre expressly to be amused ; I am amused, delighted, and enchanted, and next morning the critics tell me that the piece was detestable. I might perhaps get over this difficulty by supposing, though the supposition is not gratifying, that my taste is in a thoroughly morbid state, like the palate of a man in fever, or immature, like the taste of a child who delights in pastry and sweet things. But then the critics do not in the least agree among themselves, and if I should educate myself according to the doctrine of one school I met with and succeed in liking all that I naturally disliked and in disliking all that I liked, I should fall

at once under the condemnation of another school, which might in the meanwhile have superseded the former, and should be told now not that my taste was childish but that it was artificially depraved.

Still we should not allow ourselves to suppose that Art is governed by no principles at all, because the expounders of it differ so widely among themselves. Their differences, though great, are at least not so numerous as they seem, while their agreements, though less loudly proclaimed, are much more numerous. There are standing controversies in Art which are perpetually breaking out afresh ; they take new forms with every new age, but they are essentially the same always. They are always conducted hotly, with sweeping denunciations and anathemas on both sides. Each combatant represents his favourite tenet as absolutely fundamental ; the opponents of it are always to him the destroyers and underminers of art. This violence has always been characteristic of Art controversies, from the time when the young Athenian in Aristophanes assailed his father with a cudgel for preferring the poetry of *Æschylus* to that of *Euripides*, to the time when *Blake* wrote, at the death of the illustrious *Reynolds*, "This man was here for the destruction of Art." The effect of it upon the lay-world is general scepticism ; the one party is believed to be as much in the wrong as the other. These violent dogmatic decisions crush too and wither the timid likings of plain people, which might have developed into cultivated taste ; they grow ashamed of their own faint impressions and modest opinions, which they are not prepared to justify by reasons ; and thus discouraged, turn their backs altogether upon art. Yet nothing is so important to Art itself, and to general cultivation, as the formation of an intelligent lay-opinion ; nothing is so desirable as that there should be a large number of persons who appreciate in some degree, without appreciating perfectly, to whom Art is something without being everything, and who can be happy

and comfortable in their individual preferences without dignifying those preferences with the name of critical judgments. It is curious that criticism is generally understood to mean finding faults; a really good criticism would consist much more in finding merits—nor need it for that reason become tame; at least I know that the best critic that ever lived, Goethe, scarcely ever blames anybody.

But whether or no you believe in Art-criticism, be sure that I am not going to give you to-night any of those dogmatic judgments which professed artists or critics have perhaps a right to give. I am an humble inquirer in this field, wishing my own sensibilities were greater than they are. I am not going to apply critical canons, nor yet to lay down new ones; my great object is to make persons who have never thought upon the subject aware that there are laws in Art, and laws which, if they are thoughtful, they may discover for themselves. In the short time allotted to me I shall only be able to treat a few of the most elementary laws, and throughout I propose to speak of all the arts together, or, as I may say, not of the arts, but of Art.

Let us begin by considering what we understand by Art. The word is one which we use constantly in speaking of painting, sculpture, and architecture, less commonly, but still often, in speaking of poetry and music. These are the different arts. Each of them differs in some respects from every other, but in some points all of them are alike. Now that in which all the arts resemble each other, what is common to all the arts, is called Art.

What is that one thing which shows itself in all alike, whether we are dealing with stone, as in sculpture, or with words, as in poetry; with canvas, as in painting, or with sounds, as in music! To answer this question is to make a beginning in the intelligent study of Art.

With every power that we have we can do two things: we can work, and we can play. Every power that we

have is at the same time useful to us and delightful to us. Even when we are applying them to the furtherance of our personal objects, the activity of them gives us pleasure; and when we have no useful end to which to apply them, it is still pleasant to us to use them; the activity of them gives us pleasure for its own sake. There is no motion of our body or mind which we use in work, which we do not also use in play or amusement. If we walk in order to arrive at the place where our interest requires us to be, we also walk about the fields for enjoyment. If we apply our combining and analysing powers to solve the problems of mathematics, we use them sometimes also in solving double acrostics.

If this is clear, let me now go a step further, and say that as all the serious activities of man fall into certain large classes, and as each class of activities has its own method and rules, so is it with what I may call his sportive activities. What these large classes are in the former case we all know. Men's serious activities are war, manufactures, trade, science. But what are the classes or kinds into which man's activities fall when he sports with them? They are manifold, but among them are painting, sculpture, poetry, music, or what we call the arts.

This fundamental doctrine, that all Art is play or sport, and exists for pleasure, is easily misconceived, and therefore often denied. To see it clearly we should consider the simplest cases of Art, not the most famous or splendid examples. If I wanted to discover what is the object of dinner, it would not be wise to take the case of a great public banquet. If I did so, I should be in danger of supposing that the object of dinner was the display of plate or the making of speeches, and that eating and drinking were mere accidents of it. My best plan would be to consider why the tired pedestrian puts up at the wayside inn. In the same way, in order to discover the object of music, let us not consider Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" this might lead us to suppose that the object of music is

the inculcation of religious truth ; but let us consider why the labourer whistles at his work. If I took "Faust" or "Hamlet" as examples of the drama, I might suppose the drama had a philosophical object ; I understand the drama better when I consider a Christmas party making up a charade. In these simple, natural actions we see the naked notion in which the arts begin. We are present at the birth of the Muses, and we see that they are not the daughters of Memory, but the daughters of Joy. Such examples show us how, with all our faculties, we naturally play as well as work. They show that the voice is not only useful to speak with, but also delightful to sing with ; the foot cannot only walk, but also dance ; the hand can paint, as well as work or write ; and, to take more complicated instances, the gift of speech, the serious use of which is to impart thought and facts to each other, is also used for delight and satisfaction in rhythmical forms, and this becomes poetry ; finally the whole variety of our serious life is reproduced for delight in the drama.

Let me endeavour to meet some of the objections which are commonly brought against this view. You may notice that artists themselves sometimes reject it as degrading to their profession. As highminded men, and by their very function men of elevated views, they cannot bear to think that the pursuit to which their lives are devoted is a mere sport or amusement. Such a view seems to degrade them below men of business who work for a serious end, and to give them the character of idlers in the community. And this seems to them as unjust as it is humiliating, for they feel themselves not only not inferior, but distinctly superior in dignity to mere businessmen, not only not idlers, but the holders of a high and almost sacred function in the community, the priesthood of the Beautiful and Becoming.

In thinking so they are perfectly right, and the feeling which in all ages has attached a certain sacredness to the character of the artist is quite reasonable.

But because all Art is play, it does not follow that the artist is simply one who amuses himself. It is true that he is this in the first instance, and, if he were no more, he might be justly called an unprofitable idler. But he amuses others besides himself, and thus he is a benefactor. He is the general purveyor of joy to the whole community. We know that the great secret of wealth was long ago discovered in the division of labour. It was discovered that if, instead of making our coats and shoes for ourselves, we commissioned certain persons to spend their whole lives in making coats and shoes for us, the result was that we got better coats and shoes than we could have ventured to imagine before, because they were now made by persons whose genius specially inclined them to this pursuit, and by persons whose skill was perfected by perpetual practice. Well, this division of labour extends further than we sometimes remark. It includes the arts of enjoyment. As we commission the merchant to supply us with merchandise, so do we commission the artist to explore the realms of joy for us, to discover and bring home, or else to contrive, new joys for us.

The artist, then, is master of the revels, director of the amusements to the community. Will this satisfy him ? It evidently satisfied Shakespeare. He seems to have been contented and happy in regarding all the world as a stage, so long as his stage might be all the world. Still I think many artists would be discontented. Where is the dignity, where is the sacredness, they ask, of such a position ? We shall find the answer if we consider in what way the position is gained. It is the reward of an intrinsic superiority of nature, a superiority in the power of enjoying. Does not this place the artist at once high above the tradesman and the merchant ? With a few accidental opportunities or a little capital, added to common shrewdness and perseverance, any man may succeed, and deserve to succeed, in trade. But the artist's capital is in himself ; it is the gift of nature, and incommunicable.

And what is this gift? It is the gift of joy. In other words, the power of remaining young longer than other people, perpetual youth. Will it not satisfy the artist that he should be regarded as one whom Nature has favoured with a more elastic spirit than others, as one who, because he retains his freshness when others have lost it in cares and details, becomes a fountain of freshness to the community? And if there is something sacred in the artist's intrinsic superiority, is there not also something sacred in his function? To regulate the pleasures of a community! It is to have a greater moral influence upon human beings than is directly possessed by any class of men except those who teach, and therefore no figure of speech can be more apt than that which compares the artist's function to a priesthood.

Still, when I repeat that Art is play, I feel that the maxim has not yet ceased to sound paradoxical, and that another objection of a different kind may be urged against it.

There is a stumbling-block in the trivial associations that are connected with the word "play." Play, people think, cannot be important or grand or solemn, and much of Art is important, grand, solemn; again, play can at any rate never be melancholy, yet much of Art is melancholy, tragic, pathetic. There is a sort of Art, they would say, which may fairly be called play because it is light and amusing. To this sort belong comedies, the painting of the Dutch school, &c. But there is another quite different sort, solemn and akin to religion, to which belong the poetry of Milton and Dante, and the painting of the Cartoons; this it would be most inappropriate to call play. I would ask such persons why, if one piece of Art differs from another so completely and essentially, we still call both Art? Evidently the lightest comedy and the most sombre tragedy have *something* in common, something which leads us to class them together as works of Art. What is this common quality? If you will not have it to be what I have maintained, and what we express when

we call them both plays, you ought not to be content with this negation; you ought not to rest satisfied until you have found some other common characteristic. But the shortest answer is that you misunderstand the word "play." Play is not by any means necessarily connected with mirth or the relaxation of the faculties. What can be more serious than a game at cricket? While the game is going forward wicket-keeper does not laugh or look about him; point does not chat with cover-point. What parties are more solemn than those that sit round a whist-table? The truth is that all the better sort of games, all those which really refresh and reinvigorate, are of the strenuous, intense kind; they relax some faculties, it is true, but they do so by straining others. Well! but, you will say, if play is an energetic exertion of the faculties, how does it differ from work? It differs in this, that the exertion used in play is exertion for its own sake; while that used in work is for some ulterior object.

Vigorous persons enjoy the vigorous use of their faculties, and of *all* their faculties. This is true far more universally than we are apt to suppose. The same impulse which leads us to stretch our limbs in racing and rowing, the same desire to feel and enjoy our powers, extends to the mind, and, beyond the mind, to the feelings and the moral sense. It devises for itself games or sports suited for each faculty, and for the higher faculties exercises of so exalted a kind that we scruple to call them sports. Such are the higher forms of poetry. They are the forms in which the imagination,—that is, the power of bringing before the mind forms and combinations like those which are furnished by experience—and the sympathies,—or the power of feeling by reflection what other people, even imaginary people, feel,—exercise and amuse themselves. Like other sports, these amusements of the higher faculties will be with vigorous people vigorous. The imagination will draw upon all the wealth of earth and heaven; it will find its materials in whatever is most solemn,

most venerable, most terrible; it will play at bowls with the sun and moon. So too the power of sympathy, when it plays, will not be contented with pleasurable images, it will deliberately create griefs in order that it may share them. It will not be mirthful, for indeed sympathy, when it is strongly excited, is never mirthful. But not the less on that account is this activity of sympathy a sport, for it has no ulterior object, and ends in itself. It will not indeed be a sport to all. As in every school there are commonly weakly or effeminate boys who do not care to mix in the more vigorous sports of their schoolfellows, so will these larger and intellectual exercises of manhood be too strenuous and formidable for intellectual weaklings. Such are pleased with a ballad but fatigued with "Paradise Lost," because their imagination is not equal to a sustained flight; or their feelings are not lively enough, or their characters elevated enough, to enable them to enter into great and impressive situations, so that while they may feel a genuine interest in the "Ticket of Leave Man," they are entirely unmoved by "Philip Van Artevelde." And indeed among the greater excursions of imagination are some which, to all but the most robust mind, are ponderous sport. When the powers of man are at the highest, his gambols are not less mighty than his labours. Man, working, has contrived the Atlantic cable, but I declare that it astonishes me far more to think that for his mere amusement, that to entertain a vacant hour, he has created Othello and Lear, and I am more than astonished, I am awe-struck, at that inexplicable elasticity of his nature which enables him, instead of turning away from calamity and grief, or instead of merely defying them, actually to make them the material of his amusement, and to draw from the wildest agonies of the human spirit a pleasure which is not only not cruel but is in the highest degree pure and ennobling.

If now I may assume this fundamental position that Art is in all cases the same spirit of free self-delight, creating

for itself various forms and modes of expression, there follows immediately from it one great law, which notwithstanding is often violated. It is that every work of Art must be in its total effect pleasurable. Not that pain is to be excluded; as I have just remarked, pain is one of the principal instruments with which the tragic poet works. But it must be used as the painter uses shadow, that is, by way of contrast to light, and in order to set off or relieve light. Every work of Art is bad, however powerful, which leaves on the mind a predominant feeling of dissatisfaction, or disgust, or horror. And yet it is very common to hear works of Art judged simply by their power, by the amount of effect they produce, without regard to the quality of the effect. At Bologna, for example, there is a very powerful picture by Domenichino, of the Martyrdom of St. Agnes. Now to see a human being put to a violent death is a dreadful thing, and, as a general rule, I had rather not see even any representation of it. But when the death is martyrdom, when faith and hope triumph over bodily torture, then no doubt, instead of being merely painful, it becomes sublime. It then becomes a fair subject for Art, because the contemplation of it produces on the whole a predominant feeling of triumph and satisfaction. But the artist's special problem is to convey the sense of this victory of faith over pain. If he merely paints with great power the change produced in the human body by the agonies of death, he misses the mark altogether. And this was the effect produced on me by Domenichino's picture. I felt as I should feel if I saw a woman stabbed to the heart in the street. I thought I had seldom seen anything so powerful, and I wished I had never seen it at all.

Another law which follows at once from the principle that Art exists for pleasure, is that all works of Art which have a practical purpose are not properly works of Art. It was a fashion a few years ago—I think it is somewhat less fashionable now—if anybody had a view

that he wished to put before the world, a new theory of politics or morals or religion, to dress it up in a novel. You remember how Young Englandism was put before the world in "Coningsby." It was thought that people who might find a series of political dissertations dull, would read with pleasure that a brilliant young man of great expectations, conversing at Cambridge with a brilliant friend, expressed certain views about the Tory party; that he then visited a duke, and in conversation with the heir to the title discussed the prospects of nobility in England; then discussed manufactures with a Manchester millionaire; then the prospects of the Jewish race with an all-accomplished Hebrew capitalist. This was the plan of the story; the reader's imagination was filled with ducal palaces, splendid London and Paris parties, and love-scenes; only now and then was he expected to imbibe a little of the new political philosophy; but gradually the whole dose was administered; and, then the brilliant young man, his work being done, is translated to Parliament and a rich wife, and the story ends. Critics, who saw that the object of a novel is pleasure, and the object of a political discussion profit, justly pointed out that, considered as a work of Art, this and similar works were altogether vicious. It does not follow, however, that they are intrinsically bad, and that they ought not to be written. They are simply not works of Art, but if a man can recommend his views to the public by borrowing the machinery of Art, I know no reason why he should not do so. If people will take in a political doctrine when it is explained by a fictitious peer to a fictitious M.P., and will not take it in when the author delivers it *in propria persona*, I know no reason why their peer and their M.P. should be grudged them, only I think that wrong opinions are better conveyed in this mode than right ones, and that hazy conceptions will get more advantage from it than clear ones.

It is by no means true that Art ought always in practice to be kept apart from

that which is not Art. On the contrary, there are large classes of the works of men which are partly artistic and partly not. All things that make what I may call the furniture of man's life are of this kind, the articles of utility that habitually surround him, from the clothes that he wears and the chairs that he sits on, to the halls in which he meets his fellow-citizens in council and the temples in which he worships. All such things exist in the first place for use and convenience, and so far are not artistic. Use, convenience, is the paramount law to which all such things are subject. It is a breach not so much of taste as of good sense when we wear clothes that trip us up, or give us colds, because they are graceful, put up with dark rooms for the sake of tracery in the windows, build lecture-halls or churches in which no human voice can make itself heard. But in all such matters, as soon as Use is fully satisfied Art takes her turn. Man likes to draw delight from the things that habitually surround him. Wherever his mind has freedom for enjoyment, there will he provide the materials of enjoyment, contrivances of Art which may exhilarate the sense. Hence arises the Art of Decoration, reaching its highest dignity in Architecture, which, therefore, differs from the other arts, such as Painting or Poetry, in this, that it is attached like a parasite to that which is not an Art, but a mechanical craft governed by convenience, namely, building. From this peculiarity in Architecture, there follow at once certain practical rules of criticism. For instance, a building may be as good as possible and yet not beautiful, for the conditions of utility may not allow much beauty; and, again, a building may be very beautiful and yet very bad, for the beauty may have been introduced in defiance of the conditions of utility.

Let me take another example of these mixed Arts, one in which I have always noticed men's critical judgments to be especially confused on account of their overlooking its mixed character—I mean Oratory. It is evident that this, in the first instance, is not an Art. It is not

to give pleasure that men make speeches, but to produce persuasion. The first and indispensable merit of a good speech, therefore, is that it produce persuasion, that is, as much persuasion as is possible in the circumstances. If a speech does not do this, if it does not, when spoken, attract and hold the attention of the audience, it is of no sort of importance how well it reads. All its merits are out of place, and therefore out of taste. The performance is essentially a failure, and to praise it because, in a different audience, or in the minds of readers some time afterwards, it produces persuasion, is like saying of a general's tactics that they were admirable, only not adapted to overcome the particular enemy with whom he had to contend. I am thinking particularly, as you will guess, of Burke, whose speeches are so full of good thinking and fine writing, but who is said to have "thought of convincing while his hearers thought of dining," and so got the name of the Dinner Bell. If he really did think of convincing, and was so totally unable to do it, all we can say is, that he must have been a thoroughly incapable orator. But I fancy he did not really think of convincing, at least not of convincing that particular audience. I suppose he fancied himself speaking to Johnson and Reynolds, or perhaps to future times, and it may be happy for us that he did so. But, critically, a speech which is not listened to can never be anything but a bad speech, and the speaker who makes it, who, as they say, is above his audience, commits the capital fault in Art, for as the capital fault in war is cowardice, and the capital fault in common life is dishonesty, so in Art the capital fault is inappropriateness.

As in architecture, so in oratory, directly utility is satisfied, Art takes her turn. Speech, when it is already clear and strong, is all the better for being also agreeable; sentences that have been so arranged as to be perspicuous may as well be further so arranged as to be musical. But in oratory, as in architecture and everything else, all

true ornament is a shy and diffident thing. It cannot bear to appear out of place; it hates to be intrusive and impertinent. When men are intensely occupied or anxious, it slips out of view, and therefore architectural ornament is displeasing in a counting-house or shop, and oratorical ornament is insufferable in a scientific demonstration, and must be introduced with caution in a budget-speech. But when men have leisure, when the work that occupies them does not absorb all their minds, or press for instant decision, when, however earnest or solemn, it allows of being considered in the way of brooding contemplation rather than of close calculation or reasoning, then, again, Art is in place; and so, for example, architectural ornament is appropriate in a Church, and rhetorical ornament in a sermon. And there are cases where both architecture and oratory become almost purely artistic, and the element of utility is nearly eliminated from both. Such are, in architecture, memorial buildings and mausoleums; in oratory, panegyrical speeches.

Now all that I have said hitherto has been deduced from one simple principle. Knowing nothing more of Art, than that it is enjoyment, I can deduce with confidence that what does not produce enjoyment on the whole is not truly artistic. I can deduce that what assumes the form and outward appearance of Art, but really has in view, not enjoyment, but the spreading of some doctrine, the detecting of some abuse, or the recommending of some virtue, is again not truly artistic, however useful it may sometimes be; further I can deduce that Art is not always independent; but, in some cases, as architecture and oratory, parasitic, and accordingly, that, in judging of particular performances in these departments, it is necessary to apply two standards in succession, the practical standard and the artistic standard, and that the great and decisive test of merit in this case is what I may call the free play of Art in subordination.

But let us now come somewhat nearer to Art, and inquire more closely into its

nature. I have said that it is activity for its own sake; in short, that it is sport. It may occur to you as an objection that it would be absurd to call cricket or whist Art, or to class them with painting and poetry. Certainly, but what I said was that Art is sport, not that sport is always Art. The two propositions are perfectly different. Art, I affirm, is sport, that is, activity for its own sake; but then it is sport of a particular kind. Now how do the games that I have mentioned differ from Art? They differ in this respect, that though their object is pleasure, their laws are the same as those of men's serious activities. What makes the serious business of life serious is the cares, the dangers, the anxieties, attending it. Remove these, and it becomes a game. This is the theory of games. They are, for the most part, imitations of one of the most serious activities of life—war, with the element of danger and pain removed. Cricket, chess, cards, are only different forms of mimic war; they call into play precisely the same faculties and in the same way as real war, only the object being trifling, danger removed, and the time given to them short, the play has some of the excitement and bustle of real conflict with none of its fatigues and pains. Now Art is like these games in respect of its sole object being pleasure, but it is unlike them in this respect, that it does not merely repeat the activities of serious life, but has laws and modes of activity of its own. Let us try and discover some of these laws, confining ourselves to the simplest and most elementary.

The different kinds of Art answer to different faculties; let us pass them in review and see if we cannot discover a likeness running through them. Such a likeness strikes us at once. There is an obvious correspondence between the art of music and the art of dancing; there is another correspondence equally plain between music and poetry. Dancing is the way or mode in which we express delight in bodily movement; music is the mode in which we express delight in the power of producing sound,

whether by voice or instrument; poetry is the way in which we express delight in speech. But the mode of expressing delight is in all three cases the same: it is by *rhythm*. What is dancing but rhythmical movement? What is music but rhythmical sound? What is poetry but rhythmical speech? We may say then that rhythm is one of the primary modes of Art.

Rhythm is nothing but proportion, and to say that it is a primary mode of Art is merely to say that human beings delight in regularity, in pattern, in proportion. In the commonest actions, even where the question is entirely of utility, and not of gratification, we use as much regularity, or what we call neatness, as we can. The commonest objects which surround us in daily life must have arrangement and pattern, or they offend our eyes. What we seek even when we are principally concerned with utility, we affect much more earnestly when pleasure is our object. Rhythm runs through our whole existence: subdued and little perceived, and of a simple kind, it is present everywhere as a kind of seasoning; without it life would be slovenly, disgusting, comfortless. But in Art, instead of an accessory, it becomes a principal thing; it is cultivated for its own sake; the more elaborate and intricate forms of it are employed, which are capable of affecting the mind with a far stronger feeling than a quiet soothing satisfaction, and which possess the secret of rapture and of inspiration.

But am I justified in speaking of rhythm as common to all arts when I have only shown it to exist in some? I have shown it in music and poetry, but not in painting, sculpture, and architecture. No doubt in this latter kind of Art it assumes a somewhat different shape, but it is not the less present. Music and poetry are arts which deal with time, painting and sculpture deal with space. A picture is at rest, always the same, and occupying a certain portion of space; a song begins and ends, and occupies a certain portion of time. Now if the principle of regularity or

proportion enters into both these kinds of Art, it is evident that it must conform to these varying conditions. Regularity in time is what is called rhythm, and therefore rhythm appears in all the arts that deal with time. Now what is regularity in space? Regularity in space is what we call *form*, and accordingly form takes the place of rhythm in all the arts which deal with space. Form and rhythm differ from each other as the sense of sight from the sense of hearing; and the pleasure which the ear receives from a Spenserian stanza, from the regular beat of the iambic cadence, the ordered recurrence of the rhymes, and the swelling Alexandrine at the close, is precisely analogous to the pleasure which the eye receives from the spire of Salisbury or the dome of St. Paul's.

But though regularity, as rhythm or form, pervades all Art, yet it does not by itself constitute that which is highest in Art. It fills a very important place in music and in architecture; but when we examine the arts of painting and the literary arts, that is, poetry and artistic prose, we see another principle taking precedence of it. What is the chief source of the pleasure which we derive from a picture? It is not certainly regularity or beauty of form. A party of Dutch boors by Teniers do not exhibit much of this characteristic. What, then, is it which pleases in the Teniers? It is the likeness of the painted Dutchmen to real Dutchmen. And if we pass at once from a low style of Art to the highest, and consider what pleases us in a Raphael, we shall find that, though form is distinctly present here, and though the eye is charmed by a multitude of subtly-contrived proportions, yet still the principal charm is the resemblance of the painted figures to real human beings, the faithful imitation of reality. We have found, then, the second of what I call the primary modes of art, imitation. To recur to my former language, the human faculties, when they sport, amuse themselves first, with introducing regularity or rhythm into their movements, secondly, with imitating all kinds of objects.

You must see plainly that, though I am near the end of my time, I am still at the beginning of my subject. But my purpose was merely to furnish a few hints; if any one of you to whom these questions are new has been interested, he will pursue for himself the analysis from the point where I leave it. I will bring this lecture to a close by a few inferences from the principles just stated.

It is this principle of imitation which gives to Art its boundless range. Without it painting would not rise beyond arabesque, and poetry beyond metrical rhetoric. With it painting acquires a field as large as the visible universe, and poetry a field even more unlimited, comprehending the world of thought and the world of sense together. And as Art extends its range, so does the character of the artist become more important and dignified. I have described the artist as being a person superior to others in freshness and joyfulness of spirit. But this freshness implies much more than could at first sight appear. It is not merely that he is still mirthful or rapturous when others become sedate, not merely that where others speak he sings, where others step he dances. It is besides that he has an imitative faculty that others want, an observant eye, a penetrating insight, a retentive memory for forms and images, a power of sympathy which carries with it a power of divination. Now we can imitate only what interests us strongly; he, therefore, who can imitate many things, is he who is interested in many things; and the artist, whose mind mirrors and reflects everything, has this power simply because he lives more intensely than others. This explains to us how it is that the great artists of the world stand out so prominently. It is true that they did but undertake to find amusement, sport, recreation for their fellow-men; but because true joy is true insight, and intense life is profound knowledge, therefore we rank Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe with great philosophers, the men who have truly

and clearly mirrored the universe with those who have rightly analysed it.

But among all the arts it is only poetry that can confer this supreme kind of fame, because speech is the only mirror in which the whole universe can be reflected. With colours or in marble we can express only what we see, but there is nothing that the mind can think which cannot be uttered in speech. And, therefore, in the poetry of all ages we possess, as it were, a shifting view of the universe as it has appeared to successive generations of men. According to the predominant inclination of the human mind in each age is the poetry of that age. At one time it is busy with the brave deeds of the hero, the contest and the laurel wreath, at another time with mere enjoyment, with wine and love. Then it describes the struggle of man against destiny, heroic fortitude and endurance in the midst of little hope; at another time it pictures man as in probation, purified in adversity, and having a hope beyond the grave. At one time it becomes idyllic, delights in country life, simple pleasures, simple loves, a wholesome and peaceful existence; at another time it loves cities, and deals in refinements, courtesies, gallantries, gaieties. And sometimes it takes a philosophical tone, delights in the grandeur of eternal laws, aspires to communion with the soul of the world, or endeavours to discover, in the construction of things, the traces of a beneficent plan.

So far the mind of the artist is passive. Its function so far is to receive impressions from without and to reflect them faithfully. But then comes in that other principle, which we may call the active principle of Art, the principle of regularity or rhythm. The mass of impressions received from without is reduced to shape and unity by the artist. And in this shaping, arrangement, and unification he may show as much mastery as in the correctness of his imitation of Nature. But now it is to be noticed that the taste for imitation and the taste for regularity or rhythm are very distinct things. Often no doubt the same man has both, perhaps

oftener than not, but it sometimes happens that an artist has one but not the other, and very often that he has the two faculties in very unequal degrees. Hence there are in Art, and have been ever since Art began, two styles, two schools, two tendencies, which are always at war, by turns almost victorious, but never quite destroying their foe. The watchword of the one school is nature; with them Art is nothing but careful observation and exact representation; they deify nature, and almost think it a sin to exercise any choice among the materials she presents to them. The other school think more of what the artist gives than of what he finds; to them Nature is the quarry out of which Art draws shapeless blocks, and informs them with beauty, Nature is the chaos out of which Art makes a Cosmos. The besetting sin of the first school is ugliness; the besetting sin of the last is falseness and feebleness.

All through history these schools have contended, and indeed you have little else in the history of Art but the perpetual veering of fashion and opinion between these two extremes. There is but one other question, which has been so much debated between artists, and this is the question with which I began, whether Art exists for pleasure or for moral improvement. I said that the confusion which generally seems to the lay-world to reign in Art criticism was not so great as it appeared, and that great judges do not differ in Art so irreconcilably as they themselves love to declare. I have now put before you the two great points of difference to which almost all disagreements in Art may be traced. It is a clue through the maze of Art-criticism to know that its intricacies are caused mainly by two fundamental disagreements. Let me repeat the two great questions of debate. The first is the question whether Art exists for pleasure, or for instruction and moral improvement. The second is the question how much Art derives from Nature, and how much Art adds to Nature.

In conclusion let me say that this

latter controversy does not much affect the greatest artists. They are for the most part practically above it. It is the second class of artists who run into mere imitation, like the Dutch school of painting, or to false prettiness, like the pastoral poets. And so with critics, it is generally an immature taste that excludes and condemns either the Realist or the Idealistic school. Young readers of poetry who have a strong sense of rhythm, and a strong appreciation of what is formed, finished, and regular in conception, delight in Milton, and for a time find Shakespeare slovenly, loose, irregular. On the other hand, those who have strong feelings and a strong sense of reality delight in Shakspeare, and find Milton cold and unreal. At the present day it is the lovers of rhythm, form, and harmony that stand firm by Tennyson, the lovers of reality and variety desert him for Browning. Of course of these two factions one or the

other must be right,—Tennyson must be greater than Browning, or he must be less. But assuredly both these artists, and all really great artists, are Realists and Idealists at once. Milton did not know Nature nearly so well as Shakespeare, but assuredly he had a keen eye for reality, as well as a powerful imagination to form new combinations above Nature and greater than Nature; Shakespeare had not Milton's stateliness nor his elaborate and complex rhythms, but assuredly he too had Art as well as Nature, form as well as matter, unity as well as variety. All the great artists both draw from Nature and add to Nature. If Tennyson is exquisite in form and composition, he is also faithful in imitation and rich in knowledge; if Browning is inexhaustible in knowledge and variety, there are rhythms in him too, if quaint ones, methods, if difficult to follow, unity, or a powerful struggle for it.

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CONFERENCE ON THE RAMPARTS IS INTERRUPTED BY AN OLD FRIEND.

WITH the cool breeze blowing from Aspern on her face, the Princess turned towards Kriegsthum. She felt that in some way her silly scheming—if it might be called scheming—so obstinately carried out, was unsuccessful; and that Kriegsthum, the well-paid minister of her follies, the agent in all her silly schemes, was face to face with her.

She had come to Vienna, believing that Kriegsthum was so deeply committed to the revolutionary party, to Frangipanni the Italian Constitutionalist on the one hand, and to Boginsky the outrageous Mazzinist on the other, that he

dare not follow her into the lion's paws. She was quite deceived. His was a knight move against a castle; to go to whist, she had played the last trump out, and he had come in with an overpowering suit. Kriegsthum was not inclined to let such an exceedingly well-yielding head of cattle stray out of his pasture; and so, on the strength of his being known to the Austrian police as the most clever, unscrupulous, and best-informed spy in Europe, he had made his peace with the Austrian Government, and followed his dear Princess to Vienna, with a view of "working" the Princess and receiving pay from the Austrian police at one and the same time. So much about him for the present.

"Madame has not served me well," he began, when the Princess turned to him. "I only say so much at present.

The time may come, if Madame continues her present course of action, when I may say that Madame has served me shamefully and shabbily."

The poor Princess, softened perhaps by the wind from Aspern, began to cry; and to wish, strangely enough, but with a true instinct, that her very objectionable nephew, Arthur, was there, or even old Miss Raylock, to confront this rascal. But she was all alone, and wept. So Kriegsthum went on.

"The time may come when I may have to say to Madame that it is hopeless for her to attempt to escape me. That I hold Madame in the hollow of my hand. That I love her she need not be told, but ingratitude of the most traitorous kind may extinguish love. I may have to say all this at some future time; at present I do not. Madame has proposed this secluded meeting herself, knowing that she could not propose a public one; but she will see that I am all-powerful, and that I must be treated with confidence."

The Princess had not yet got through her softened mood, and was still crying. The fool got contemptuous of her, of her, the most Silcote of the Silcotes—"the incarnation of Silcotism," as Miss Raylock once said, who ought to know; and in his contempt for her he leaped too quickly to his first object, and began his business exactly at the wrong end.

"I want money, Madame. I am poor."

She wiped her eyes directly. "You always do want money," she said. "I wonder what you do with it all. But I have not got any."

"Madame has eighty thousand pounds' worth of jewellery. I must have some of that."

Had he not himself told Tom Silcote that very night that she would see *him*, Tom, deeply as she loved him, in the workhouse (or to that effect), before she would part with a single stone? Yet this fool and conspirator (are they not now and then convertible terms?) proposed for himself what he would never have proposed for her darling Tom.

An Italian, one would have thought,

would never have made such a blunder, and would never have made such a venture. But of what nation was Kriegsthum again? It was a foolish venture, and the tables were at once turned for a time.

Kriegsthum proposed to her to touch her sacred accumulations. The attorney blood which was in her from her father's side, and the old English land accumulative blood which was in her from her mother's side, alike rose in rebellion to this demand, flushed her cheek, and, strange to say, passed back to her brain, and set her wits a-going.

And she had been to Italy and seen the theatricalities, and could imitate them on occasions; as Master Kriegsthum will bear witness to his dying day. She gave him one instance of this now, and he never asked for another.

They were standing together under a lonely gas-lamp, which was burning steadily within its glass, in spite of the wandering wind which came from Aspern, and they could see one another's faces.

His was confident, bold, and coarse (to refresh your memory after so long, he was a square, coarse-featured man, with a red complexion). Hers was pale, thin, and refined, with the remains of a very great beauty. They stood and looked at one another; he, at least, looked at her until he saw that she was not looking at him, but over his shoulder, at which time he began to feel an uneasy sensation in his back. Still he looked at her steadily.

And her face changed as he watched it. The eyes grew more prominent, the lips parted; she was gazing at something which he dared not turn and face: gazing over his right shoulder, too, most unpleasantly. No one would care to have, say for instance Lady Macbeth, looking steadily over your right shoulder, while you were perfectly conscious that Malcolm's mishap was not your first offence. The Princess of Castelnuovo stared so very steadily over Kriegsthum's right shoulder that she had frightened him out of his wits before she tried her *grand coup*.

All of a sudden she broke out, sharp, shrill, and clear.

"Mind that man! He is going to stab you from behind, and penetrate your lungs. Mind him!"

Kriegsthum, with a loud oath, dashed alongside of her, and began his before-mentioned polyglot system of swearing. We have nothing to do with that, but something with this.

The Princess knew quite well that his life was not perfectly safe here in Vienna, and she had tried to frighten him by pretending to see a democrat, thirsting for his blood, behind him in the dark. She had intended to frighten him, but she frightened herself also a little bit. She never believed that there was a betrayed democrat behind him; she only wanted to scare him. She had only evolved that democrat who was to penetrate Kriegsthum's lungs out of her internal consciousness. Yet, when Kriegsthum had run round behind her for protection, they both heard that heretofore purely imaginary democrat running away along the ramparts as hard as ever his legs would carry him.

The Princess, though quite as heartily frightened as if she by idly and incredulously saying an old spell had raised the devil, was the first to recover her presence of mind. Kriegsthum, though a bold man, was as white as a sheet when he again faced her under the gas-lamp, with his eyes squinting over his shoulder. She began—

"Ungrateful man! I have saved your life!"

"I acknowledge it, Madame. Did you see the man?"

"I saw him plainly."

Oh, Princess! Princess!

"Was he like any one you had ever seen before?" asked Kriegsthum.

"No," said she, "a tall dark man with a beard." This was rather a worse fib than the first one, though she did not know it. The man had no beard, and she *had* seen him before.

"Let us have no recriminations, Madame; I will not even ask you why you distrusted me and fled from me,

For," he added, as his nerve came back, "the spirits have told me that."

She was fond of the man, and had got the whip hand of him through an accident. Her fondness for the man caused her to spare the use of the whip. The revelations of the spirits had been so exceedingly unsatisfactory that even her silly credulity had given way under them, and spiritualism was now among the follies of the past. She was friendly with him.

"Never mind the spirits; and I will tell you why I run away from you. You knew everything about Sir Godfrey Mallory; and you knew, and know, that I was innocent. My brother was a man so fierce and so strict that I feared his anger, particularly after Miss Raylock had got the power of putting *her* tongue to work about it. I consulted you, and you promised to save my reputation. You then came to me, and told me that you had done so by making Silcote believe that Sir Godfrey's attentions were paid to my sister-in-law, his wife. You remember my despair and horror at such a course, but you pointed out to me that she was too far above suspicion for any breath to tarnish her character; and indeed I believed you. But, to my infinite wonder and consternation, the poison took hold on my jealous brother's heart, in spite of my open familiarity with poor Godfrey Mallory, whom I liked in a way—you know what a fool I am, at least your pocket does. I dared neither speak nor hold my tongue. Her death lies at the door of my cowardly folly and your villainy. And she will be a ministering angel when you and I lie howling."

One is allowed to quote Shakespeare, and so I put Shakespeare's words in her mouth. Her own were fiercer and coarser, for Silcote's sister could be fierce and coarse at times.

"Till very lately, Kriegsthum, I thought that this was all you had done. The other day, when you were dunning me beyond patience for money, and I threatened to appeal to my brother, you told the old horrible story, that you had got my handwriting forged by some

woman's hand, accusing that saint of wishing to poison her husband, and had put poison in a place where he could find it. Then, for the first time, I realized that you and I had murdered my sainted sister-in-law's body, and my brother's soul; and I fled here, where I believed you dared not follow me."

"Madame paid me highly," said Kriegsthum, "and also treated me kindly. My object was to carry out Madame's wishes most fully. And I did so."

There was a certain terrible truth in the man's defence of himself. There was a large liberal grandeur about his rascality which made him, without all question, the greatest rascal in Europe. The general rule, I believe, in employing a rascal is to promise him his pay as soon as the villany is completed. Such a procedure was utterly unnecessary in the case of Kriegsthum. Pay Kriegsthum well first, and then all you had to look out for was that he did not, in his enthusiastic devotion to rascality, outrun his instructions, and compromise you. What his real name was, or where he came from, is a thing we shall never know. His name certainly could not have been Kriegsthum; even in the case of such an arch scoundrel as he was it is impossible to believe that he would keep his own name. That would have been a stroke of genius with which we cannot credit even him. Dalmatian crossed with Greek might produce him, did not his German, almost Dutch, *physique* render such a theory entirely impossible.

Yet such entirely noble people as Frangipanni and Boginski believed in the man; believed, at the very least, that, if he was faithless in most things, he was faithful to them. Conspirators, often at the same time the most honest and the most credulous of men, are not difficult men to deceive. About this man there was a broad radical magnificence of scoundrelism which might have taken in some statesmen, leave alone conspirators.

"We will not dispute further, your Highness," he said, now giving her the

title she loved; "I served your interests, and I was paid. I will begin all over again. I want money."

"And I have none," said the Princess, now perfectly confident. "This is a good beginning."

"But your Highness may get money again. What is your object in wanting money?"

"You know. I want it for Tom."

"Use your influence with your brother, and reinstate him as heir of Silcotes. I tell you, and I *know*, that there is no one whom the Squire loves as he does the Colonel. The Colonel is steady enough now, and has had his lesson. The Squire is quite sick of Arthur, and besides, Arthur has fits, and bullies the old gentleman. I tell your Highness that, if you and I put our wits to work, we can get the Colonel out of this, and safe back to Silcote before the French have crossed the bridge of Buffalora."

"Are they going to fight, then?" said the Princess eagerly."

"Are they *not*?" said Kriegsthum emphatically. "Do you think I don't know? Did I ever leave England before?"

"I cannot have Tom," said the Princess, "in a campaign, he is so rash and audacious. Can you save Tom for me? I cannot do without Tom now; I would part with my opals to save Tom. Kriegsthum, can you save Tom for me?"

"No harm will come to him, your Highness, believe me. He *must* go to the campaign; not only because his character is ruined if he does not, not only because he cannot avoid it if he would, but because one half of my plan consists in his winning back his father's favour by distinguishing himself in it."

"Give me your plan, then."

"I will," said Kriegsthum. "Now you must allow that the Colonel has a very good notion of his own interests. You can't deny that, your Highness; at least, if you did, your pocket would turn inside out in contradiction."

"I allow it," said the Princess; "Tom is fond of pleasure; and natural, too, at his time of life."

Tom was over forty, but she always looked on him as a boy.

"I do not exactly allude to his fondness for pleasure, your Highness," said Kriegsthum, "I only allude to his perfect readiness to lead an easy life on other people's money. I call attention, *en passant* only, to this amiable little trait in his character, to show that we shall have no difficulty whatever with him; that, if he saw any chance of being reinstated at Silcotes, he would give up his career in the Austrian army, his character for personal courage, his chance of salvation, yourself, or the mother that bore him, to attain it."

"Tom certainly has all the persistence of the family in the pursuit of an object," was the way the Princess complacently put it.

"He has. I asked if he would stick at murder, and he rode the high horse, and talked about kicking me down stairs; but he wouldn't; no more would"—he was going to say, "you," but he said, "a great many other people."

"Now, instead of trying to bring Tom's nature to your own level, my dear Kriegsthum," replied the Princess, "you should try to raise your nature to his;" which was pretty as it stood, but which, on the face of it, did not seem to mean quite enough to arrest Kriegsthum's line of argument.

"Now," he therefore regardlessly went on, "we three being pretty comfortable together, and I having to find brains for the pair of you, it comes to this. The Squire is very fond of you, and very fond of the Colonel. You haven't hit it off together exactly, you remark. Why, no; but nothing is commoner than for people who are very fond of one another *not* to hit it off. You and the Colonel don't always hit it off, you know; why, if he were to offer to touch your jewels, the dead soldiers at Aspern down there would hear the row you two would make together. I and my poor wife didn't hit it off together. She put a knife into me once, but I didn't think much about that. When I married a Sicilian I knew that I might have to attend vespers. But

we were very fond of one another, and you and the Colonel are fond of one another, and you and the Squire are fond of one another, in spite of all said and done. And the Colonel must cheer the Squire's old English heart by killing a few Frenchmen; and you must use your influence with the Squire, and get the Colonel reinstated."

"That won't do," said the Princess decisively.

"And why, your Highness?" asked Kriegsthum.

"Because, the next time my brother sees me, he will probably assassinate me publicly, and, if not, hand me over to justice for robbing him. Now don't look *farouche* like that, and, if you choose to swear, swear in something less than a dozen languages at once."

"I was not swearing, your Highness; I was praying—praying for the safety of your Highness's intellect."

"Well, then, if praying produces that effect on your face, I should advise you to stop it until you have consulted a priest of your faith, whatever that may be."

"I will do so, Madame. Will Madame explain?" said Kriegsthum, coming down sulkily to the inferior title.

"Certainly. You forged a letter to my brother in my handwriting about this poison business. We need not go into that; we have had more than enough of it; and the mischief arising from it is only beginning, as it seems to me. My brother kept that letter in a despatch-box in his bedroom. I, living with him so long, and knowing his habits, knew that he had *something* there, but did not know what. When, only the other day, you made the shameless confession of your unutterable villany to me, I acted on the spur of the moment. I stole his keys, I opened the black box, I stole all the papers in it, and immediately afterwards met him in the gallery."

"Did he suspect?"

"No; but he must have found out now. I took all kinds of papers, mortgages to the amount of many thousands of pounds, as it seems to me; and two of his wills."

"Your Highness has committed a serious felony," said Kriegsthum.

"So I supposed at the time," said the Princess. "But it is not of much consequence, I think. I talked about his assassinating me, or handing me over to justice just now. I spoke too fast, as usual. He will never prosecute, you know. But our meeting again is an impossibility, that is all."

"I might prosecute," said Kriegsthum, "if your Highness returned to England."

"The idea of your prosecuting any one, my dear Kriegsthum! I don't know anything about law, but I know perfectly well that you are by far too disreputable a person to be believed on your oath. Off your oath you can be trusted, as I have often shown you; but once sworn, I would not trust you, and you know that no English jury would."

"I have been faithful to Madame."

"Yes, but never on your oath. I have heard you swear, certainly, in many languages, but you never took an oath to me. Pray, *par exemple*, to how many democratic societies have you sworn oaths, and how many of those oaths remain unbroken?"

"Your Highness is too strong for me. I wish to talk business. I cannot stand your Highness's logic."

"I am a great fool," replied the Princess, "but, like most fools, I am very cunning in a low way; and a fool must be a very low fool who is not a match for a thrice-perjured conspirator like you. You have ten times my brains, and ten times my *physique*; yet you tremble at every shiver of the breeze in the poplars above you. You would answer that I am a conspirator also; yet who is the bravest of us now? I am not so much afraid of a violent death as you are. Women are braver than men. Come, to business."

"I think I am as brave as most men, Madame," said Kriegsthum; "and I was not, until this moment, aware that your Highness was in expectation of a sudden and violent death, as I have been for now twenty years. If your Highness doubts my nerve, would you be

so condescending as to allow me to prove it?"

"Certainly," said the Princess.

Kriegsthum was standing with his head bent down into his bosom, as if shamefaced at losing the scolding-match with her. He now said, without altering his attitude, "Your Highness speaks Italian as well as English. Will you allow me to converse with you in Italian?"

Again she said, "Certainly."

Kriegsthum, with his chin on his chest, went on in that language. "The Signora has challenged my nerves, I now challenge hers. The dearest friend of the man whom her late husband wronged so shamefully is standing close behind her; if you turn you are lost. I am going to seize him, and I shall have to spring past you. He does not understand Italian. I demand therefore of the Signora that she shall remain perfectly tranquil in the little imbroglio which approaches. All I ask of your Highness is, that you will walk away from the combatants."

The Princess, with her English nerves, stood as still as a lighthouse; Kriegsthum, with his great powerful head bent down into the hollow of his enormous chest, as if to make his *congé*. But in one moment he had dashed past her, and had seized in his enormous muscular, coarse-bred, inexpressive fingers, the cravat and collar of our old friend Boginsky.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"THE CUB'S" PROSPECTS ARE DISCUSSED.

KRIEGSTHURM was some fifteen stone, and Boginsky some eleven. The natural consequence of which was, that Boginsky came hurling on his back on the gravel, with old Kriegsthum a-top of him. The Princess heard the hurlyburly, but, like a true woman, waited to see what would be made out of it. She did not hear the conversation which followed between the two men, when they had got on their legs again, which was carried on in German.

"Why, what art *thou* doing here, and now, of all places and times?" demanded Kriegsthum, as soon as he had picked himself up from the top of the laughing Boginsky, and was standing face to face with him.

"I was listening to what you and the Princess were saying," replied Boginsky merrily. "The devil, but you are strong. You will face a man boldly enough when he faces you; but you were frightened when I came *behind* you just now."

"I am afraid of your democratic committees," said Kriegsthum.

"You have reason to be so," said Boginsky.

"Meet me again in half an hour," said Kriegsthum, naming the place. And so they hurriedly parted.

"No danger after all, your Highness. Only an old brother conspirator, who may be useful to us. Now let us resume our conversation. What were the contents of these wills which you took?"

"I cannot say. Do you think that I would demean myself so far as to abuse my brother's confidence? I burnt them, and a nice smell they made. My maid thought that I had scorched my boots against the stove, and I showed her a burnt glove to account for it."

At this characteristic piece of hopeless wandering folly on her part, Kriegsthum was very nearly throwing up the whole business in despair. Not in disgust, for he in his way loved the woman. He went on, without any sign of contempt.

"That is rather a pity. One would have liked to know. I suppose he kept two wills by him to see how different people behaved themselves, so that he might destroy either. The one, if Madame will follow me, was probably made in favour of your favourite Thomas, the heir of his choice." And he paused to let her speak.

"And the other in favour of Arthur," she said.

"Excuse me. Silcote proposed to make him his heir, but Arthur refused, and they had words over it. No. The second will was probably in favour of

James Sugden, a young man towards whom the Squire has shown the most singular favour: a favour so singular for him that there is little doubt that he is—forgive me—the darling son of your brother's old age.

"*That* cub!" exclaimed the Princess.

"I am glad that you consider him a cub," said Kriegsthum. "I have never seen him, and have doubtless been misinformed about him. He has been represented to me as a youth of singular personal beauty, of amazingly artistic talent, and of irresistibly engaging manners."

"He kept all these qualities carefully to himself whenever I saw him," said the Princess. "Yet still he was handsome, now I think of it, and drew beautifully, and everybody was very fond of him."

"Exactly," said Kriegsthum, admiring the admirable way in which she contradicted herself, talking "smartly" one moment, and then letting her honesty, or simplicity, or whatever it was, get the better of her. "And this beautiful youth, born close to the lodge-gates, is desperately in love with your niece Anne, the Squire's favourite grandchild. It seems evident that one of the Squire's two plans is to foster a marriage between these two, and leave them the estate."

"If your theory of his birth be true," said the Princess, laughing, "it seems hardly probable that my brother, with his extremely rigid notions, should encourage a match between Anne and her uncle!"

Kriegsthum had never thought of that. He had merely an idea that they were in some sort cousins. I suppose that all conspiracies go blundering and tumbling about in this way before the time of projection. Judging from their almost universal failure, one would certainly say so.

"Besides, I remember all about this boy. He was not born near the park-gates at all. His father and mother were two Devonshire peasants, who migrated up into our part of the world when the child was quite big. And

moreover my brother's morality is utterly beyond suspicion,—has not his inexorable Puritanism been the cause of half this misery?—but to whom do I talk? I remember all about the boy and his belongings now. His mother was a woman of singular and remarkable beauty: with a rude ladylike nobility in her manner, which I never saw anywhere else. That very impertinent old woman Miss Raylock (who by the by was creeping and bothering about at the ball to-night,) pointed her out to me first, one time when I was talking about the superiority of the Italian peasant over the English. And I remember all about the boy too. Tom and the people went out after some poachers from Newby, and this boy showed the most splendid courage, and got fearfully beaten and bruised, almost killed. And Tom,—was it not like my dear Tom?—carried the boy to Silcotes in his arms, as tenderly as if he was his own son. He little knew that the ungrateful cub would ever come to stand between him and his inheritance."

As little, kind Princess, as he knew that the poor wounded boy he carried in his arms so tenderly was his own son. Once in his wild loose wicked life, God gave him the chance of doing his duty by his own child he had so cruelly neglected and ignored: ignored so utterly that he would not inform himself about its existence. Through his own unutterable selfishness, once, and once only, had he the chance of doing his duty by his own son: on that occasion he did it tenderly and well. Let us remember this in his favour, since we have but little else to remember. The man was not all bad. Few men are. Show me a perfectly good man, and I will show you a perfectly bad man. The challenge is not likely to be accepted, I think.

"Your Highness's reminiscences are interesting," said Kriegsthum. "This youth, this James Sugden, stands between the Colonel and his inheritance, and must be removed."

"What do you propose to do?" then.

"Wait, your Highness. I give up my theory of his birth, of course. I see that it is indefensible: so the original difficulty remains, don't you see? What is more likely than that Silcote should have planned a match between these two?"

"Nothing, I suppose."

"Of course, nothing. We all know that they are his two favourites, and moreover they have fallen in love with one another."

"Excuse me once more," said the Princess. "This boy is not in love with Anne. He has the most extreme personal objection to her, to all her ways, and all her works. It is that mealy-faced, wretched little Reginald who is her adorer. This James worships Dora, Algernon's daughter."

"As if it mattered with a boy of nineteen. If his patron gave the word he would fall in love with this beautiful little niece of yours to-morrow."

"I don't know that," said the Princess. "He is terribly resolute, quiet as he looks. And she is a vixen."

"Your Highness is so absorbed in sentimental trivialities between boys and girls, that we shall never get on."

"They count, you know. And Dora, the Squire's other favourite, is desperately fond of *him*."

"I beg pardon?"

"I said that she was deeply, jealously in love with this cub."

"That might be made to work" said Kriegsthum. "Do you see how?"

"No," said the Princess.

"No more do I just at present," said Kriegsthum, thoughtfully. "Have you any remark to make, Madame?"

"I have to remark that you and I have got into a very idiotic muddle at present. I generally remark that an idiotic muddle is the upshot of all conspiracies. I have not been engaged in so many as you have, but I have been engaged in enough, and to spare: I can speak of the effect of them on my own mind, and that effect has been muddle, unutterable muddle: a muddle which I fear has got chronic with me. For instance, I don't at this moment know

whether you want James Sugden to marry Anne, or Anne to marry Reginald, or what you want. If I could marry my brother Harry it would set everything right at once, because I could leave the property to Tom after his death; but then I can't marry Harry, and besides, after this despatch box business he will never speak to me again. I see nothing for it but for Tom to marry Anne. She is a good deal younger than he is, and has a bad temper. If that could be brought about it would set everything right."

"But he is her uncle," suggested Kriegsthum, aghast.

"Lor bless me, so he is," replied the Princess. "How funny that I should not have thought of it before! I hope we shall get out of this business without someone accidentally marrying his grandmother. There is only one thing more that I have to say, which is this: that I most positively refuse to marry any body whatever, even if it were to save the Silcote property from the hammer. I had quite enough of *that* with my sainted Massimo."

"But, your Highness——"

"He and his Signora Frangipanni indeed. Yes. Oh, quite so. The little doll. Frangipanni was a *gentleman*: and he believes to this day that I instigated Massimo both to the political villany and to the other worse villany. It is you, Kriegsthum, who have torn my character to tatters, and compromised my name with your plots, until I am left all alone, a miserable and silly old woman!"

"Is she *off*?" thought Kriegsthum, for she had raised her tone so high in uttering the last paragraph that the nearest sentry challenged. She was not "off." She began crying, and modulated her tone.

"Madame is safer here than elsewhere," said Kriegsthum again. "She will remember the fearfully traitorous conduct of her late husband to the Italian cause in 1849. She will remember that she has rendered it impossible for her to go to England in the face of her brother's vengeance, and impossible to go to Italy in the face of the vengeance of the Italian

party and Signor Frangipanni. She will then remain here?"

"I think you had better leave me," she said. "I am getting nervous. There, go. I will have no harm done to the boy, but do the best you can for Tom. Are you angry with me? You know that I have always loved you, and been a faithful friend to you. Don't be angry with me."

Kriegsthum was a great scoundrel, but then he was a most good-natured man. Many who knew a very great deal about him said that he was a good-hearted man. Probably his heart had very little to do with his actions. Most likely, lying inside that enormous chest, it was a very *healthy* heart, with the blood clicking steadily through it as true as a time-piece. In spite of his villainies and plots and scoundrelisms, he had some suspicion of what is called a "good heart." If one had said that some part of the man's brain was benevolent, and was expressed on his ferociously jolly great face, one might be nearer the truth. Anyhow, there was benevolence and gratitude in the man somewhere, for he knelt down before the foolish old Princess, took her hand in his, kissed it, bowed to her, and sped away towards his interview with Boginsky, leaving her drying her tears and looking towards the French and Austrian graves over at Aspern.

CHAPTER XLIV.

NOT MUCH TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

"THAT is a very noble woman," said Kriegsthum, as he half walked, half trotted along. "She is worth the whole lot of 'em put together. She is a fool, like the rest of her family, but she is to my mind the best of them. She complains that she has got puzzled about the family plot: suppose I were to complicate it further by marrying *her*? No, that wouldn't do. In the first place she wouldn't have me, and in the second place we should all be in Bedlam as soon as the old man died, trying to find out our different relationships. That young

cub, Sugden, might turn out to be my grandmother in the *mêlée*. She has managed to turn my brains upside down; they must be getting older than they were, or she would never have addled them like this. If I can get a thousand a year from Colonel Silcote, this is my last plot; for my wits are failing me. I have debauched my logical powers and my power of examining evidence by going in for that wretched spiritualist business, the only piece of real charlatan-ism I ever did in my life. It has not paid, and I may say myself, as a very long-headed rascal, that charlatan-ism never does pay in the long run. The money comes too easy and too quick to stay by you. You put other folks off their heads, but then you put yourself off too. You cannot succeed unless you put yourself off your head and make yourself believe in it. And so you get to think that the fools are not fools, and, even if they are, that the crop will last for ever. And so you debauch your soul about your money matters, and spend when you ought to be saving.

"It is the same with conspiracies," he was going on, when he came sharp round the corner on to the place of meeting with Boginsky, and there was Boginsky waiting for him: who, when he saw him, burst out laughing.

"What in the name of goodness," said Kriegsturm, laughing in his turn, "brings you into this wasp's nest?"

"Revolutionary business, my dear," said Boginsky. "We, in London, thought that, as all the troops were being poured south, there might be a chance for us. We thought that a democratic rising in Vienna, in the rear of the army, just when they were hammer-and-tongs at it with the French, would produce a most unforeseen complication; and we live by complication and confusion, as you know."

"Now for a thorough-going fool give me a thorough-going democrat," said Kriegsturm, impatiently. "Do you think that, if you had any chance, I should not have known of it? Do you see on which side I am? Austria will be beaten certainly, but in spite of

that I have declared against the circles."

"I gave up all hopes the moment I saw it," said Boginsky.

"And how is your precious scheme working?"

"Well! you know better than I can tell you," said Boginsky. "It will not work at all. The committees won't look at us. They say that the demolition of the fortifications has changed the chances utterly. I came here expecting to head a revolt, and all the employment I can find is a very dirty job."

"And what may that be?" said Kriegsturm.

"To watch you, my dear, and, if I can catch you alone and unarmed—as you are now; in a private place—like this; in the dead of night with no witnesses—as now; to assassinate you. Which I am of course going to do this very instant, with this very American revolver. Therefore go down on your knees, and say your prayers at once."

Kriegsturm laughed pleasantly. "You have got among bad company, then."

"I have. The old breed of democrats is dying out, and are replaced by men who disgrace the name, like these fellows. These fellows are Orsinists to a man. And what is worse, they have forgotten, or learnt to vilipend, the great names of the movement: Garibaldi, Kossuth, Mazzini, Manin, ay, and Boginsky, are sneered at by them as half-hearted men. These men, who sit, and plot, and drink, laugh at us who rose for the cause, and were taken red-handed. They proposed this business to me as a proof of my sincerity. I need not say that I accepted their offer with avidity, lest some more unscrupulous democrat among them might take it in hand. You are in great danger here."

"I thank you, Boginsky. You are a gentleman. You yourself are in very great danger here. I think, from an answer he gave me to-night, that Tom Silcote has seen you, and if he saw you again might denounce you to-morrow. I must get you out of this place."

"You must, indeed, and yourself also."

"We will let that be; for the present, you are the first person to be considered. Are you poor?"

"I have absolutely nothing. I have nothing to eat. I have no clothes but what I stand in. Was there ever a democrat of my sort who was rich? And I have no passport. As for passing the lines into Italy, that is entirely impossible. I could get northward, but I have no money."

"You shall have money and passport if you will do something for me."

"Your money is Austrian, and I will not touch it."

"You can pay it back."

"Well, Jesuit! What is it then?"

"There is a young English artist, one Sugden, now at Prague."

"Well! Do you wish me to murder him for you?"

"I wish to heaven you would. It is so terribly unlucky, you're being a gentleman and a man of honour."

"Not unlucky for *you*, is it?" said Boginsky.

"I am not sure of that," said Kriegsthum, "I am getting so sick of the whole business, and more particularly of the Silcote complication, that I almost wish you had followed the instructions of the democratic committee, and put a bullet into me. I don't ask you to murder him. Will you meet him, and involve him in some of your confounded democratic conspiracies?"

"Teach him the beauty of democracy?" said Boginsky.

"Exactly," said Kriegsthum. "Let him be seen in your sweet company before you make your own escape. Introduce him to the lower democratic circles, such as those of Vienna, who employed you to assassinate me. Excite his brain about the matter (he is as big a fool as you, I am given to understand). Show him the whole beauty of extreme democracy on Austrian soil; do you understand?"

"I see," said Boginsky. "Compromise him thoroughly?"

"Exactly, once more," said Kriegsthum. "He can't come to any harm, you know. He is an English subject.

They would send the British fleet into the Danube sooner than allow one of his pretty curls to be disarranged. Will you teach this noble young heart the beauties of Continental democracy?"

"Certainly," said Boginsky. "Where shall I meet you to get the money and the passport?"

Kriegsthum made the appointment, and the night swallowed up Boginsky.

Kriegsthum's brains had been so very much upset by his interview with the Princess, that he felt little inclined to go home to bed without having arrived at some conclusion or another. "These Silcotes," he said to himself, "would addle the brains of a Cavour. And I am not the man I was. That Boginsky will do nothing, you know. I must have this cub of a boy out of the way somehow; hang him! I wish he was dead. If the young brute were only dead, one could see one's way," he added aloud.

A sentinel, to whom he was quite close in his reverie, challenged.

"Silcote," cried Kriegsthum savagely.

"What says he?" said the sentinel. "Stand!"

"Novara! Novara! dummer kopf," replied Kriegsthum, testily. "Is he deaf?"

"Buffalora," said the sentry, sulkily, bringing his musket sharply to his shoulder, and covering something behind Kriegsthum, and dangerously in line with him. "You behind there, who are following the Herr, and have heard the passwords, come forward, or I will fire."

"May the, &c. confound this most immoral city," said Kriegsthum. "If I was only once well out of it! Now, who in the name of confusion will this turn out to be? Knock him over, sentry, if he don't advance. I am Kriegsthum of the police."

"He is coming," said the sentry, with his finger still on the trigger, covering the advancing man. "Ah! here he is. You are now responsible for him, sir."

There crept into the light of the lamp which hung above the sentry's box a very handsome beardless youth,

of possibly twenty. The face of him was *oval*, the chin end of the oval being very long and narrow, the mouth well-shaped but large, and wreathed up at the corners into a continual smile, the splendid eyes not showing so much as they might have done from under the lowered eyebrows, nose long, complexion brown, hair black and curling, gait graceful but obsequious. A young gentleman from the Papal States, of the radical persuasion, rather shabbily dressed.

Kriegsturm was round and loud with him in Italian, and ended by arresting him formally before the sentry, and marching him off into the darkness.

CHAPTER XLV.

—WHILE HE HIMSELF DRAWS TOWARDS THE GREAT RENDEZVOUS.

THE new world, the world of nature, in her larger, coarser, Continental form, first broke on our old friend James's mind at the Drachenfels, that first outwork of the great European mountains. The great steel-grey river, sweeping round the crags and the vineyards, and winding away into the folded hills, gave him noble promise of the more glorious land which lay behind. It is as common as Brighton now, but remember what it was to you when you were as young and as fresh as James.

It satisfied his genial, "jolly," young soul. "Let us," he said to the quiet, apathetic Reginald, "make a lingering meal of all this. Let us dawdle up this beautiful river to the Alps, and study every inch of it, until we have traced it to its cradle. Then we will descend on Italy, and take it."

Reginald cared little, so long as he was in James's company; and so they dawdled up the river bank, from right to left, sketching, painting, bathing, learning their German, and singing. They got enamoured of the German student life, and essayed to imitate it, with more or less success. They were both, like all St. Mary's boys, pretty well

trained as singers, and James had a singularly fine voice. From their quaint training they had both got to be as free from any kind of conventionality as any German could possibly wish; and in a very short time they grew quite as demonstrative of their emotions as any German of them all. They were a great success among those Rhine people. The handsome, genial, vivacious James, with his really admirable, though uneducated, painting, his capital and correct drawing, his splendid singing, his unfailing good humour, his intense kindness of disposition, was of course a success; in spite of his, as yet, bad German. He was, and is, a really fine fellow, who would succeed anywhere, from California to Constantinople. But the quieter Reginald was a greater. He painted infinitely worse, he sang worse, he talked less, than James; but the Rhine people believed in him more. When James had dazzled, and possibly puzzled, them, they would turn to the silent Reginald, after all, and wish to know *his* opinion, believing, from his comparative silence, that he was the wiser; and Reginald, who had been hoping that James had exhausted the subject, knowing nothing of the matter in hand, would do his best, and be oracular and vague, which pleased them immensely.

So these two happy boys went up and down and to and fro in this early spring, as free as birds, as happy as birds. The snow was not off the *Höhe-Acht* when they first heard of the Eifel country. They must go, of course, at once, and went from Coblenz; though the ice was still floating down the Moselle, and navigation was impossible. They walked up that wonderful river side to Treves, in slush and mud; enjoying themselves immensely, and making themselves remembered to this day by some of the people in whose houses they stayed.

Reginald mildly asked James on their journey whether he called this going to Italy to study art. But James said in reply, "Let me see the *Porta Nigra*, Reggy, and I will fly south as true as a

swallow." And Reginald laughed, and trod on with him through the mud, until they had seen the Porta Nigra.

They got to Treves so early in the season that there had been a slight whisk of snow just as they entered the town, and, pushing through the narrow streets, they came face to face with the object of their pilgrimage, a vast black mass of (as it appears) the first century, just now with every one of the capitals of the hundred columns piled one above another, silvered with snow.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" said James, after a few minutes.

"No, nor dreamt of it," said Reginald. "We did right in coming here. In future, you shall lead and I will follow."

So they headed back to the dear old Rhine, through the volcanic country, looking by their way on lakes hundreds of fathoms deep, blue from their depth as the great ocean, yet lying in great hollows among smooth short-grassed downs, where the sheep were feeding and the lambs were crying. And they saw an eagle, and a wolf, and a wild boar just killed; and, having looked in on the Apollinaris Kirche, they quietly descended on Andernach.

Here they met a very old friend of a fortnight's standing. They had made a halt at Bonn of a few days, and had struck up a friendship, which was to be more than life-long, with several students there. The students among whom they had accidentally fallen were of course democratic. The "Cross" party at Bonn is as exclusive as Pick-water. Happy-go-lucky James and Reginald, after a fortnight's examination of the question, were quite prepared to be convinced that hereditary governors were a mere temporary stop-gap between the feudalism of the past and the democracy of the future. They did little more than bargain for Queen Victoria: at whose name the students took off their caps. As for the Prince of Wales, they gave him up. Among these terrible young gentlemen (who turn out the gentlest of beings as soon

as they have a place and get married) they had come to the conclusion that Queen Victoria was the last crowned head which would be allowed to exist on the continent of Europe, and that she was only permitted to exist in consequence of her virtues as mother, wife, and woman.

Then there was the business of the map of Europe again. These students had settled that, among other things (much in the style of that Paris map of 1860, which was in great repute among the *prudhommes*—has the man who made it committed suicide yet?), England was to have Egypt, but not to be allowed any further territory in Europe, being too overwhelmingly powerful; Alsace to a united Germany; and all that sort of thing: but always England to be served first, and bought, and kept from interfering. Or again she *was* to interfere and arouse democracy, nationality, and what not: for they believed in her power then. Now that the Cross party have won, what is the use of bringing up old democratic nonsense?

Only our two boys believed in all this. And one of the loudest democratic talkers of Bonn, under a cloud about a duel, met them at Andernach.

This youth was more of a geographical than a political radical. The form of government you might choose to adopt was a mere insignificant matter of detail to his enlarged and statesman-like mind. So long as you restored absorbed nationalities, he was ready to congratulate Ireland or Poland in reverting to their original form of government. This young man walked up and down the street with our two friends for an hour or so, talking the most frantic nonsense about the Italian business: not unwatched.

At length they all three agreed that refreshment was necessary, and the German boy, cocking his cap over his eye, and breaking out with—

"Mihi sit propositum
In taberna mori;"

led them to a little *gasthaus*, taking care to inform them that the landlord's

principles were sound; from which James and Reginald concluded that he was a man not only violently disaffected towards the powers that were, but permanently disaffected towards any possible powers which ever might be hereafter. James's jolly humour made him half laugh at this kind of thing, but there was an air of mystery and adventure about it which made it very pleasant. He began to think that it would be very fine to have the prestige of belonging to one of these secret societies, more especially in such a very tight-laced state as Prussia. He followed his German friend, hoping to see some real Vehmgericht business at all events for once in his life.

The student made a sign to the host on entering, and immediately the host pretended, in the most patent manner, that he had never seen the student before, which interested and amused James, as it also did a Prussian police-official who was sitting at a table drinking. Then they passed mysteriously into an inner apartment, and shut the door after them; and the Prussian official and the host winked at one another, and laughed.

"You are not going to trouble those English boys?" said the landlord.

"Not I," said the policeman, "but I want *him*."

"For what?"

"Duelling. He went near to slit Von Azeldorf's nose."

"Pity he did not. The ass will make out a political offence, and become a martyr."

"Of course the ass will. But he must slit the nose of one of his own order in future."

"True," said the host thoughtfully.

The student led our friends into an inner parlour, and brought them up to a large lithographic print, before which he took off his cap, put his hands across his breast, and bowed. The print was well conceived and executed, and represented this:—Hungaria lay dead in her coffin. Kossuth, with a fold of his cloak masking his mouth, was taking a last farewell look at her face, before the

coffin should be closed. At the head of the corpse stood the pale ghost of Liberty, staring with a calm frozen face at Georgey, who was in the right-hand corner, with a face distorted by terror and remorse, calling on the rocks to cover him, and the hills to hide him. (In reality Georgey was comfortably at his own chateau, hard at work, with nets, pins, and corks, completing his almost unrivalled collection of butterflies and moths, and perfectly easy in his mind. But we must have political caricatures.) The print was well drawn, and well executed, and our two boys were struck by it extremely, though the sad fact must remain that they had neither of them heard of Georgey in their lives.

"There he stands," said their student friend. "False and perjured traitor, with the blood of the slain Hungaria choking the lies which would rise to his mouth. Georgey—Georgey," he was going on, when a very quiet weak voice behind them said, in German,—

"It was a strong measure, certainly, that of Georgey's. I confess I should not have been prepared to act so myself; but in the end Hungary will be the better, and Austria no worse."

They turned, and saw before them one of the strangest-looking men ever seen by any of the three—a man with a face as beardless as a boy's, as old-looking as a grandfather's; a face of great beauty and power, with large, clear, luminous eyes, and a complexion like pale wax, without a wrinkle. The figure was not large, but well proportioned and graceful; the carriage was erect and bold, yet very calm and quiet, showing physical weakness, as of a man recovering from a great illness. Having said his say, he leant against the closed door, and surveyed them quietly and silently.

The German student took off his cap; Reginald stared as though he had seen a ghost; James was the first to recover his presence of mind. He cried out,

"My dear sir——"

"You will write out," said Arthur

Silcote, smiling, "the first book of Euclid before to-morrow morning, and bring it to my desk at the opening of school. 'De tabernis non frequentandis,' you know. You have violated one of our statutes, my boy. What is going to happen to this young gentleman?"

The young German student was being arrested. The policeman from the next room had come in, and had "taken" him.

"What has he done, then?" said Arthur Silcote.

"He has been duelling," said the police.

"And has not 'Von' before his name," said Arthur, after the young gentleman was removed. "Well, my dear boys, you seem to be getting into good company."

"We are seeing the world, sir," said James, laughing.

"One side of it, boy; one side of it."

"A very amusing side, sir, surely."

"Surely!" said Arthur. "When you hear a man use the word 'surely,' you always know that he is not 'sure' at all. That miserable tentative word 'surely' exasperates me. It is one of the wretched phrases by which a fourth-class press writer rigs his opinion. Don't use it again."

"I will not, sir. You are not angry with me?"

"Why, no," said Arthur, smiling.

"I seldom ask great favours from people with whom I am angry, and I am going to ask a great favour of you."

James waited and wondered.

"I have been very ill. I have been deceived by the doctors as to the cause of my illness. They told me that my heart was hopelessly deranged, and that my life was not worth a fortnight's purchase. This has turned out to be all a falsehood. I am as good a man as ever, with a new lease of life before me. I have merely overworked myself, and I want rest. But this foolish falsehood of the doctors has produced its effect. I came abroad, leaving all my old friends, to die alone like a hunted deer. Mayo, at Boppard, tells me that I am to live,

and stakes his reputation upon it. He has turned me out from his establishment to wander and amuse myself. Will you let me wander with you? This new life, the assurance of which I get from Mayo, has become unexpectedly dear to me. I did not fear death; I only *hated* it. Death always seemed to me, if I dare say so, a mistake. I never doubted for one moment the continuity of my existence; I never had any physical fear of the great break in it: I only *hated* that break. I believe that I hate that great, and, as it seems to me sometimes, *unnecessary*, break in my existence as much as ever: but Mayo, the great expert, has removed it at least twenty years. I have a new life before me. Can you understand all this?"

"Well! well! sir," said James.

"I was fresher and freer once," said Arthur, "than you are now. In the old times, when Tom and I used to go and see Algy at Oxford, I was as fresh and as free as any one. And Algy is dead, and Tom is worse than dead; and I *have* been dead, boy."

"Dead, sir?" said James, wondering.

"Ay, dead: to hope and to ambition, and to much else. I have been dead, my boy, in a way, but I have come to life again. Come, let us walk together, and spend the day. At the end of it, you shall tell me if I seem likely to suit you as a travelling companion or not."

"I can tell you that at once, sir. We shall be honoured and favoured by your company. I rather think that we are a little too young to do *entirely* without advice: have we not just seen our chosen companion walked off to gaol under our eyes? I am very discreet, no doubt—for my age; and as for Reginald, he is the soul of discretion and reticence. But we have made rather a mess of it hitherto, and there are heaps of things I want to know and cannot find out. And you are all alone, and want taking care of. We will take care of you if you will take care of us."

"These are all kind commonplaces," said Arthur. "But give me a trial. I am all alone in the world; I have been very ill, and I am slowly recovering. I

shall be a drag on you, but I ask you in charity's sake for your company."

James tried to answer, but could not. To see a man whom he had always regarded as a prig and a bully brought so low as this affected him strongly. Reginald had dropped away from them, and they were sauntering up beside the Rhine stream together and alone.

"Why are you silent?" asked Arthur.

"Because," said James, "I wish I had known you better before."

"That would have been of little use," said Arthur. "As a fact, nobody did, except perhaps Algy, who is dead and gone. I was a failure. Try to know me now, and it is quite possible that you will like me."

What simple James answered is not of much consequence. Arthur talked on to him, as the Ancient Mariner talked to the first person he could get hold of.

"The *hatred* of death—not the *fear*, mind—which has been hanging over me so long ruined and spoilt me. The doctors, in their ignorance, gave me warning that I could not live, a long while ago. They told me that I had organic disease of the heart, and went far to ruin my life. It appears that such is not the case. I am a new man again. What the expectation of death could not do, the removal of that expectation has done. Bear with me a little, and see."

James only half understood him; but he answered:—

"One thing is plain, sir; you want attending to and looking after; and I will do that for you. Our meeting with you is a great stroke of good luck."

"But you will want to ramble and range about, and I cannot do that."

"We can ramble," said James, "all day while you sit at home, and at night we can come back and tell you all about the day's work or the day's play. It shall go hard, between my sketches and my talk, if you do not enjoy the day as much as we do."

So he joined them, and they rambled away together southward through Bavaria towards Saltzburg.

James was at first extremely afraid of the terrible inexorably-tongued Arthur. Then he was surprised and frightened at the great change in him; and at last got perfectly confidential with him, and actually went so far as to tell him one night that he had been utterly deceived in his estimate of his character. I doubt that James had been drinking the wine of the country.

"You mean," said Arthur, "that I am not the priggish bully you took me for?"

"The words are yours, sir. You were never either prig or bully. But you were so hard and inexorable. Now you are so gentle and complacent in everything. A child could not be more biddable than you are."

"Yes; but in old times I was a schoolmaster," said Arthur, "now I *am* a child. Did I not tell you that I was new-born? I have a new lease of life given me on the highest authority. Life with me is not so enjoyable as it is with you. I am twenty years older than you: I cannot come and go, and enjoy every flower and shadow as you can. Yet life is a glorious good, and death is a terrible evil: ah! you may make what you like of it, but it is the greatest of misfortunes, that break in the continuity. But what do you know of death? Death has been with me night and day for many years. He is gone now, and I am as much a boy as you are, save that I cannot enjoy the world as you can. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, sir," said James, gravely.

"This perfect rest and absence of anxiety (for Algy is in heaven), combined with your kindly ministrations and attentions, are making a man of me again. Is it not so?"

"You gain in strength and colour every day, sir," said James. "And yet —"

"And yet, you would say, my old temper does not return. Am I not changed, then?"

"You are your real self now, sir. That seems to be the truth."

"Let us hope so," said Arthur. "I

think so myself. But, with my returning health, the old Adam is somewhat moving. The lassitude of my illness is going away; and I begin to feel a want for motion, for action, for something to stir me. Take me south, James, and let us see this war. There is sport afield there."

"What war, sir?"

"Oh, you young dolt," said Arthur, laughing. "Give me the footstool, that I may throw it at your head. What war? Why the grand crush between France and Austria, the stake of which is an Italian kingdom. I see how to enjoy life: to cultivate a careful ignorance on political matters."

"But the *Kölnische Zeitung* says that they are not going to fight," remarked James.

"The *Fliegende Blätter* may probably say the same," said Arthur. "Boy! boy! there is going to be 'a great thing,' as the foxhunters say. Take me south to see it. You can sketch it, and sell your sketches. I want motion, life: let us go."

"We will go, sir, certainly if you really think they will fight, and if you are able for it."

"You shall carry me," said Arthur. "My brother is in the business, and on the winning side. Old Austria for ever, in spite of all her faults."

"Which of your brothers is in the business, sir?" asked James.

"Tom," said Arthur. "Heaven help the Frenchman who meets him."

"I remember him," said James, "a kind man with a gentle face. He carried me to Silcotes in his arms once, after I had been beaten by poachers. By the by, *you* were there. Do you remember it?"

"I do, now you mention it," said Arthur. "And you are that poor little thing in the smock-frock that Tom brought in in his arms. I never exactly realized it till now. How things come round through all kinds of confusion! My silly old aunt took you to bed that night; and you made your first acquaintance with Dora, and Anne, and Reginald. Well, then, it is settled that we are to go south, and see this war."

"I glory in the idea, sir," said James. "I have never looked on war."

"Nor I," said Arthur. "It will be a cold bath for both of us. The accessories will not be pleasant; but it will do us both good. A review on a large scale, with the small and yet important fact of death superadded; and a kingdom of twenty millions for the stake. A University boat-race, in which the devil actually does take the hindmost. Let us go, by all means."

To be continued.

SOCIAL DISINTEGRATION.

THE assertion often made by a certain class of writers and speakers, that while the rich are growing richer the poor are growing poorer, is certainly, at least as regards the present century, untrue. The class of manual labourers have derived great advantage from the rapid progress of civilization and of mechanical invention, from the development of commerce and the improved and enlightened legislation of recent years. In material comfort the distance between them and

the richer members of society is certainly not greater now than it was fifty years ago. Unhappily it is true that, with the growth of wealth and population, the wall of moral separation between rich and poor appears to have become broader, higher, and more impassable. The rich see less of the poor than they used to do; know less of their habits, their feelings, and their wants; and the poor have so little personal acquaintance with the rich, that to many of them the well-

dressed neighbours whom they meet in their daily walks, hardly seem as fellow-creatures, with like characters and passions, actuated by the same motives, animated by the same feelings of kindness or of irritation, of sympathy or of selfishness, as themselves.

The mutual ignorance, the incapacity to understand one another, which want of intercourse has produced in rich and poor, which prevails to an extent that may fairly be called dangerous, is illustrated by the absurd caricatures and misrepresentations of either class which find credence among the other. The things that are said of the whole class of rich men, of the aristocracy, of capitalists, by trade delegates and club orators, would fail of all effect if spoken to men personally acquainted with the objects of such abuse. The unqualified panegyrics of working-class virtue and intelligence, the dark descriptions of immorality, ignorance, and improvidence, so freely employed in political controversy, could never be addressed to an audience familiar with the real character of the "flesh-and-blood" working man; an audience who knew how many grades of moral and intellectual merit lie between the experience, wisdom, tolerance, and thrift of the Rochdale co-operators, and the recklessness and criminal violence of the unionists of Sheffield; between the working men who take the lead in returning to Parliament Mr. Mill, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Fawcett, and those who form the most venal element of Totnes and Lancaster.

Most landowners of moderate means, or their families, know something of their peasantry; many country manufacturers know something of their work-people; but even in these cases the knowledge is too often very shallow and imperfect. Setting aside the few persons actually and personally engaged in benevolent labours (of whom more hereafter), men and women even of moderate means, in our large towns lead a life altogether apart from that of the poor. How many of them ever speak to a working man or woman except in the way of business? How many of them have

any personal relations with persons of that class; any acquaintance with individuals in whom they take an interest, for whose welfare they care, who might not be sick, starve, or die without their knowing it? What does the large manufacturer know of the vast majority of his hands outside of the factory? Has he ever seen them in their homes? Would he know them if he met them in the street? What does the ship-owner or merchant know of the men who sail or unload his ship, or carry his goods to the warehouse? They are engaged for the job, by his captain or warehouseman, at the shipping-office or the street corner; they are unknown to him by sight or by name. So far as our towns are concerned, the cases are few and exceptional in which there is any personal tie between rich and poor—any recognition on either side of a connexion that does not end with working hours, or of any individual claim on an individual for anything besides fair wages and honest work.

This alteration is not, apparently, due to wilful estrangement on the part of the rich; still less to any fault on the side of the poor. But, even though no one be wilfully in fault, it is painful to contrast this state of things,—the fruit though it be, of advancing civilization, increasing wealth, and better industrial organization,—with what old men now living can well remember to have witnessed, in the service of a kindly or well-principled master. The father of the present manufacturer often knew every one of the hundred or two of hands whom he employed. They lived in their employer's cottages, close to his house and mill, within reach of the daily visits of his family. If one of them were sick or had a sick wife or child, his wife and children visited the cottage, and the master could give what aid was necessary. He would speak to them by name, ask after their families, and commend the progress of their children at the school, at which his own children taught. The merchant had but few men, and they were constantly in his service, and did all his work. It took some weeks to unload

by their aid a vessel of 200 or 300 tons. Now, the ship of 1,500 tons is discharged in a week, under the direction of the Dock Company, or of a contractor, by a large gang of men, who then go elsewhere; and for the next job a new gang is engaged. Cotton is handled by cotton-porters, corn by corn-porters. The old-time merchant used at Christmas to assemble his men and give to each of them a piece of beef proportioned to the wants of the family, a loaf, and a shilling to buy beer, with a shake of the hand from the senior partner, and "A Merry Christmas to you, Williams; I hope your good wife is stronger," which were the expression of a real interest, and the natural acknowledgment of a tie felt by both parties. His sons may keep up the distribution of beef, bread, and beer; but the personal character of the kindness has disappeared; the Christmas gathering and greeting can no longer be a reality when the men are not known by sight to any partner in the firm. Not even the warehouseman, not even a clerk, has that personal knowledge of the men employed, which the head of the firm once possessed as a matter of course. Even where the master is most disposed to recognise his duty, and the men might be most confident of his kindness, he may be (has been) horror-struck to find that a man, who has been employed by him for years, has been absent from his work for weeks, and is actually reduced by illness to a choice between the workhouse and starvation, while his employer is in utter ignorance of his circumstances.

So it is in most departments of business. And the increase of numbers and capital employed are not the only causes which contribute to sever the old natural ties between rich and poor; distance and want of leisure are added. Fifty years ago the merchant would live over his countinghouse, his warehouse was adjoining, and the dock, where his vessel lay, and his merchandise was unloaded, was within a few minutes' walk. The business was not too large to allow its head to see to its details in person,

and to look after those who were employed therein. Now, the dock is far away from the countinghouse, and its duties are left to others. The merchant is employed all day in the direction of transactions; the executive details are left to subordinates. His work done, the merchant, and even the large shop-keeper, leaves it for his residence at a distance in the country, in a suburb of the overgrown town, or at the West-end of London. He has rarely now leisure or inclination for the public duties, municipal or parochial, which his father discharged when they were more at hand, and less burdensome than the rapid growth of our towns has lately made them. His wife and daughters can no longer call upon the labourer's sick or troubled family in the short walk which formerly brought them into the country. If such a visit has to be paid the carriage must be ordered and time spared for a drive of five or six miles into or through the town. Thus the vast increase of the scale of our manufacturing and mercantile businesses enlarges the number of employes and makes personal knowledge or interest more difficult: the subdivision of labour, and the more thorough organization required by the magnitude of modern commercial transactions, sever the personal connexion which established an evident mutual claim between master and servant; and the less leisure, intenser work, and more luxurious life of the present generation will complete the estrangement of the rich from the poor, unless it be studiously guarded against by methodical effort.

It is not to be supposed that the social duties imposed by the personal relations of olden times were always fulfilled. There is probably as much willingness to recognise, in feeling and principle at least, the claims of humanity and Christian brotherhood now as heretofore. But the difference is this—that whereas in past times the duty was personal and manifest, and could hardly be wholly neglected without some self-reproach for want of feeling and charity, now-a-days the obligation is

more general and indefinite, and can only be performed by those who go out of the daily routine of their life to seek opportunities and means of doing it. Of old the individual poor man had a definite claim on the kindness of some individual man of substance. Now the claim is that of a class on a class; not of a workman on an employer, in whose service his time of health and strength has been spent, but of those who lack the good things of this world, on all on whom God has bestowed those good things in abundance. Such a claim comes home with far less force to the ordinary individual conscience, according to the old saying that "every man's business is no man's business." The duty is much less easy of fulfilment, and its undefined character leads to endless mistakes, and affords endless excuses for a neglect of which so many are guilty, that each feels almost innocent.

But this disintegration of society which grows out of the very completeness of its mechanical organization—this alienation and mutual ignorance between rich and poor, as classes, arising from the severance of the old personal ties and the termination of the old lasting relations between individuals rich and poor—is at once a reproach to us as a Christian community, a peril to our interests as a free and powerful nation, and an evil of ever-increasing magnitude in its influence on the lives and characters, the moral and physical well-being, of each member of what should be one body politic and religious. The existence side by side of so much useless and needless splendour, so much unmerited and unrelieved destitution, of luxury with squalor, the living picture of Lazarus at the gate of Dives that is ever before our eyes if we but open them,—cannot but force upon our conscience the gravest questions as to the individual responsibility of each of us for a portion of the shocking spectacle; the right of each to enjoy his share of the wealth without taking his part in a methodical and sustained effort to relieve the want. Political economy, rightly

understood, has no salve for these qualms of conscience. It tells us, indeed, that indiscriminate or thoughtless almsgiving—the easiest form of apparent charity—is in fact a vice; but it also leaves open to us a vast field for the expenditure of labour and money, and enforces the duty by showing the mode and the conditions of its safe and beneficial performance.

Regard to history confirms the fears of common sense that a state of national life, in which the moral unity of the nation is broken,—in which the rich and the poor begin to form two separate castes, losing mutual comprehension, mutual sympathy, mutual regard, and becoming to each other as distinct races with separate organization, ideas, interests,—is the sure forerunner, the first commencement of rapid national decay. It is by bridging the gulf of separation, by reuniting the severed sympathies, and rekindling the earnestness of personal goodwill between the estranged orders, that we can hope to maintain in vigorous life the common sentiments, the mutual affections, which are the breath of national life. It is only by bringing the two classes once more into relations of personal kindness and friendly intercourse, by service rendered without patronage and accepted without degradation, that we can avert the danger of those terrible collisions between capital and labour (which are the fruit of mutual misconception and irritation, much more than of conflicting interests) which, if less violent, become daily more formidable, from the gigantic proportions assumed by the separate organizations in which the labourers are banded together, apart from, and, as it were, in antagonism to their employers. The extent of this social danger was made plain to careful observers when a hitch in the working of the Trades Union machinery led to a strike in the iron trade of North Staffordshire. The quarrel was taken up on both sides by distant bodies and rival firms; and we were on the verge of witnessing a social war which would have raged from Birmingham to Newcastle, and in which

every ironmaster and every foundryman would have been engaged, closing hundreds of works, and throwing thousands and tens of thousands out of work, merely in consequence of a local squabble. Such, and so mighty, are the separate organizations of the labouring class. Ere long it is probable that all the unions of all the trades throughout the empire will be combined in one federal league, which may bring the whole force of the labouring class to bear on any trade dispute. It is impossible not to regard with the gravest anxiety a state of estrangement and mutual ignorance between rich and poor, out of which it arises that the latter listen to few advisers out of their own class, and most readily to those who most artfully influence the spirit of class antagonism; that the masters know little of what is passing in the minds of their people, are on their part often narrow and one-sided in their views of the rights and feeling of their workmen, and if more enlightened, are powerless to counteract the evil influence; and that both parties can be hurried into a serious struggle with no other necessity than arises from mutual misunderstanding and mutual irritation. It is by no means a healthy symptom of our social state, though one to which we are reconciled by habit, that from all the associations of the workmen for mutual support and assistance in every trade, the masters are, and choosé to be, excluded.

Beyond the political and social evils which it engenders, this class separation, this caste tendency, has the worst effect on the life and character of both the rich and the poor. Each is withdrawn from a portion of the moral and social influences necessary to the formation and nourishment of a healthy human feeling, and their character is to that extent starved, dwarfed, or distorted.

The more highly-skilled and better-paid artisans earn much more than is necessary to provide their families with the necessaries and comforts belonging to their station in life. They have more leisure and more money than heretofore. The number of persons of whom

this is true, and the degree in which it is true, are daily increasing. How will this superfluity of means and leisure be spent? Partly in sensual indulgence; and this in proportion to the absence of those moral and intellectual interests which a free and friendly intercourse with men of higher education and cultivated tastes would afford. Partly in occupations of an intellectual cast, partaking of that wider and more social character which men require in their interests, exactly in proportion as they rise above the mere necessities and pleasures of animal existence. Is it well for them, is it safe for society that in those occupations they should form a class apart; that those interests should not be shared with the rich, but separately from, and therefore necessarily tending to become antagonistic to theirs? In proportion as the artisans become better educated, more at leisure from mere temporal needs, they will spend more time and care on political and social questions; it rests with the wealthier classes whether that time and care shall be bestowed in concert with, or in opposition to them; whether the energies of the labouring class shall flow into the common stock, and add enormously to the vigour and power of a united nation; or, as they are now tending to do, form entirely separate organization, life, and interests for the most numerous class of society. There is little reluctance among workmen to accept co-operation, and even guidance, and instruction, from those who are fit to guide and instruct them, and willing to proffer that aid on terms of equal friendship. If men of education hold aloof, we must not blame the artisans for falling under the influence of the guides whom men of education most distrust and fear.

The poor, those whose animal wants engage their whole energies, and are at times inadequately supplied thereby, must perforce accept aid in any form in which it comes to them. But the aid which is rendered mechanically, whether by law or by voluntary associations, divested of personal kindness and good-

will in the profferer, and therefore awaken-
ing no personal feelings of affection and
gratitude in the receiver, degrades and
hardens him whom want forces to ac-
cept it. It is a feature, not of class, but
of human nature, that the benefits
which are given in love and sympathy,
open the heart, and improve the cha-
racter of him who enjoys them in grati-
tude, and repays them with love ; while
that which is given reluctantly, con-
temptuously, or indifferently, curses him
that gives and him that takes. Thus it is
that the receipt of parish relief is felt so
deeply to degrade the pauper, that the
best of the working class will rather
starve—often do rather starve, than
apply for it ; and that the charity of
associations, doles of Christmas blankets,
and so forth, given by rule, and taken as
a right, are found to demoralize labour
and produce imposture. Charity, in
proportion as it is wisely given by indi-
vidual kindness, avoids these evil con-
sequences ; its influence often reaches
far beyond the mere physical wants to
which it applies, softens the hearts
which were hardening in a sense of ne-
glect from man and injustice in the distri-
bution of the gifts of God,—turns resent-
ment into gratitude, and bitterness into
hope and thankfulness.

The rich do not suffer less than their
working neighbours from the want of
friendly personal intercourse with an-
other class than their own. Confined
to the society of those whose views and
ideas are cast in the same mould by
similar worldly circumstances, their in-
tellects and their hearts are cramped
and narrowed. It is astonishing within
what close limits the feelings, the ideas,
the knowledge, of men even of culture
and intellect, whose lives have been
passed in the higher circles of society,
are confined. The rich, especially when
young, suffer terribly from the want of
their natural occupation, and often be-
come luxurious, indolent, and vicious ;
their minds, empty and unguarded,
plunge into vice or dissipation with an
energy often proportioned to their capa-
bilities for higher and nobler interests.
I have frequently heard fathers, whose

lives had passed in the hard work which
at once kept them clear of such tempta-
tions, and enabled them to accumulate
large fortunes, express doubt and fear
lest, in bequeathing wealth to their
children, they should be placing them
in a worse position, not only as regards
happiness in another world, but even
for their own true welfare in this, than
those who have no other heritage than
a good education, and a fair start in life.
“What am I to slave and save for ? To
accumulate a large fortune only to bring
my children to grief and debauchery ?”
—I heard a very clever and successful
man say this once, and the thought oc-
curs to most such men who think at all.

The absence of interests and affections
beyond the narrow circle of the family
often acts with fatal effect on the nature
of men who have not begun life under
the enervating influence of inherited
riches and luxury. Many a man of
business, who in youth was generous
and liberal, and gifted with sympathies
and noble thoughts, is found in later
life to have shrunk into selfish, cold,
hard indifference ; less liberal now that
he has amassed wealth than when he
was beginning to labour for it ; less
useful in this world, less fitted for
another, than before he underwent the
trials and the discipline of a life which,
nevertheless, may have been exemplary
in honour and integrity, and in the per-
formance of all the duties which fell
within the narrow sphere within which
it has moved.

Should we have such fears for our
children if we knew that they, and those
around them—that the society whose
opinions would influence their standard
of duty—recognised the essential obliga-
tions which wealth, education, leisure,
and talent impose ; if the expenditure
of a certain portion of time, means, and
talents on some object of utility to those
less fortunate, were considered as much
a part of the proprieties, incumbent on
a man of a certain fortune, as is a car-
riage, or suitable dress ? If a neglect of
these duties were considered a breach of
trust—as assuredly it is—would the
man of business have so fallen away

from the promise of his youth ; would his soul have been thus starved and withered, if he had been taught to feel, if he had lived among fellow-citizens who felt, that a considerable portion of their time and wealth was due to those whose labour helps to enrich them? The wrong which estrangement from the rich inflicts upon the poor—the withdrawal of the cultivated from the ignorant—is palpable and intelligible to all. The evil which the same alienation exerts upon the wealthier classes is of a character less easy to make apparent to minds used to regard the existing state of things without alarm or dissatisfaction. But it is certain that the latter evil, falling on the spiritual part of the man, and starving the highest attributes of his nature, is deeper and more injurious than the consequences of the same isolation upon the poor.

It must be granted that there is an improved feeling on these subjects among the rich. There are now comparatively few who would not admit, if seriously taken to task upon the point, that the enjoyment of so large a share of the gifts of God imposes upon the wealthy the duty of ministering to the wants of the poor. Most thoughtful men of leisure would allow that no man has a right to be idle, and that the possession of means which exempt a man from working for pay indicates to him as his proper sphere of work that portion of the labour necessary to the well-being of society which cannot be paid in money ; the performance of those offices of service to the poor, whether towards individuals or masses, which must be left to voluntary effort, and which should not be exacted of the scanty leisure of those who have to labour for their bread. That these things are rather admitted than felt ; that those who heartily acknowledge and endeavour to act on them are as yet a small minority ; that our charities bear so shameful a disproportion to our wealth ; that so much of their income comes from those who are not rich, and so much of their work is done by those who have little leisure, is principally due to the

fact that the magnitude of the work, the long and gradual accumulation of barriers between the rich (especially between the idle rich) and the poor, and the extremely perplexing circumstances under which, in our great towns, benevolence must grapple with destitution and disease, with vice and misery—discourage all merely individual attempts to deal with them at large, and make the selection and limitation of a particular field of labour, leaving to the left and right a mass of untouched evil every whit as great as that chosen for operation, appear impracticable, and if practicable, capricious and unsatisfactory. The hopelessness of desultory personal efforts, the unsatisfactory results of mechanical charity working by organization and by rule, dishearten the earnest and afford excuse to the indifferent : and the admission that beneficence is the duty of wealth remains an inoperative opinion, or relieves itself in mere donations of money to charitable institutions, principally because no ready means of giving safe, useful, and personal effect to the energies and wealth of the benevolent as yet presents itself. Much energy or ability that now remains idle or useless would be available to the cause of charity ; much wealth that is now squandered would be well bestowed ; a much wider and more operative sense of the duty of public service, of the responsibilities of leisure and riches, would be diffused among their possessors, if obvious channels were at hand into which those who have time and means could turn their efforts, with some security that they would do more good than harm, and a reasonable hope that while they were doing one portion of the good work the duties they were compelled to leave on either hand would be taken up by other fellow-labourers.

It would be a great thing to suggest means whereby this may be, in part at least, accomplished ; whereby the actual and potential charity of the country, especially in the greater towns, may be rendered more available for the cure of its evils : whereby the existing arrangements for this purpose may be

rendered more efficient than they are, much waste prevented, many abuses rectified, and the work of charity made more complete, effectual, and satisfactory than at present; by which the whole force of benevolence at our command may be brought to bear with the greatest advantage upon the suffering at our door. It would be a great thing to indicate the manner in which, by a combination of the resources and advantages of organization with the free exercise of individual energy and personal kindness, the difficulties which at present dishearten, hinder, or absolutely prevent mere individual action may be smoothed away or reduced within manageable compass; while the evils and imperfections which attend on mere organized charity working by rule and mechanism, may be avoided.

In the meantime an earnest warning as to the nature of that renewed intercourse between rich and poor, which has been described as the great social need of the age, may not be thrown away. There must be nothing of assumed superiority, nothing of patronage in the tone of the rich man if he would give to others or derive himself the full benefit of such intercourse. Patronage is resented by the poor: the spirit which dictates it precludes the rich from reaping the internal benefit of

their own charity. The rich man must come to the poor as a friend who has much to gain as well as to give, to learn as well as to teach; as a brother who, having received from God more of this world's good things, does not on that account pretend to claim any superiority over his brother. He must advise, not as a master, but as a friend; he must sympathise, not as a superior, but as an equal in all that forms the ground of sympathy; he must give, not as patron to dependent, but as brother to brother. Coming in such a temper he will find the poor man ready to acknowledge whatever title to respect is personal to himself, to look up to him as a man of education, of character, of refinement. But, if he pride himself upon his wealth, as raising him above the poor, he approaches them in a temper which excludes sympathy, and renders real gratitude very difficult by rendering respect impossible. The poor despise the purse-proud man not one whit less than do the well born and well educated; and, despising, his gifts cannot make them love him. The men who most influence the poor are those who give most of their heart where they give their help; they who receive most reverence from them are those who treat them with most respect for a common and equal humanity.

NELL GWYN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

It is an olden ditty, full of tenderness and pity,
Full of leaven, hearts uneven, full of life's mosaic play,
When vice held wide dominion, and each courtier was a minion,
To a king with cap and bells, in the ages passed away!

A dream of time steals o'er us,—little Nelly is before us,
Sweet and simple, cheeks of dimple, witching eyes, and black-brown hair,
In the play-house pit she stands, with a basket in her hands,
And the gallants cluster near to see a serving-maid so fair!

But Nelly knows them well, and she makes her good looks tell,
 "Buy a dozen," "Ah, the cozen! but no orange is so sweet
 "As the smiles that we would buy, and the glances of an eye."
 —And, blushing, Nell would gather all the guineas at her feet!

Alas! for that same blush, that a wanton look could crush,
 Virtue sever, and for ever, like a lov'd thing won and lost:
 On the stage, as Florimel, flaunts the pretty Mistress Nell,
 And dreams of fame and conquest, nor reckons once the cost!

King and nobles gather round, and the Thespian wreath is bound
 Upon a brow, unblushing now, for maiden shame is past!
 That star-bewildering Lilly has made her weak head silly,
 And among the noble libertines her horoscope is cast!

There is Rochester, sad rake, clever, selfish, who could break
 A trusting heart, nor feel the smart, for pleasure's wanton sake,
 And Villiers, gartered knave, fantastic, wild, and brave,
 Man of folly—mind unholy, living solely to deprave!

Dorset, Sedley, Killigrew,—a strange and motley crew
 Whose jests, and feats, and mad conceits, have been surpassed by few;
 And Buckhurst nobly gifted, above the loose herd lifted,
 Yet borne along, by passions strong, with Nell licentious drifted!

Drop the curtain on this scene! Rank weeds of life, I ween,
 Fared better then than honest men,—as often may have been!
 Then truth itself was treason, and virtue out of season,
 And would be *still*, if ev'ry will defied the code of reason!

The artist has pourtrayed saucy Nell, the witty jade!
 Voice beguiling, features smiling, all her winsome traits display'd;
 No grace to her denied, and old Rowley stands beside,
 —Brow saturnine, eyes large and fine,—a form of kingly pride.

And Nelly seems reproving, the monarch weak and loving,—
 Some prank, no doubt, she has found out, her warning finger moving,
 —Broadly the sun is gleaming, o'er park and terrace streaming,
 —Bright hearts, Love's day, long past away, left to the poet's dreaming!

Time its varied shades is casting—to the Palace death is hasting,
 "Sceptre and crown must tumble down," life ebbs, its sands are wasting:
 Charles, long unwisely merry, is bound for Charon's ferry,
 —He is dying, friends are flying, sadd'ning thoughts like these to bury!

"Draw the shrouding blind away, that I see once more the day,"
 And mournfully, with closing eye, he sees the sunbeams play:
 They crown his drooping head, as the parting spirit fled,
 —He sighed "'Tis well, *forget not Nell!*" and England's king lay dead!

It is an olden ditty, full of tenderness and pity,
 Full of leaven, hearts uneven,—full of life's mosaic play,
 When vice held wide dominion, and each courtier was a minion,
 To a king with cap and bells in the ages passed away!

A FRENCH RELIGIOUS MEMOIR.

It is customary with many critics of the press and of society at the present day to decry the bad taste of what is called the "Evangelical" section of our religious public, in its excessive addiction to the details of pietistic biography. The circulars of Low Church publishers teem, it is notorious, with little memoirs of Christians young and old—some telling their own tale in diaries and letters, where daily meditations, self-accusations, and transports, form the subject-matter of every communication, and religious self-consciousness is submitted to the minutest dissection; some conveying the admiring description of friends to whom the life of the saint appears a model fit to be held up for the imitation of all to come. Who cannot at once call to mind a host of such edifying records, from the "Dairyman's Daughter" of Leigh Richmond downwards? We know the sort of books, and the sort of titles: "The Gathered Sheaf;" "The Morning Promise;" "Perfect Peace;" "The Faithful Shepherd:" not to mention more plain-spoken memoirs of distinguished saints in the different professions of life, soldiers and sailors, bankers and members of parliament, duchesses and divines—memorable sometimes, be it added, for other things besides the unquestioned piety and the free communication of religious faith and feelings which afford the motive for their biography.

In that portion of society, we repeat, in which Evangelical views have fallen somewhat into discredit, and Anglican views have come into fashion, nothing is more common than to find fault with these revelations of personal piety:—thoughts too sacred for publication—communications of the soul with God. What, it is said, will become of all simplicity and humility of character if every religious emotion is dragged to

light, and made matter of fulsome praise or sentimental display?

There is truth, no doubt, in these objections; though we think they are often carried too far. The genuine records of human life and character will have an irresistible interest for most people, which it is needless to deny ourselves; and, the more of such records we peruse, the wider basis we shall find for those inductions on which the only true philosophy of our complex nature can rest. We might say more as to the effect which,—sectarian prejudice apart—the example of brave and busy men actuated in their most secret hours by an abiding sense of God's presence may and ought to have on thoughtful minds. And it is one of the glories of "Evangelical" pietism in particular, that so many brave and busy men in our English land have been inspired by it. Our purpose, here, however, is not to defend religious biography on philosophical or practical grounds, but only to point out how great is the mistake of those who conceive the love of exhibiting devotional processes, which has obtained so widely among the Evangelicals of our own country and generation, to be really at all distinctive of or peculiar to their way of viewing the bearings of the religious principle on thought and action.

If our modern "Ritualists" were asked to what type of ecclesiastical *sensibility* (we do not speak here of dogma) they consider themselves most to assimilate, they would doubtless point with pride and satisfaction to that of Continental Romanism. Now it so happens that from the Continental Romanists there have emanated lately certain biographical records, than which none of our aforesaid Low Church or Evangelical memoirs are more full of the workings of self-analysis, of spiritual pulse-

feeling, of rapturous pietism. The "Journals and Letters of Eugénie de Guérin" will recur to the memory of every reader of the day's literature. The sweet simplicity, poetical grace, and devout self-consecration of the writer may well have charmed us into forgetfulness of the unquestionable narrowness and monotony of her mental horizon. We have now another instance of this class of autobiography to bring to notice.

In the April number of this year's *Revue des deux Mondes*, there appears a sketch, from the pen of M. Emile Montégut, of the career and character of another gentle devotee, a Frenchwoman by marriage and language, though not by birth:—and a liberal quotation from her diaries and letters, and from those of her husband, contribute to make up the record which M. Montégut heads as "Histoire d'un Amour Chrétien." The original compilation, however, on which M. Montégut's article is founded, was made by Madame Auguste Craven, sister and sister-in-law of the personages mentioned. It is printed for a very limited circulation only. M. Montégut hopes it may some day reach a wider circle.¹ It goes under the title, "Récit d'une Sœur: Souvenirs de Famille." But the first part only has yet appeared; and we are left in ignorance of the subsequent career of one of the principal actors in this portion of the family drama. The story to which we are introduced is as follows:—

In the winter of 1831-32 there were among the visitors at Rome two families whose relations with each other soon became friendly and even intimate: the one was that of Madame d'Alopeus, widow of the late Russian Minister at the court of Berlin, who was residing there with her young and lovely daughter Alexandrine; and the other was that of the Count de la Ferronnays, a French nobleman, and trusted servant of the late Bourbon dynasty, under which he had been successively Ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, Minister

of Foreign Affairs (1829), and Ambassador at Rome. The Count and Countess de la Ferronnays had several sons and daughters. Between the daughters and Mademoiselle d'Alopeus a friendship speedily sprang up. It was on January 17th, 1832, that Albert, one of the sons, met their young neighbour for the first time; and the history of the love of these two young people, their short union, and their severance by the death of Albert, form the groundwork of the religious idyll before us.

Albert de la Ferronnays was an enthusiastic young man, strongly imbued with the romantic fiction which came into vogue with a section of "Young France," in the latter days of Charles Dix. It was the period when Lacordaire, with chivalrous ardour, was propagating his ideas of a monastic renaissance, and when the Count de Montalembert—with whom Albert was on terms of the most affectionate friendship—was engaged in fostering the love of old Catholic legends, by composing the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Albert's whole soul was absorbed in the duties and raptures of devotion; and the tender interest Mademoiselle Alexandrine awakened in him on the first occasion of their meeting seems only to have suggested to him the desire to pray for her conversion from the errors of Lutheranism, in which she had been brought up,¹ to the Holy Catholic faith. Alexandrine thus notes the impression made upon her own mind by her first interview with Albert:—

"I did not go upstairs for a long time after I heard that the brother of Pauline de la Ferronnays was there. "I had a great wish to see him, however, and the evening before I had fancied I saw him in a church, but I was mistaken. . . . I went up at last. "I looked at him with indifference, and did not think him handsome, though "I believe I remarked the expression of his eyes, and that he made an agreeable impression upon me. As for him, "he told me afterwards that this first sight decided his love for me; that he

¹ Since the above was written, the memoir has been published in France.

¹ Her father was a Swede by birth.

"told his friends of the lively impression I had made upon him; that they laughed at it, and he then ceased to talk about me."

On the 5th of February, going to the church of the Trinità del Monte to hear the nuns sing, Alexandrine sees Albert on his knees engaged in the most earnest devotion, and a slightly tender feeling towards him awakens in her mind. "Coming out of church, I happened to find myself near him, and I told him how much I had wished to kneel as he did, and that, had I been with his sisters, I should have done so. 'Then why not do so at once?' said he; 'Why this respect for human opinion?' 'This boldness—for he knew me so little—in a man of twenty, charmed me.'"

Soon the interest in Alexandrine waxed stronger and stronger in the young man's mind, and blended itself with all his holy emotions. "Oh, I am very happy!" he said to her one day; "I have communicated this morning, and I love you." His zeal for her conversion led him at this time to one of those fantastic devices of the fashionable romanticism which reminds us of the vagaries of "Ritualism" in our own day, understanding by that term the zeal for resuscitating worn-out forms of piety—putting the new wine of the nineteenth century religion into very old bottles of mediævalism. This was the rising early one morning to make the pilgrimage of the Seven Basilicas, barefoot, in order to obtain from Heaven the conversion of Mademoiselle d'Alopeus. M. Emile Montégut asks: "Among the most fervent Catholics of later generations are there many whom religious enthusiasm would inspire with similar acts of love?" Neo-catholicism in France as a fashionable *furor* was beforehand with our ritualism, both in its commencement and its decline.

But the young devotee could not long blind his eyes to the fact that his earthly love was encroaching with alarming speed on the ground of the heavenly; that the tares that had been growing up with the wheat seemed, to his over-wrought

enthusiasm, to be on the point of choking it; and he felt miserable in his divided allegiance. He thus pours out his misery into the pages of his private journal:—

"How this state of coldness fatigues and harasses! We feel at the bottom of our heart the longing for those emotions we so rarely enjoy, and yet cannot get rid of some obstacle which keeps them away. For some time past I feel that those ravishing sensations which the love of God alone inspired in me are fading away. I should like to be solitary for some days. I feel that my soul needs to be steeped again. I believe truly that habits are more powerful than principles. At Rome, I was positively better. I took such happiness in fulfilling all my duties exactly! I was so moved on entering a church, and my heart was filled with such lively faith! All this seems now weakened. And what a difference in my love! What I did yesterday would never have entered my mind before. I was so happy with my silent admiration! I enjoyed contemplating her soul, and a delicious, pure, disinterested sentiment moved me, and kindled an enthusiasm filled with devotion! Why did I reveal to her the feelings she had awakened in me? Have my sentiments changed their nature? What did it matter whether she read what was within my soul? What madness possessed me that, in approaching her, I should cease to forget myself, and to behold in her a heaven it was impossible to attain? I blush for it. How she must have pitied me! and how astonished she must have been!—June 6th. My God, I pray thee, give me that fervour which I no longer possess! There is such happiness in heartfelt prayer, and it is a happiness which ought always to last! All those vague and passionate feelings we experience in youth give to religion a something which calms and satisfies the soul. Oh, my God! I have forgotten that language which is understood by those alone who love none

"but Thee. Once I knew this language, which is spoken only in church, all alone—I thought it so beautiful, I loved so much to speak it! My God, give it back to me!"

Fight against it as he may, the absorbing thought in Albert's breast now is whether Alexandrine returns his love. For months he is tormented by the doubt, and records his hopes and fears with a trembling minuteness, similar to that which of old inspired the sonnets of Petrarch. Thus he writes to Montalembert:—"How lovely she was this evening! After she had sung, she came up to me, saying, 'Do not be so melancholy!' 'How can I be gay?' I answered. 'Life weighs upon me; can I ever be happy? Your goodness oppresses me, for I know that I cannot be beloved. No, spare me your pity. I had rather be hated; I should not be mortified.' If you did but know what I was suffering! And, to finish me, she said, 'You are always exaggerated. You will forget me; you will return to —.' Oh, my dear friend, if you knew how she spoke these last words! I could not answer. 'Have I vexed you?' she continued. 'Well then, I will believe you; but you have changed so often, and I have always been forgotten.' Oh, Charles, I could have died! And when I reflect that she never can be mine, because I have no fortune! You can conceive how I suffer—all my thoughts and wishes. I have got into such a habit of seeing her, of being with her, that it seems as though she belonged to me, and could not be taken from me. When I hear her praised, it makes me proud and happy. She often speaks to me of you—and if you knew in what a manner! I might be jealous of it, I assure you. I will tell you all that when we meet. If you knew, my good friend, how much I miss you, how I love you! I, who was formerly so unreserved with all the world, can now open my heart to you alone."

His anxiety cannot be disregarded by the lady of his love, and she takes, it

would seem, an odd way to answer the question, if that was her design, as one cannot help suspecting. She gives him to read—in order, she says, not to deceive him as to her character—two small manuscript books, in which she has recorded her private thoughts. The first, a little green book, fills him with dismay; it reveals to him a previous attachment. In the small blue book which succeeded, the last few pages were carefully fastened down with a slip of paper, that they might not be opened. Alexandrine's journal tells us how her confidence was betrayed:—

"I was at the piano, singing the air in *La Muette*: '*O moment enchanteur!*' when Albert, who was standing opposite to me, asked me what I should think if he had read the pages in the blue book which I had so carefully concealed. I was alarmed, but I answered that I was quite sure he was incapable of it. 'But suppose I had done so?' 'It is impossible; I will never believe it.' 'I have done it.' 'No!' My alarm increased, but I still absolutely refused to believe it. 'Shall I quote a sentence to convince you?' 'You could not do so; you would be inventing.' '*I believe I love Albert,*' he said, looking earnestly at me. My eyes, which were raised to his, fell, but not without altering their expression in such manner as to make him unhappy the whole evening. Certainly, at that moment I did not feel that I loved him; but it soon returned when I saw him thoroughly miserable."

The following is the lover's confession of his treachery to his friend Montalembert:—

"Dear good friend, you will be angry with me, but I must talk about myself. How much has happened since my last letter! I did not think I could have borne so much happiness. I told you about her journal, which she gave me to read. After reading the book through over and over again, and learning, as I knew her better, to love her more than ever, I reached the concluding part which she had forbidden

"me to read, having closed with a strip of paper the pages which contained more than life to me. You will exclaim against this breach of confidence. What would you have done in my place? I resisted for some days, but at last, in a moment of delirium, I broke through the frail obstacle. I will not attempt to tell you what I felt; I hardly know myself. She loves me, my friend. Do you understand what I am saying? She loves me!... The moment when I told her of my treason was terrible. There was contempt in her eyes. Hell has no greater torture! It was long before I got over it, but now at last my fault is forgotten, and she is no longer vexed with me for knowing her secret. I will not say anything of my feelings—you can imagine them."

Although the lovers were thus happy in the knowledge of their mutual affection, there were many obstacles in the way of their union. In the first place, Albert was very young, not above twenty, and it was decided by his father that the strength of their attachment should have the trial of two years of absence. He was accordingly sent to Rome, Madame d'Alopeus and her daughter being at Naples; and correspondence between the lovers was strictly forbidden. Once only, at the urgent entreaty, on his brother's behalf, of Fernand de la Ferronnays, did Alexandrine transgress this interdiction, and then not without a feeling of remorse for the deceit she was obliged to practise. She implored Albert not to answer her letter, and he accordingly contented himself with pouring out to his brother his thanks for the boon he had obtained for him.

Madame d'Alopeus's aversion to the match was soon strengthened by an event which only added to her daughter's attachment. Albert was seized at Civita Vecchia, whither he had gone in order to sail with his family for France, with a dangerous attack of inflammation on the chest. Alexandrine returned with her mother to Rome under the impression that he had left Italy, but they soon received tidings of his dangerous

illness, and she pours forth her grief and anxiety in the following letter to his sister:—

"Pauline, I am suffocating. There is no one to whom I can speak of my terrible sufferings; so I write to you. Only conceive! At this moment of poignant anxiety, mamma has just told me that she will perhaps feel it a matter of conscience to forbid my marrying a man in such precarious health, when it is just grief that makes him ill, and happiness that restores him. Oh my God, do not take my life, for that would be a sorrow to him, but let me, *me alone*, endure what Thou wilt of physical or mental suffering; only let him be happy for some time yet, in the name of our Lord! Pauline, I think my brain will go. May God come to my aid, and not punish me for loving him so much!"

Albert's recovery by no means removed the mother's objections to the marriage, for which, indeed, she had many good reasons. His youth, his delicate health, his want of fortune and of prospects, and, above all, his different religion, were all against it; and she further feared that the connexion might be displeasing to the imperial family of Russia, whose consent she would be obliged to ask, as Alexandrine was a lady of honour to the empress. She harboured besides more ambitious views for her daughter, who, in the bitterness of her soul, just before starting for Germany, where her mother determined to take her, writes thus in her journal:—

"I feel curious sometimes to know whether there will be *careers* in heaven—whether generals and ministers will be more thought of there than those who have not made themselves talked about. What is glory with respect to any earthly dignity? Why do not men rather seek to earn a dignity in heaven? Do they never reflect that dignities there alone are incorruptible? *Career*—the word has become intolerable to me. To contribute to the defence of one's country when it has need of defence is all well; but to copy despatches, what is it? If, in-

"deed, one could perform some useful action all at once ! But, in order to reach this distant object, to languish for years in almost mechanical occupations, which only serve to waste the time which might be devoted to God—what is that ?

"To say to a young person—Do not marry till you have the certainty (as far as that can be said of anything in this world) that you will be saved from want, is reasonable, and springs from a prudential kindness ; but that a little money more or less should excite consideration or contempt, this it is which cries to heaven for vengeance.

"Mademoiselle, if you meet with any one who you think might please you, before you allow yourself to be too much attracted, do not inquire whether he has religion and good principles ; so long as he has not robbed or committed any crime, that is enough. Do not indulge in exalted or ridiculous pretensions, but inquire whether he possesses enough to give to you for your lifetime, and to your children after you, something over and above the superfluities requisite for enjoying all the comforts of life. If you can satisfy yourself on this point, the most essential of all, then marry him without fear ; you will be happy ! But if, on the contrary, he whom you are disposed to love has only just enough to live upon, and you hear romantic people say that the woman he marries is to be envied, that the solidity of his character is a warrant for conduct of uniform excellence, that his religious principles are strong, that his simple tastes will never lead him into foolish expenses,—do not listen to words so fanciful, so devoid of reason and of knowledge of the world !"

After thus, as she expresses it, *getting rid of her gall*, Alexandrine started on her journey in better temper with her mother, and cheered by the prospect of soon returning to Italy. This they did in the autumn of 1833 ; and soon after Alexandrine, in her turn, underwent a severe illness, on her recovery from

which her mother—a very lovely and fascinating woman—married Prince Lapoukhyn, a Russian nobleman, to whom she had been for some time engaged.

"When one is young," Alexandrine writes in her journal at this time, "when one has happiness still before one, there is a peculiar charm in recovering from illness : the earth appears rose-coloured. My God, when we recover from life, which is itself but an illness, when we rise from our bed, the grave, what youthfulness shall we then feel ! And we shall see before us not an uncertain and fugitive happiness, but a happiness cloudless and without end. Oh, my God, grant me first the faith in this, and then its fulfilment !

"My mother was married the following day, the 30th of October, to Prince Lapoukhyn. The wedding was celebrated first in the Greek church, and afterwards in the Protestant chapel." (Difference of religion does not seem to have stood in the mother's way in her own case.) "I was still so weak that I hardly knew what I thought about it. My lips were pale and trembling, and I could scarcely stand. I recollect thinking, during the ceremony, that there would be no more weddings, or fêtes, or flowers for me on earth, and yet I felt that they were better suited to me than they were to my mother."

The constancy of the young lovers was, however, soon rewarded. M. Montégut does not tell us how Madame Lapoukhyn's objections were surmounted ; perhaps her own marriage gave her a softer feeling for her daughter's distress, and she could not make up her mind to take her with her into the banishment of her new husband's estate near Odessa. However this may have been, the pair met once more at Naples, and, after a due time for preparations both religious and worldly, were married in that city. Shortly before the wedding, Albert, who with his delicate health was always susceptible of melancholy feelings, writes in his journal :—

"Passed the evening with the Lapoukhyns. Alexandrine sad at the

"prospect of leaving her mother. She wept; that will pass off, I hope. But what if I should not fill the void which her mother's departure will create? Either I should die, or else I should go and live with her in Russia, a species of moral, intellectual, and perhaps physical suicide. I am stupid, or mad, or something of the kind. I am haunted by a presentiment that I shall make Alexandrine very unhappy. I should like to be a monk. But no, I am getting unreasonable. I will plunge my head in my pillow, and there bury myself till I am transformed into something possessed of common sense."

The presentiment was but too well founded. It was only ten days after the wedding, as he and his bride were enjoying the honeymoon at Castellamare, that Albert's dreaded disease returned, and he broke a bloodvessel. From this time Alexandrine, the most devoted of wives, never knew what it was to be free from anxiety. "Is there then," she writes during his illness, "is there in truth only the shadow of happiness upon earth? Is it only what is distant that appears charming, and must it always lose its colours as we seize it? Is there then no true poetry, save in the love of God, and are we so miserable that that cannot suffice us, and that we must always long to idealize, to deify, some object on earth? . . . Oh! are we not often consumed by the desire for a country where we shall be sure of what we see, where we shall be sure of loving for ever, where we shall have no false fears, where we may without anxiety love with all our being another being? This country, if we ever reach it, is Heaven! We die with desire for it, and yet, through weakness or indifference, we make no effort for it."

The journals and letters from this time contain little else but the record of the alternate hopes and fears attendant on the husband's fatal but flattering disorder; and the continual changes of residence undertaken with the vain endeavour to conquer it. They went

first to Pisa, where for some time they enjoyed the society of Montalembert,—*"Montal,"*—as Alexandrine calls him in affectionate abbreviation. Here Albert's health for a time improved, and he and his young wife seem to have been really happy. We quote from Alexandrine's journal for the 13th Jan. 1835:—

"We have been to the Cascine, and afterwards went to order a hat for me, which afforded us great amusement. At dinner, Albert took a sudden resolution to go to a ball which was to take place in the evening, and which we had all three declined. I objected, fearing it might be bad for him, but he insisted, and ended by saying,—'I choose it.' He went to tell my maid to get my dress ready, and by degrees I allowed them to do me the sweet violence of making me as handsome as possible. I was certainly two hours about it. To make the fun complete, we forced Montal to come with us. He made us supplicate him a long time. He had nothing to wear; Albert lent him almost everything; then he had to go for a shoemaker, and a hairdresser to cut his hair. All this amused us very much, and finally what made us laugh as much as anything else was that, being at that time without a man-servant, we were followed to the ball by the shoemaker's boy."

As the invalid recovered strength, he became restless, and longed for change. In a journal which he kept for a friend, he writes:—"I gain fresh strength every day, at least in my own opinion; and I hope, by God's help, that I shall soon be freed from this tribulation of cares and precautions. I do not know whether it is the approach of spring, but I feel the want of air, of movement, of life. . . . My passion for travelling increases every day. There are times when the soul seems to drag us towards unknown regions, where one fancies that everything must be more beautiful than what lies before our eyes. Is not this need of movement, of change, of escape from

"oneself, this thirst for infinity, for liberty, a presentiment of our celestial country? . . . It is long since I have felt so much activity and fervour as I do now. I am more than usually master of my weak and indolent nature, which I must attribute to the improvement in my health. I rejoice in feeling my strength revive, and I bless God for it, for I need it in order to enjoy my happiness thoroughly. I am far from having fully described my present feelings. I am touched with love in retracing my recollections of the past, my present heaven, and the infinity of my future bliss. I have been blamed for my unsociability; but what would the noise of a *salon* be to me now that the true sweet enjoyment of my life has been vouchsafed to me? Is not the twilight of my lamp, illumining her beloved head, something better than all the world beside?"

In consequence of this supposed return of health, the La Ferronnays started in the spring of 1835 on a journey to Odessa, to visit Madame Lapoukhyn. They went first to Naples, and thence by sea to Constantinople and Odessa, which they reached early in July; but they had not been there many days before the fatal blood-spitting returned again, and poor Alexandrine felt that she must give up all hope, and prepare for the worst. One morning, as she returned from her husband's sick room to her own, full of agonising fears, she opened the New Testament at hazard, with a sort of superstitious feeling. Her eyes immediately lighted on the verse, "Honour those widows that are widows indeed." "I thought I had seen a ghost," she says, "and almost screamed. My imagination had never before realized that horrible word—*widow!*" She was, however, not destined to realize it just then. Albert recovered sufficiently to return to Italy, travelling through Poland, where Alexandrine visited a salt-mine, of which she gives a graphic account in her journal, and then through Austria.

They first domiciled themselves in Ve-

nice, where the young wife settled down into a nurse and housekeeper, giving up all amusements and gaieties for her husband's sake. She writes to one of her sisters-in-law:—"I am getting rid of my refinement. I am turning myself into a cook, a farmer, or what you will, and it is frightful to see how completely I am made for it. My care of Albert, which you think so highly of, is really worth nothing; ask Pubus: he will tell you, as he tells me, that I have a natural taste for this kind of thing, that I enjoy managing and petty arrangements, that I should get *ennuyée* if Albert were in better health, that I have no greater amusement than in physicking and nursing. . ." Again, to M. de Montalembert:—"If you only knew, dear Montal, how I am buried body and soul in housekeeping, you would pity me and laugh at the same time; there is no vestige left of the poetical Alexandrine, surrounded as she is by stores of oil, potatoes, rice, candles; and knowing, I beg you to believe, what they are all worth, even to the price of an egg. . . . Albert says the first sheet of my letter smells strong of the kitchen. It is true, and I blush for it: pardon me; but only conceive! our little old woman is so unskilful that I have to teach her how to make dishes, and this is all so new to me that I tell all my friends of it; and then I am drawn on by your brotherly request to give you all sorts of housekeeping details. Forgive me!"

These lively letters were probably written to be seen by her sick husband; in her private journal and letters to Pauline we see the workings of her grief and her affection, which were gradually and irresistibly leading her to fulfil her dying husband's most ardent wish by embracing his religion. It was not a conscientious preference for the faith in which she had been brought up which had so long withheld her from this step—on the contrary, she had long been attracted by the Romish ritual in the Italian churches she was in the habit of frequenting, and she boasted sometimes that she had "a Catholic air" and

had been taken for a Catholic ; but she was restrained by her respect for her mother, who, on consenting to her marriage had strictly charged her never to forsake the Protestant faith ; and still more by her reverence for her father's memory. Referring to the story of the heathen king who refused to embrace Christianity because he would not go after death to a Paradise into which his friends could not enter, she writes to M. de Montalembert, who had often seconded her husband's entreaties :—
 “ Indeed, if I were told that my father
 “ had taken the wrong road and Albert
 “ the right, and that I must choose one
 “ and be for ever separated from the
 “ other, I believe that, as Albert would
 “ be sure of bliss, I should let him go
 “ alone, and should follow my father
 “ like that heathen prince.” In the following extracts we trace the gradual yielding of this filial piety to her deeper love for her husband :—

“ My God, Thou hast granted me
 “ great happiness in my life, but Thou
 “ hast denied me repose. I hope I do
 “ not murmur. Thy will be done ! Oh
 “ yes, I hope I am persuaded that all
 “ Thou doest is well done ; but, adored
 “ Father, I ask of Thee (for Thou hast
 “ permitted us to ask), I ask of Thee in
 “ the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to
 “ whom Thou hast promised to refuse
 “ nothing, that I may live, die, and be
 “ born again with my beloved Albert.
 “ I love him, my God, in Thee, and
 “ because he loves Thee. Oh keep
 “ us ever together in Thy love ; and
 “ separate us not ! Oh, dear good
 “ saints, pray for me ! Oh Jesus, listen
 “ to me ! Let my voice reach Thee, as
 “ did that of the poor women, of the
 “ centurion, of so many others ! I say
 “ with one of them, ‘ Lord, I believe, help
 “ Thou my unbelief !’ Oh vouchsafe to
 “ enlighten me Thyself, to make Thy
 “ truth shine in my heart ; but suffer
 “ me, oh sweet Jesus, Thou who hast
 “ had pity on Thy mother, suffer me to
 “ spare my mother's heart !

“ My soul was very sad, very anxious,
 “ yesterday. The sun was bright, the
 “ sea calm and beautiful. Such scenes

“ have often made me believe in an
 “ eternal happiness extended to all and
 “ everything. Yesterday I thought of
 “ nothing but the pain and danger that
 “ are beside all that is sweet and happy.
 “ I reflected how the sun, which is so
 “ superb, is often the cause of death and
 “ suffering. And the sea, calm and
 “ smooth and blue as it is, are not men
 “ drowned in it all the same ? Danger
 “ and suffering surround us. Our life,
 “ the life of those we love, hangs only
 “ by a thread, and even that thread is
 “ not broken without frightful suffering.
 “ . . . I was indulging in such thoughts
 “ yesterday, as I sat by the window
 “ gazing on this lovely view, when these
 “ comforting words came into my mind,
 “ whispered, perhaps, by one of the
 “ angels who watch over me—that *the*
 “ *very hairs of our heads are all numbered.*
 “ Thus, then, all our sufferings have an
 “ object. Oh, I feel that it is good for
 “ me to be tried. It makes me think
 “ of God, and renders me, I hope, a
 “ little better. And then (another
 “ heavenly word that has recurred to
 “ me), ‘ Blessed are they that mourn, for
 “ they shall be comforted.’

Letter to Pauline. “ He is alive,
 “ Pauline, but I have no more hope.
 “ Hope is a thing we part from with
 “ such difficulty that I have never yet
 “ lost it till this evening, in spite of the
 “ many times I have been told that he
 “ might die at any moment. . . . Oh !
 “ it is so difficult, even when one has
 “ experienced it before, to believe that
 “ what one loves can die ! I am sitting
 “ alone in his room, whilst he is asleep—
 “ *alone*, thinking that he is dying, with-
 “ out mother, without sisters, without
 “ brothers, in whose arms I can for a
 “ moment give vent to my terrible
 “ anguish. I should be suffocated if I
 “ did not write. . . . This, then, is the
 “ end of our poor love ! *ten days* of
 “ happiness in not yet two years of
 “ marriage, and loving each other as
 “ much as it is possible to do. Oh
 “ God ! ten days—for I have not been
 “ above ten days entirely free from
 “ anxiety about his health. God has
 “ prepared me slowly, imperceptibly

"even, perhaps in His pity, for I have always preferred lengthened grief to sudden shocks.

"Here I am, then, coolly calculating what will become of me. First, O my God, grant that this beloved angel may not continue to suffer as he has done, that all heavenly joys may surround him, and give him eternal bliss ! Then, for myself, my life I know will be tenacious, and there will remain no other happiness on earth for me but the love of God. May I have but the energy to throw myself into it ! That should be our strongest love ; but I have always been so weak, I have had so much need of tenderness, that to be told at my age that all these joys are over terrifies me. And yet my only rest would be in feeling myself inconsolable, for I should be shocked at myself if I could ever again set foot in gay society, or attach myself to the world by any link. For a moment I thought I should take the veil, but then I reflected that my fortitude would not be equal to it ; and then the wish to see my mother, all of you, my brothers, would disturb me, and I want, if possible, to rest calmly in God. I must have solitude and liberty with some one whom I love, and who will love me better than my mother ? I think I shall go to her ; but, though with my mother, I shall have Albert's faith, for I will not and cannot believe otherwise than he believes. . . . Do you remember, Pauline, how I once told you that three deaths or one birth alone would make me a Catholic ? It was a presentiment which God has soon realized, and not, alas ! in the only happy manner !"

The end of this mental struggle of course was that Alexandrine abjured the faith in which she had been brought up, and espoused that in which her husband was dying. One can easily imagine the rest it must have been to her ardent soul, to feel her spiritual union complete with the husband from whom she was just about to be parted in the body ; and the rapture into which she bursts forth overflows her journal :—

"My God, grant that I may not forget even for Thee, my mother, my beloved brothers, my father in the other world, and the care which I must give to my Albert ! My Jesus, grant that I may accompany everywhere my poor friend, whom Thou Thyself hast given to be my husband—in the shadow of death as in all the strength of life, in the slumber of the tomb as beside his bed of suffering—that I may be always before his eyes, a well-known and beloved face, an encouraging voice, a companion in supporting everything ! My Jesus, preserve my thoughts from any other wish ! Amen. Dear Virgin, dear Saints, pray for me !

"Before going to confess to the Abbé Gerbet, I had been reading to him, and in one of the Reflections which follow the chapters of the 'Imitation' I read the words : 'Love is stronger than death !' These words revived my spirit. 'Love is stronger than death !' I thank Thee, my God ! for Thy great mercy ; and how, after that, should I not have faith, when Thou hast thus heard my prayer that I might feel how much I loved him ! These horrible doubts were then delusions, and now, oh sweet thought, I feel that I could go down willingly with him into the gulf of death, which I always dreaded. Never to be separated from him, my God ! He has need of me, and I can give up all that I shall leave on earth.

"Sweet friend, so long tried, who hast loved me so well when thou wast not suffering, fear not that I shall abandon thee in thy last sufferings. Our God will grant, I trust, that I may not be absent, and then, beloved friend, thy agony will be a little less cruel. Oh, fear not ! Do not look at me as if I were going to leave thee ! I will support thee though my bones should break with grief to see thee die ; my arms, my eyes shall not move from thee, and thy last look shall see me still there.

"And afterwards, my God, be it as Thou wilt, all that Thou wilt, when

"Thou wilt! If I live, I shall be happy; if I die, if I may but be with him, I shall be happy also. And as for my life in this world without him, I will not even be afraid to take comfort. Let it be as Thou wilt, my God; only let there not be sin and remorse! My God, my Jesus, grant me faith, true living faith. I wish for nothing, and I wish for all things. Amen."

M. Montégut's narrative of events closes necessarily with the death of Albert, which took place on the 29th of June, 1836; for, as we have intimated, Madame Auguste Craven's compilation at present seems to extend no further.

The young widow's subsequent history remains untold. The extracts which we have laid before the reader form a portion only of those contained in the *Revue des deux Mondes*; and the original memoir from which they are derived furnishes evidently many more of the same description. Their general character will be sufficiently evident. They have all the interest of fresh and natural expressions of youthful love and sorrow, and fervent piety; but we can hardly say that they exhibit any traces of the real poetical insight into nature and the subtler mysteries of feeling which constitutes the special charm of Eugénie de Guérin's writings.

A DULL LIFE.

I THINK there is no country in the world so dreary and oppressive as the country round New Orleans. It is a vast swamp, below the level of the Mississippi, covered with cedars, not evergreen, but deciduous; and when I was there in the early spring, there was not a single leaf upon them. For miles these dreary forests extend, with almost always the same aspect, except, perhaps, for a few miles the trees may be bathed in yellow slimy mud half-way up their trunks, where some lake or river has been swelled and risen for a time some ten or fifteen feet higher than usual.

Natural scenery, untouched by man, has, almost everywhere in the world, some beauty; not always a lovely, graceful beauty, but a beautiful dreariness, or a beautiful wildness, or a beautiful quaintness, or a beautiful luxuriance. Here, in this swampy, slimy Louisiana, there is ugly dreariness, ugly wildness, ugly quaintness, and the country often struck me as absolutely ugly, and, with its alligators basking in the rivers, as almost revolting, somewhat as if it were a country in a geological period not prepared for man's appearance.

We were in New Orleans in 1858, and the state of society was not more pleasant to contemplate than the natural

scenery; the moral atmosphere was as offensive as the swamp miasma. Every day we heard of murders and assassinations in the streets, and crime ruled in society. The fear of vengeance from criminals very often prevented the injured from seeking the protection of the law—in fact, the state of the city was almost lawless. The aspect of the streets was quiet enough, perhaps, with the exception of a few drunken Irish and Germans, whom I saw sometimes absolutely rolling on the pavement; but it was impossible to speak to any person without hearing of recent crime, and the daily papers were crammed with revolting records.

I detested New Orleans; I detested the great Hotel St. Charles, with its 800 people sitting down to table together; and I detested the conversation I heard there at dinner, and in the immense drawing-room crowded with fine ladies. Fine gives no idea how fine these planters' ladies were; indeed, much more extravagantly dressed than crowned heads in old countries, and some wore more jewels in the early morning than a princess would wear in any evening in England. Everything I saw in New Orleans disgusted me. I could not visit the slave auction or slave

dépôts without suffering with horror for days after ; and I could not look at the daily paper, with its little black running negroes heading innumerable advertisements of runaways, without feeling sick with sympathy for the sufferings of these human beings so indicated.

In fact, I never lost the feeling of the presence of slavery. It met me everywhere ; its influence was felt everywhere : in the book-shops, by the glaring absence of certain books ; in the pulpit, by the doctrines doctored to please the congregation ; in the cars, by the division of white and black ; in the schools, from the absence of every child supposed to have a tinge of black blood ; in the evening, by the gun to send all coloured people home—everywhere, at every time, the presence of slavery was heavy upon me.

The conversations at that time, in almost all groups of people, were directly or indirectly about slavery and the infamy of the North ; this infamy all connected with the peculiar institution. One evening we went to the only scientific society in the city—a poor, struggling, ill-supported association—and the interest of the lecture I heard there turned, too, on slavery. It went to prove that the Egyptians had negro slaves, and that these African races from all time had been *servants*, and always ought to be, and always would be.

There was quite enough in this city to make the heart of man sad ; and though the country around was sad too, there is always the sky when one is out of the narrow streets. So I often used to go by the railway to different points in the woods, or on the Lake Ponchartrain, to get the refreshment of the beautiful blue sky and the gorgeous setting sun.

One day I went to Carrolton, a collection of white wooden villas, with green verandahs and gardens, very ugly and utterly uninteresting, but it is on the very verge of the uncultivated, untouched forest swamps. It was, in fact, one of the few places where it was possible to get a view of that melancholy country, and so one day, very near to Carrolton, I encamped with my sketch-

ing umbrella, &c. to make a view of the monotonous wall of deciduous cedars which rose beyond the one field which had been cleared, and cultivation attempted, but unsuccessfully ; and this field, which was my foreground, was now a swamp covered with rank grass, dwarf palm, and dead stalks of tall plants. The trees beyond were leafless, but clothed in waving garments from the topmost branches to the ground, of grey moss—monotonous and fantastic.

The first day, I had not been seated more than half an hour, in dead stillness when I heard steps close behind me, and, looking up, saw a young lady, very pale and slender, with a timid, tired look, walking up to me, with a negro woman, who, like most other household slaves, was rather fat, and remarkable for her ready smile and gay handkerchief, arranged turbanlike on her head. I said at once, "Good morning," and, as the timid young lady halted close to me, she said, "Good day, ma'am," and then she stood still behind me, for at least twenty minutes, until I began to feel her eyes on my fingers, and to get quite nervous ; but, as she looked so pale and so very timid, I did not dare to say, "Go away ; you prevent me from drawing," and so I turned round in despair, and said, "You must find it very dull and tiring standing so long." "Oh, no ! oh, no ! I could stand here all day, and never feel weary at all, I am so interested." This was said quickly, but in a very low voice. "Good heavens !" thought I, "I hope not ; this is very desperate ;" and seeing the negro squat down, reminded me it would be better for us both if the young lady would sit down. So I pulled out a corner of a mackintosh cloak, and said, "Pray sit down." The young lady instantly accepted my not very politely worded offer, and sat down by me, saying, in a very low voice, lower than before, "Oh, you are very kind !" The "kind" was almost inaudible. I went on drawing. The young lady never spoke, but watched me intently. Half an hour passed, and I began to wonder, but I determined not to break silence first, and so, by my watch, which I took

out and looked at, another half-hour passed, when the silent young lady got up, and saying, "Shall you come to-morrow?" awakened her sleeping negress; and, being assured I should be there again the next day, said "Good morning," and walked away. She went into a very little wooden villa behind me, which very dull-looking little house was now invested with interest for me, for this pale, uninteresting young lady excited my interest, she was so very quiet; and now I had had time to examine her, I had found out she had quite perfect features—not a fault to be found with the lovely lines of brow, nose, and chin, withal so expressionless, and so colourless, that no one could be struck with her beauty: it was beauty to discover for yourself by patient investigation. If there was any expression, it was pathos. She did not look open-eyed and stupid, as you may perhaps imagine the word expressionless to mean, but utterly weighed down, listless, and without any feeling, or desire, or restlessness, or pain, or pleasure, or anything. She looked as if she were *ennuyée*, and did not know it even.

The next day, unfortunately, there was what the Americans called a "young tornado"—that is to say, a little tempest—which flooded the country with its rain and tore up the trees with its winds, and it was, of course, impossible to think of sketching. I was very glad it was not an old tornado, if this was a specimen of the power of a young tornado. Two days after this the ground was still wet, but I went off by rail to Carrolton, and, in india-rubber boots, waded to my sketching place. Before I was installed even, my pale young lady came out of her little bathing-machine-like house, with her negress, and walked up to me with her, "Good day, ma'am." The negress said, "Oh! I be very glad you come, for Miss Cecilia sat all day at the window for three days, looking for de fine weather. I don't know what she do if you don't come."

I was touched, and said, "Miss Cecilia must have very little to do, if

she has so much time to think about my drawing."

Miss Cecilia blushed a little, and said very low, "I have nothing to do."

This was said in perfect good faith, and so quietly, and so much as if it were a matter of course, that I was quite staggered.

"Nothing to do? nothing to do?" I said, accented as a question.

"Nothing to do," she answered quietly.

Then we sat down as before, in silence, and I gave her a seat on my mackintosh and two air cushions, and made her very comfortable; and there we sat in silence.

The negress had gone into the house saying, "You will take care of Miss Cecilia," and not waiting for my answer.

Miss Cecilia sat with her hands (which were enveloped in little white cotton gloves) folded over her knees, and leaned forward, watching me intently—watching the brush as it went into cobalt and emerald, green and sepia, and pink madder, trying hard to get the strange grey of the shroud-like moss.

I did not look up, but I felt her eyes, and gradually I lost my power of concentration on my work, and inwardly gave it up and determined to gratify my curiosity about my strange Cecilia; but I went on pretending to work and not looking at her.

"Miss Cecilia," said I, "do you paint?"

"No," said she.

"Do you sing?"

"No," said she.

"Do you ride on horseback?"

"No, no," said she.

"Do you write many letters?"

"None," said she.

"Do you like embroidery?"

"No," said she.

"Do you like crochet?"

"I do it, but I don't think I like it."

You must not think this was a brisk conversation—very far from it—there was a long gap after each "No;" and it was only the last sentence which gave me any hope of a conversation.

"What do you like?" said I.

"I do not know," said she, very low and languidly.

"But I am sure you like sitting here with me, Cecilia," said I, boldly calling her by her Christian name.

"Yes," she answered, "*very*, very much."

"Ah," rejoined I, "I am very glad that you like it very, *very* much; and you like it very, *very* much, why? tell me?"

"Oh, because it amuses me to see you take so much trouble about what I can't understand. There is nothing to draw. Why don't you draw our house? And what did you come here for? nobody ever came here before like you."

I was delighted to explain to her as well as I could a traveller's reasons for sketching, but she evidently did not really comprehend or sympathise with what I said.

Whilst I was talking, a negro woman came up to me and said, "My missus says you're to bring what you're doing to her to look at, and you're to come to the back door."

I hardly understood this message, and said so: "I don't know what your mistress wants, but if it is to look at my drawing tell her to come to me."

"Oh, I dar'n't say that; you must come along; you're to go in at the back kitchen door."

Now I confess I was a little angry and refused to go, which was very childish, for if I had had the sense to have submitted quietly I should have seen something of another family of slave-owners, and perhaps have been able to give this great lady a little lesson; but I was insulted by this continual contempt which I found any kind of steady work was exposed to. Perhaps, if this had been the first time a fine lady had treated me like a slave, because I worked like a slave, I should not have been angry; but it was the last touch which quite upset my good humour, and I shall for ever regret it. Ah, what a pity I did not go to that back kitchen-door! What I should have seen and heard must remain for ever unseen and unheard, because I was put out of temper by a very natural message considering where I was and who sent it. I had

the satisfaction of seeing the lady leaning out of an upper window of her house trying to see me, and Cecilia told me she was very rich and had a great many slaves, and was very cruel sometimes when she was ill and irritable.

Cecilia, after a long silence, for I was cross and quiet, said, "I want to know how you dared to go into the cypress wood the other day—are you not afraid of the runaway slaves there? They say they are worse than wild beasts."

"Oh no; there can't be any so close to the town. I was not afraid; I only went for a little walk. Don't you ever go for a walk?"

"No, never."

This reminded me of a fashionable young lady in New Orleans, who had never seen the country at all round her city, and who did not know of what we were speaking when we spoke of the long grey moss one day at a dinner party. I told my companion this, and she said, "Oh, she had seen it, no doubt, in the shops ready for stuffing mattresses, and thought it was horse-hair! But I am not astonished she had not seen it in the country: why should she go to see it?"

I tried to make her understand the many reasons—moral, physical, and intellectual—why we should take walks in the country, or rides, or drives, or all three; but I suppose my disquisition was very dull, for she did not seem to care about it, and fell into her listless attitude. So after a little silence I fell into the cross-questioning method, which was the only possible one with my strange companion.

"Have you always lived here?"

"No, we lived in New Orleans when I was little and my parents were alive. Since their death I have always lived there with grandmother," said she, pointing to the green and white box.

Then, in answer to my questions, she told me she was twenty, and that her father and mother had died of yellow fever when she was five years old and her only brother seven; that she had doted on, and adored her brother John; that he had been quite different from her, very lively and very

clever; and that he could not bear to live a quiet life, so he ran away from home and had joined General Walker, who was his great hero, and had been killed in Nicaragua. She told me how a letter came to her grandmother and she had to read it as her grandmother was too blind, and how, after understanding the terrible news, she fell down in a faint and was sick for weeks and weeks after. "But," said she wearily, "that is six years ago; a very long time ago." She went on to tell me, that her grandmother was very old and infirm, and now quite blind, that she was very kind and very good, but that she would never let her go out anywhere, because it cost money, nor learn the piano, or sing, because that cost money too, and because she could not bear a noise or bustle in the house: the rooms being divided with wood only, you could hear every sound in the house as if it were one room.

"She is very good to me," said Cecilia. "She has a little money; and as my father died in debt, it is very good of her to keep me. She says I and my brother have cost her a great deal of money."

"If she said that," said I to myself, "I do not think she has been very good to you, and it is fortunate for you if you think so."

"She is a great sufferer now," continued Cecilia, "and Zoe has to sit by her for hours, holding her hands or combing her hair, and sometimes for days she will not see me. She does not believe I know how to nurse or do anything. Zoe is a very good creature: I should not be here now, but Zoe has the sense to say, when grandmother asks where I am, 'Miss Cecil is close by; I can see her.'"

I sat silently wondering at this dull life, and thinking of all the avenues to activity in any little town in England for a young lady like Cecilia—the church, the chapel, the little social societies for charity, all of which occupy those who are too poor or too pious for balls, picnics, and country gaieties. We have in England so many small organizations that it would be strange there to find a being who did not deliberately choose

it, leading so isolated a life as my poor Cecilia. In England the clergyman or the minister and the doctor are the steady friends of the most solitary woman.

"Do you not go to church?" I said.

"Sometimes, but not very often. Grandmamma will not let me go alone; and as she likes the minister to come and read prayers to her, I stay with her; but I like to go to church best, because I like to see the people."

"But don't you see any one—not the doctor?" said I, determined to find out if this life were really so cut off from all human fellowship as it seemed.

"Oh, sometimes we do see the doctor."

Cecilia blushed deeply with some emotion or other, as she mentioned the doctor, so I asked her if she liked her grandmother's doctor.

"Oh yes, very well," said she.

But this did not satisfy me, and I put ingenious questions, which it would be very tedious to relate, until I extracted the following episode in her life.

Two years ago, in the middle of the summer, there had been a terrible attack of yellow fever, which had been more than usually fatal; the deaths followed so quickly—hundreds upon hundreds—that a deadly panic seized the people, and in many places the doctors and nurses fled. Hospitals were obliged to be hastily prepared where the rich and poor were taken alike. The doctor, Cecilia's friend, had under his care a hospital for children, which was the school-house, hastily adapted to its new purpose. The long rows of desks and forms were covered with mattresses, and children in every stage of the disease were crowded together: some were nursed by relations, but the greater part by ladies who volunteered to do what few women dared to do for hire. This doctor had taken Cecilia, in spite of her grandmother's disapprobation, and put her into this hospital, where it was evident he had soon felt her worth, for he had made her, young as she was, chief of a wing. He had praised her devotedness, he had depended upon her, he had called her his Sister of Charity, and entrusted many difficult missions

to her care; she had found out what liberty was; for she had been about alone on the business of the hospital and found herself full of courage and life. She was intensely grateful to the man who had made her useful and found her good for something, and she had evidently regarded the doctor as the good angel of her life. He had made a mark in her life; but she, alas! had not, it seemed, occupied his attention after the pestilence had passed. He was, probably, a very busy man, and had almost forgotten her; he did remember her, indeed, sometimes; but he was too full of his own family affairs, his patients, and his negroes, to think much of his devoted Cecilia.

"Ah!" said she, with the longest sigh I ever heard, "I don't know how it was, and of course it is very wicked, but I never was so happy in all my life! Every day I was up at four and never in bed until twelve, and the more I did the stronger I was; but now I do nothing all day I am very weak."

"But don't you visit the doctor's wife?"

"No; his wife is a fine lady, and I cannot dress so well as she does, so I do not like to go; people here think a great deal about dress. If you can't dress you can't visit the planters' families, and the doctor's family is quite a fashionable family. I am too poor, in reality, to go among such people."

"Then, why did not your grandmother give you a good education so that you might give lessons and earn money, as you can never be in what you call fashionable society?"

"Oh," said Cecilia, "she is too proud for that; and, besides all, the governesses and teachers come from the North, and I never could have been so clever and accomplished as they are."

Then she told me about the planters who lived in the great houses, and the retired storekeepers of New Orleans who lived in the little villas around us. She said they were very proud indeed; that they did just bow to her in passing, that was all, though many of them had known her and her grandmother for fifteen years. She said her grand-

mother had been quite well known, and had had eight hundred slaves.

"You have only Zoe now?" I said.

"Only Zoe," said she; "but Zoe is married and has had four children."

"And where are they?" asked I, with a certain shuddering curiosity.

"They are all gone away."

"Sold?" said I, with my heart aching within me.

"Yes," said Cecilia, quite quietly, with no emotion.

"But don't you think it wrong of your grandmother to sell another woman's children?" said I, hotly and boldly—too boldly considering I was in Louisiana, where a less bold speech has been punished with tar and feathers.

"Zoe's children?" said she, not understanding my implication at all.

"Yes," said I; "Zoe is a woman! Zoe's children!"

Cecilia looked at me with eyes wide open, quite astonished, and said, "But, you see, grandmamma could not afford to keep five people, and she wanted money; so, of course, she sold them. What should you have done with them?"

Here was a puzzling question! Cecilia looked at me as if she could not guess in the least my thought. I think she rather imagined I was proposing they should be drowned as kittens—these unhappy black babies; she had no idea, certainly, that any one could think there was a responsibility somewhere to bring them up as Christian children. I did not attempt to answer her question, for I am sure I did not know what I should have done with them; but I asked her another, "Do you not think it wrong to have slaves?"

"I never thought about it; does any one think it wrong?"

Here was an opportunity for argument, and I hardly knew how to begin, so I hazarded, "Have you read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

"No, never," said she. "I have not read many books, for, as grandmother is blind, she won't buy any books. I have read the Bible all through, but I do not remember anything about slavery being wrong in it."

I entered into the subject heart and soul, and told her there were millions of people who thought slavery wrong ; and I told her how England had freed her slaves, and how work was done better for fair pay than fear ; and how the labourer, who was free, was respected, and the effect of this respect for work on all people—ladies and gentlemen and all. She became so intensely interested in this new idea that I was afraid she might speak out imprudently, so I cautioned her and told her of the experience of some of my abolitionist friends. Her face lighted up, and her beautiful eyes kindled as I told her how many women had suffered for saying that they thought slavery wrong. I went on to tell her of Miss M. G. and others who had been born slave-owners and rich, and who had freed all their slaves and lived a life of hard work and poverty rather than have any share in what they conceived to be a great iniquity.

"Supposing you are right that slavery is wrong, what will happen to us all here ? Shall we be treated like Sodom and Gomorrah ?"

I told her I thought that by God's laws, as we knew them, society could not be peaceful, constituted as this was in opposition to His evident intentions ; that I did not think she need fear fire or brimstone, but that she must look for some change ; what it would be I could not tell. It was getting late, and the damp mist was rising, so I was obliged to go. I walked with Cecilia to her door, kissed her, and promised to come the next day. Alas ! the next day we received sad news from England, and we were obliged to start immediately for Mobile on our way home.

I had no regrets in leaving New Orleans except in causing some sorrow to some poor negro friends of ours, and the one deep regret of being unable to fulfil my engagement with poor Cecilia—poor, poor Cecilia ! It was sad for her to lose her new friend, and it seemed as if her life was doomed to sadness and disappointment. I tormented myself with the imagination of this lonely

figure standing waiting in the marsh, and longing for the strange visitor to come and continue the conversation which had just begun to be so intimate, affectionate, and interesting. I thought of her going home to the dull house and the dull inmates. I was grieved to the heart to think of her daily bitter disappointments, and I was then provoked and sorry I had not given her my name and address, for she really did not know my name ; it was a tormenting pain to me the whole of my journey ; and though I had written to her before leaving, and sent her a parcel of books, I had not faith enough in the post of Louisiana to believe she would ever receive the letter or the packet. In my letter I begged of her to write to me at New York and also to London. Alas ! there was no letter at New York. I wrote again to her with no result. Weeks passed, we arrived in England, but never a letter has come to me from Cecilia. At the beginning of the war I wrote to her again, but I have never received any answer. Great changes have taken place in New Orleans since I was there, and I have this satisfaction in thinking of Cecilia, that whatever change has taken place in her fate, must be for the better. She is dead, perhaps ; she has fallen in with some Federal officer who may love her ; or she is again a hospital nurse. There is little doubt that she is happier now than when she sat beside me that first day I met her ; probably, the ideas I gave her were thought over and over in her mind, and she was prepared for what has happened and ready for the time of change.

The life of this poor young lady in Louisiana was the dullest life I ever knew—dull, because her domestic life happened to be sad, lonely ; dull, because she was poor ; dull, because she was in a slave state ; dull, because the country was dull and dreary ; dull, because she was a young lady with nothing to do and very little education. Happily, such a dull life is not possible in many countries, and was rare no doubt in the country where I came across it.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOSEPH MAZZINI:
TRANSLATED.—Vols. I. II. III.

BY C. E. M.

THE theory has been often started that history should be written in biographies. Whatever disadvantages there may be in this plan, it is at least clear that there is none which would dispel more popular fallacies about the past. With respect to the rise of constitutions, the progress of wars, the developments of arts and manufactures, we are rarely very far wrong; the facts of the present throw a light on them that cannot be wholly mistaken. But about the motives and characters of the men who were the principal agents in directing those developments we are often long in error. It is too much the fashion, with popular historians, to accept conventional traditions about such men, and to "chart them all in" their "coarse blacks and whites" as if to make cram-books for schoolboys. For this reason biographies, and especially autobiographies, are one of the most necessary parts of history, since they throw a light on the events in which the men whose lives they relate took part. Such a light could not come from any account of those events which made the actors entirely subordinate to the action.

And there are few men, perhaps, for whom this kind of light is more needed than the man who is at once the author and subject of these volumes. Interested as Englishmen have been in the Italian Revolution, and in the main well acquainted even with its details, they have been curiously ignorant of one of the earliest promoters of that revolution. Hackneyed traditions, wildly improbable stories, have gathered round his name, till every trace of the real man is lost in the conventional stage-conspirator. Many of the errors to which we allude ought, we think, to be dispelled by the volumes before us.

The purely autobiographical element in them is, indeed, comparatively small; for Mazzini tells us in his preface that he has often declined writing his life, and that it is now only the public part of it that he gives to the world; as his purposes develop, too, he becomes so absorbed in his work that he almost ceases to have any private life; but, in the earlier part of his book, we have a clear view both of those circumstances which first turned his thoughts to that work, and of others that have given it that peculiar colouring which distinguishes it from similar efforts of other men.

The scene with which the volume opens is a fit preparation for such a book. He is walking with his mother on the Strada Nuova at Genoa, just after the failure of the Piedmontese Insurrection in 1821. The leaders of that insurrection are embarking for Spain; "a tall, black-bearded man, with a severe, energetic countenance, and a glance that I shall never forget," accosts Mazzini's mother, and demands money for the refugees of Italy. "This day," he continues, "was the first in which a confused idea presented itself to my mind, I will not say of country or liberty, but an idea that we Italians could, and therefore ought to, struggle for the liberty of our country." . . . "I began collecting names and facts, and studied as best I might the records of that heroic struggle, seeking to fathom the causes of its failure." He makes acquaintance with the Ruffinis and others who like him are grieving over the wrongs of their country. The influences of his parents, too, encourage this direction of his thoughts. But the path to political action appeared for the present to be closed to him, and

he began to turn his thoughts to literature, and even to have thoughts of devoting himself to it as a profession. Strange to say, however, this pursuit was the means of leading him back to the work which he had half thought of abandoning for it. A literary war was then raging between the "Romanticists" and "Classicists," the latter desiring to reduce all writings to the pattern of the old classical authors, the former trying to develop a more original and modern type of literature. Both parties seemed to Mazzini to have lost sight of their true mission. With the Classicists, of course, he had no sympathy; but even of the Romanticists he says that they, "founding their new literature on no other basis than individual fancy, lost themselves in fantastic mediæval legends, unfelt hymns to the Virgin, and unreal metrical despair, or any other whim of the passing hour which might present itself to their minds, intolerant of every tyranny, but ignorant also of the sacredness of the law which governs art as well as every other thing." Yet in this trifling he sees the possibility of higher things. The Romanticist school represents to him the struggle, however imperfectly understood, for national literary life against the fetters of a worn-out pedantry. Taken up in this spirit, it soon widens into a protest against all hindrances to national life. The Government suppresses the *Indicatore Genovese*, in which his articles appear. A new journal is started at Leghorn on the same principle; that too is suppressed, and for a time Mazzini's literary career is brought to an end. But by this time he has collected round him a number of friends who, like himself, have been only using this literary warfare as a preparation for political action; now they feel that their testimony has done its work. "We had proved to the young men of Italy that our Governments were deliberately adverse to all progress, and that liberty was impossible till they were overthrown."

The next step in his career was perhaps the only possible one to a man who

was earnestly bent on the object which he had in view. Association, which he afterwards preached as the duty of nations, he then, as now, held strongly to be the duty of individuals. But besides this, a special longing to obey and follow seems to have possessed him. "Reverence for righteous and true authority, freely recognised and accepted, is the best safeguard against authority false or usurped. I therefore agreed to join the Carbonari."

But, with all this eager reverence for authority, Mazzini was not disposed to be a mere puppet in the hands of men of whose purposes he knew nothing; he desired to be led, but he wished also to see the way on which he was to go. The utter aimlessness of Carbonarism disgusted him; its useless forms excited his contempt. He thus speaks of one of the ceremonies of initiation:—"My friend ——— congratulated me on the fact that circumstances had spared me the tremendous ordeals usually undergone; and, seeing me smile at this, he asked me severely what I should have done if I had been required, as others had been, to fire off a pistol in my ear which had previously been loaded before my eyes. I replied that I should have refused, telling the initiators that either there was some valve in the interior of the pistol into which the bullet fell, in which case the affair was a farce unworthy of both of us; or the bullet remained in the stock, and, in that case, it struck me as absurd to call upon a man to fight for his country, and make it his first duty to blow out the few brains that God had vouchsafed him." His complaints reach the ears of the heads of the Carbonari, and he is threatened; in a moment of indignation he thinks of defying the order; but his friends urge on him that he "was thus unconsciously sacrificing the cause of his country to his own offended individuality," and he submits for a time.

But the suspicions of the Government fall on him; by the trick of a spy he is sufficiently compromised to

afford ground for an arrest; and he is shortly afterwards conveyed to the fortress of Savona. Here it was that he first conceived that great work to which he afterwards devoted himself. Not Carbonarism only, but every other organization for revolutionary purposes, had failed for want of an *aim*. They had never looked beyond the immediate object, the throwing off the tyranny which was at that time oppressing them. This seemed to Mazzini the great evil which he had to remedy. The society which he had to found must have a clear object, and must know what that object was. The rights of man had been the formula of the past; the salvation of the individual its object. Whatever worth that cry might have had in former days, it had failed of the object at which it aimed. The duties of man must be the gospel of Young Italy; "God and the People" its watchword.

This feeling was strengthened in Mazzini by his intercourse with Lamennais, which led him to hope that even the priests of the established religion of his country might accept his programme. Thus he appeals to them in one passage:—

"Priests of my country, would you save the Christian Church from inevitable dissolution? Would you cause religion to endure strong in its own beauty and the veneration of mankind? Place yourselves at the head of the peoples, and lead them on the path of progress, aid them to regain their liberty and independence from the foreigner; the Austrian that enslaves both you and them. Have not you, too, a country, and the hearts of citizens? Do you not love your fellow-men? Emancipate them and yourselves. Remember that a priest led the hosts of the Lombard League to the rebuilding of Milan, destroyed by the German soldiery. Do you in turn guide the hosts of the Italian League to plant the banner of Italian freedom upon our Alps. This land, now trampled under the foot of the Teuton, God created free. Obey the decree of God. Raise the war-cry of

"Julius II. Your voice has power over the multitude. Use your power to restore to your native land the grandeur of which her oppressors have bereft her, to obtain the full and free exercise of their rights for your fellow-men; to found a new pact of alliance between yourselves and the peoples, between liberty and the Church. Priests of my country, the first among you who, warned by the dangers of the approaching European epoch, shall dare to raise his glance from the Vatican to God, and receive his message and inspiration from Him alone, the first among you who shall consecrate himself the apostle of humanity and hearken to its voice; who, strong in the purity of a stainless conscience, shall go forth among the hesitating and uncertain multitude and utter the word REFORM, will save Christianity, reconstitute European unity, extinguish anarchy, and put the seal to a lasting alliance and concord between society and the priesthood. But, if no such voice be raised before the hour of common resurrection has sounded, then God save you from the anger of the peoples, for terrible is the anger of the peoples, and your sole path of salvation is the one we have offered you."

This then was to be the basis of the programme of the new society,—duty instead of right, the society instead of the individual. But it was not merely the absolute excellence of this programme that led Mazzini to adopt it, it was not merely his religious feelings that made him aim at the destruction of selfishness; he looked upon it as a step in the development of the history of his country—of all countries. The great element in the education of his countrymen which seemed to him to have been most neglected, and yet to be the one most requiring attention, was "history." Some had written from the aristocratic point of view, others from the Ghibelline, some without any definite aim at all, none with a clear sense of the mission of Italy. With Sismondi he

has more sympathy than with most of the others, but even of him he says, "Sismondi—the only foreign writer upon Italy who deserves the name of an historian—notwithstanding his democratic sympathies, and his long and patient study of his subject, has only given us the history of our factions, and the virtues, vices, and ambitions of our illustrious families; without comprehending or suspecting the work of fusion (recognised, indeed, though but slightly indicated by Romagna) that was silently but uninterruptedly going on in the heart of the country."

This, then, was the second great historical error which must be amended by the new society. They were to preach their duties to Italians, not to teach them to clamour for their individual rights, and these duties were to be done by them as an united nation. How then was this union to be brought about? King-made revolutions had failed; the rivalry of the petty states would not allow an individual chosen from one of them to be put above the others; for an aristocracy united with the people there seemed to be no hope from the history of Italy. The new society, then, must proclaim a republic as its object. But a new question presented itself: If men have duties to each other as citizens of a nation, must not the nations which they form also have duties to each other? If they have duties to each other as children of God, can those duties be limited by geographical boundaries? "From the first moment of its existence," he says, "'God and Humanity' was adopted as the formula of the association with regard to its external relations, while 'God and the People' was that chosen in its relations to our own country."

The subtle question of how far patriotism is a virtue, how far only a wider form of selfishness, is perhaps more nearly, certainly more practically, solved by Mazzini than by any political writer we remember. "Nationality," in a passage we quote below, he calls

"the conscience of the peoples." It does not, in his opinion, narrow the sympathies of mankind, but makes them more genuine and definite. With the vague cosmopolitanism of the leaders of the first French Revolution he has no sympathy: their form of propagandism is opposed to all his creed; for he would call out the voluntary union of the peoples, not set those who sympathised with his doctrines in opposition to the rest. For he sees that this part of the old revolutionary doctrine was essentially connected with their doctrine of the Rights of Man, against which he especially protests. "For us," he says, "the starting-point is country: the object or aim is collective humanity: for those who call themselves cosmopolitans the aim may be humanity: but the starting-point is individual man."

Starting, then, from this point of "country," he yet denounces vehemently the mere glorification of national peculiarities. In an article which he wrote whilst still a Carbonaro, "On Our European Literature," he protests most indignantly against this error in literary theories, and he is evidently thinking there of the political and moral question also. In this article he labours to refute the mere physical theory of literature, the theory, that is, which ascribes the formation of special literary tastes to differences of climate; a doctrine which he protests against as appealing to national exclusiveness. "Every attempt," he says, "to open up new paths to literary intelligence, and every exhortation to study the master works of other nations, is opposed and met by dulcet phrases about 'our classic soil' and 'the Italian sky;' phrases too readily accepted as an answer by those whose patriotism is satisfied with words alone."

But the view which the new society was to take of this question of the relations of nations to each other must be summed up in his own words:—"We believe, therefore, in the Holy Alliance of the Peoples, as being the vastest formula of association

"possible in our epoch ; in the liberty
 "and equality of the peoples, without
 "which no true association can exist ;
 "in nationality, which is the conscience
 "of the peoples, and which, by assign-
 "ing to them their part in the work
 "of association, their function in
 "humanity, constitutes their mission
 "upon earth, their individuality, with-
 "out which neither liberty or equality
 "are possible : in the sacred Father-
 "land, cradle of nationality ; altar and
 "workshop of the individuals of which
 "it is composed."

Such, then, is a brief outline of the programme of the new society of which Mazzini now first conceived the idea. We know that many, if not most, Englishmen are apt to suppose Mazzini as a wild dreamer, and essentially impractical ; yet we think that, if foresight for the future, adaptation of means to ends, and study of facts, constitute practicality, the founder of the New Italy must be allowed some claim to that quality. There is, at the same time, a logical basis to his doctrine of the duties of man which distinguishes him from those who are even now preaching it in a somewhat different form. Bravely and nobly as the Comtists have maintained their high creed, there is something vague and unsatisfactory about their notion of humanity which makes it rather "too fine for working-days." Mazzini's sense of a mission from above, his war-cry of "God and the People," supplies a deficiency which those who most desire to sympathise with the efforts of the Comtists must always feel ; a deficiency which may lead some people to the most unjust conclusion that their connexion of morality with politics is a mere adventitious part of their scheme, not, as it evidently is with Mazzini, a necessary foundation for the whole.

Nor is it only in the larger and wider sense that Mazzini's programme is practical. In the more conventional use of the word, as a mere condescension to details, "practicality" is one of its prominent characteristics. The following will at once interest and surprise many Englishmen.

"To the State, since justice is equal for
 "all citizens, belongs the unity of the
 "judicial organization of the country,
 "the code, the appointment of judges
 "of the supreme courts, and the magis-
 "trates who direct the administration
 "of justice ; the communes will elect
 "local juries and the members of tri-
 "bunals of arbitration and commerce.
 "The State will determine the amount
 "of the national tribute, and its distri-
 "bution over the various zones of the
 "territory ; the communes, under the
 "direction of the State, will determine
 "all local tributes, and also the method
 "of levying national tribute."

The opportunity of developing his idea was soon to come. No sooner was Mazzini freed from prison, and acquitted by the judges for want of evidence, than he once more plunged into political action. The Italian Revolution of 1831 had just broken out, and he crossed over to France, to rouse his countrymen who were there in exile. Here it was that he discovered one of the great errors against which he afterwards most strongly protested. France was to the Italians of that day what Egypt was to the Jews of the days of Jeremiah ; and, though indignant at this almost servile trust in a foreign country, Mazzini was inclined at first to sympathise with the feeling which his friends exaggerated.

But a rude shock was soon given to these hopes. Louis Philippe forbade the expedition which Mazzini and his friends were then organizing to Savoy, seized upon all their arms on which he could lay hands, and threatened them with the terrors of the law if they persisted. Mazzini urged on them to continue the expedition, putting among them as many of the French workmen as possible. But the Frenchmen deserted them on an appeal from their officers, and the expedition was abandoned. A short attempt to raise the standard of liberty and truth in Corsica was frustrated by the selfishness of the Bolognese Government, and Mazzini retired to Marseilles to carry out the ideas which he had conceived in the fortress of Savona.

From this time, therefore, dates Maz-

zini's position as a leader and initiator. Hitherto he had been but one of a large body of men who were struggling by fits and starts for the liberty of their country. Now, as the founder of the *Giovane Italia*, he was to be the centre and life of a great organized effort, not merely for the freedom and unity, but for the entire regeneration, of Italy, and, if the opportunity should offer, of Europe. One more attempt, however, he made to reconcile his aspirations, to some extent, with the existing institutions of his country. This was the famous letter to Charles Albert, urging on him to ally himself with the popular movement to work out Italian independence and unity. It ends thus:—"Sire, I have spoken to you the truth. The men of freedom await your answer in your deeds. Whatsoever that answer be, rest assured that posterity will either hail your name as that of the greatest of men, or of the last of Italian tyrants. Take your choice." The king accepted the challenge in full, and the first proof of that acceptance was the banishment of Mazzini. Thus finally free to work out his idea, and endeared to the youth of Italy by his sufferings in their cause, Mazzini began vigorously to preach the doctrines which he saw to be then needful for his countrymen. In the sketch which we gave above of the principles on which the *Giovane Italia* was founded, we alluded chiefly to those evils which, though specially perceived by Mazzini in Italy, were, as he knew, common to all countries in a transitional state. The adoration of France, which we mentioned first, was however a more peculiarly Italian failing. This he traced to two causes—their materialism and their Machiavellianism.¹ For their "idolatry of material interests" he would substitute his faith in God and his doctrine of duty, for their belief in mere cunning diplomacy, his appeal to the people. The enemies, therefore, of the

Giovane Italia in every country were the "Moderate" party—those, that is, who, trusting to diplomatic measures without any definite faith of their own, were ready to accept any programme that occasion offered. This party was now at the head of affairs in France where the head-quarters of the *Giovane Italia* were laid, and they soon began an active persecution against that society and its founder. Unable to enforce the decree of banishment, which in deference to Charles Albert (who had now entirely thrown off the mask, and was showing the true cruelty of his nature), had been issued against them: unable too in any way either to seize the persons or suppress the writings of the society, the French Government resorted to the meaner and safer weapon of slander. Story after story was invented of the secret doings of the society; again and again Mazzini compelled his enemies to eat their words, and again and again the calumnies were renewed. As Mazzini justly says, "It is the war of cowards, for it is fought without peril, and beneath the shield of power; it silences defence by violence, and takes advantage even of the disdainful silence of the accused to give force to the calumny."

But, in spite of slanders and persecutions, Young Italy laboured on. A journal was started, called after the society, and in this Mazzini and his friends wrote some of their most stirring appeals to their countrymen. Other societies became absorbed in theirs, and amongst them the remains of the Carbonari. Founded, too, by exiles in a foreign country, the possibilities of an alliance with similar societies in other countries were greater, and a union with the Poles, which has ever been one of the chief objects of the sympathies of Italian republicans, was now first begun. In Italy, too, the cruelties of Charles Albert and the other princes had bound together all lovers of liberty, and many who afterwards joined the Moderate party were now in sympathy with the *Giovane Italia*. At length they once more prepared for action.

¹ It should be observed that of Machiavelli himself he always speaks with the greatest respect, and he believes his famous book to be meant as a history of the times, rather than as the promulgation of a doctrine.

An army was raised. Armand Carrel and other French republicans prepared to act simultaneously in France. An accident betrayed their plans. The Governments managed by false reports to excite a dread of their intentions. Many were seized and imprisoned; a few recanted; many were condemned to death, and some executed. Jacopo Ruffini committed suicide.

Roused still more by this partial failure, Mazzini at once urged his friends to march on Savoy. The guidance of the expedition was entrusted to Ramozino, a Polish general, strongly against the wishes of Mazzini; but he gave way as usual, and joined the band as a simple soldier. Ramozino appears to have been half fool, half traitor. A failure in the early part of the expedition decided him to desert it at the first pinch; the Italians, alone and unaided, were defeated, and forced to take refuge in Switzerland. So ended the first attempt at action. "The first period of Young Italy," says Mazzini, "was concluded."

The rest of the historical part of these volumes is devoted to the sufferings of the exiles in Switzerland; Mazzini's escape to England, and sojourn there; the infamous episode of the opening of his letters by Sir James Graham; an interesting notice of Mazzini's education of the poor Italian organ-grinders; and a short account of the sad, though noble, effort of the brothers Bandiera. The better-known portion of his life is left for the remaining three volumes, which are not yet published in English.

Before closing this review, however, we must take some notice of the second of these volumes, to which we have very incidentally alluded, and which contains his critical and literary writings. Perhaps the literary efforts of one whose thoughts on every subject are so deeply tinged by his political feeling may be expected to have little interest for the generality of readers; but we think there are some things in this volume well worthy their study. For the mere critical faculty, indeed, of pulling things to pieces, and finding small holes in great works, Mazzini's

genius is eminently unfitted. "Analysis" is the name with which he always condemns the spirit most opposed to the gospel which he preaches. "Synthesis," construction, are his objects; and the circumstances under which he has fought for them have made him perhaps unduly impatient of the literary form of this analysis, and possibly even of the kind of ability displayed in it. Writings and men he considers more as wholes than in detail, and with reference rather to the greatness of the aim and idea than the special grace or delicacy of the means. The cry of "art for art's sake" he denounces as "a false French doctrine." But, though this state of mind may incapacitate him for giving judgment on those kinds of poetry or prose that rest their claim to our admiration purely on their external artistic excellence; yet at the same time, with the greater epic poets, and still more with the dramatists, it brings him into a sympathy, and therefore gives him an insight into their works, which no merely literary critic could have. Take, for instance, the following passage on *Æschylus*:—"One might fancy that his heroes were of Titanic race, and only "to be overcome by unyielding, omnipotent, and inexorable fatality. But "when he felt the soul of the Greek "world, liberty, thrill within him, "when he remembered having fought "at Salamis against the East, and shed "his blood in the cause of the European "principle against the inertia and servitude imposed by Asia; he protested "against and denied the empire of that "fatality which from the height of its "mysteries and theogony yet dominated "his country." Or, again, this on Shakespeare:—"His genius comprehends and sums up the past and "present; it does not initiate the "future. Necessity, which was the "soul of the period, stalks invisibly "throughout his dramas, magically introduced, whether by art or instinct I "know not. I know that its reflex is "seen alike on the brow of *Othello* "and *Macbeth*; it colours the scepticism of *Hamlet* and the light irony of

"Mercutio, and it surrounds with a halo of provisioned woe the figures of his women, sacred to love, innocence and resignation." Again :—"In Æschylus the individual is divorced from his will ; the decree of fatality goes forth while it yet sleeps in his mother's arms ; the curse on the father extends to the children, and the only liberty vouchsafed to man is that of dying more or less nobly. In Shakespeare—and this is a real progress—liberty does exist ; the acts of a single day, it may be of an hour, have thrown an entire life under the dominion of necessity, but in that day or that hour the man was free, and arbiter of his own future."

Nor is it solely the idea that he admires : when that is present he can admire all its settings and circumstances, and appreciate the distinction between the beauties of rival poets. Thus :—"In reading Æschylus, the mind is clouded with an ill-defined melancholy. Even when he sounds a hymn of victory over the barbarians, you yet feel within you a sense of that hidden and mysterious sadness which ever reveals itself to minds capable of understanding it, in the smallest words of great and prophetic souls ;" and yet more in this on Shakespeare :—"The individual is everything to him, and in the art of depicting a character with a few master-strokes, Dante, Tacitus, Michael Angelo, are his only rivals. He does not laboriously copy, he casts men whole in a single mould ; he does not evoke, he creates. Shakespeare's personages live and move as if they had just come forth from the hands of God with a life that, though manifold, is one ; though complex, harmonious."

But though he thus, in most of his reviews, subordinates his criticisms on the surrounding circumstances to those on the idea and aim of the poet, we see evidently that he has educated himself into his contempt of "art for art's sake," and that though, as we said, the critical faculty as it is now generally understood has been denied to him, yet the power of appreciating artistic beauty is strong within him, and it is only by careful repression that he keeps it down at all. That, at least, seems to us the natural explanation of the fact that the following passage was first produced, and then condemned to appear as a foot-note :—"The comparison often instituted by critics between the three Greek dramatists is just, if regarded from an æsthetic point of view, but not so from the point of view of the conception or idea. Sophocles and Euripides are followers ; Æschylus is the father of the art. The external representation of the idea is more masterly in them ; their form is more graceful and delicate ; they arose at a later period, when Greek civilization was greatly refined, and the already improved position of women caused them to exercise a greater influence on society. Sophocles painted, Æschylus sculptured, his forms of art. The strokes are few, but they are the skeleton of a world. Sophocles is the artist-poet, but Æschylus is the high-priest of art—the sacred art inspired by God Himself in all the majesty of those first revelations which initiate the entire series of its subsequent manifestations. I do not speak of Euripides, because, whatever the beauties of his works, there are in them affectations and adulterations of art that already indicate its decay."

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DOUBTS THAT STING.

WHOM to trust ! Where trust is broken, in certain natures, there is not only no recovery, but, if I may so speak, no discernment. Such natures no longer distinguish who is loyal and who is false. In proportion to their love for the deceiver, is the belief that none now can be true. When young Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, admits to his grieving, half-maddened soul the conviction that his mother is unworthy, he does not reserve a better faith for the purity of Ophelia, or the matron holiness of spotless wives. He sweeps the whole sex into one dark gulf of degradation, and exclaims—

“Frailty, thy name is WOMAN !”

The franker and nobler a man's own nature is, the more is his confusion under such circumstances. How it could come to pass he knows not ; but he, or she, or they whom he most trusted, whom he thought he had most reason to trust, are false ; there is no doubt of *their* falsehood : *ergo*, none can be sincere.

Alice guided her canoe over the shallows and rapids of her half-brother's miserable thoughts with a skill which Satan only can supply to his worshippers. What she admitted—with showers of tears and pale gasping lips—helped her through that which she concealed ; and though no explanation that could be given could clear her from her own share of dissimulation, she somehow contrived to seem a victim instead of an offender. “I was like one walking in a dream,” said she, passing her slender hand over her forehead in slow musing accompa-

niment to the slowly uttered words. “And then, besides, I was afraid. Afraid for *his* life—and—and—” (here her voice sank to a frightened whisper) “somewhat for my own. I didn't exactly know all—oh, not the *half* of all ! But I knew he had not those scruples that—that most men have ; and he had lived—he used to tell me that—in savage lands, where life is not made of the importance it is here ; so many nameless deaths there, and sudden deaths, and none to ask about them—” and Alice gave a little shudder.

“Oh ! he wasn't like you—he wasn't like *you*—” she continued ; “he was a man aye fleeing from consequences. But he was not meant to be what he is ; he had his excuses ; his strange fate. *I'm* not going to excuse him,” she faltered, as she watched Sir Douglas's listening face ; “you know it was the *good* that took *me*. I thought I had a friend . . . and he took so to the schools . . . and he seemed a sort of brother . . . and he talked of leading souls to God . . . and indeed he made me his own—talking of heaven.

“And there was one other thing : I'll not deny it ; I'll not make myself better than I am ;” and she laid her trembling hand on Sir Douglas's wrist. “He seemed to love me so. You know I've been so lone, and so used to see others preferred—and there was love all around me—till I could have cried for envy of Lady Ross. You loved her ; and Kenneth would die for her ; and even Mr. Boyd. Oh, *I* could see why it was impossible he could fancy poor me ; and indeed Kenneth as good as said it, even if I had not seen it. But this one man loved *me*—this one man loved *ME* ; and thought nothing of Lady Ross in comparison.”

The wonderful vehemence with which

the pale, slender creature pronounced the last two sentences! And then seemed to sink away into abject sadness and submission; and raised her strange watchful eyes to peer into Sir Douglas's averted countenance with wavering gleams in them such as go over the sea on a dull, stormy day as she resumed in a broken tone, "And now I must go, I know. You'll expect it of me, and *she'll* expect it, and they'll all look to it; and though I'll not know well where to go, and God knows if *he'll* send for me or let me know what's become of him, still I know I ought—and—and—I'll not ask for much time, and you'll be thinking I have my own independence from my mother; but—but—I've lent a good deal to Mr. Frere—and—if I could have a little time—"

Sir Douglas woke from some absorbed musing which had taken possession apparently of all his faculties, and said almost fiercely, "Alice, what are you talking of? Do you think I am made of such metal as to drive you forth, just as you are in most need of protection? Stay where you are—stay; but give me time to get over this."

He rose as he spoke; leaning his clenched hand on the library table where they had been sitting; still looking down musingly, not seeing the objects there. Then he glanced upwards, doubtful whether to speak a word of better comfort,—to offer perhaps some soothing caress. But Alice was gone; softly gone through the half-closed door, with cat-like gliding and gentleness; only just gone, for the long ends of the swan's-down boa she habitually crossed over her throat when about to traverse the cold stairs and corridors to her tower-room, were vanishing in the doorway, half creeping half floating after her; looking as if they were a portion of her stealthy self.

Sir Douglas did not often—as the uneducated express it—"give way." Passionate as he was by nature and temperament, he had a certain dignity which controlled in him the expression of all emotion. But when Alice was gone, he suddenly re-seated himself, and

stretching his arms forward on the library table, he laid his head on them with a groan, and uttered a familiar name in a tone of startling agony. "Kenneth!" was all Sir Douglas said: but if Kenneth could have heard the tone in which his name was spoken,—the funereal *clang* of agony that went through the sound,—perhaps even to him, even to his most selfish nature, the sound might have conveyed a startling appeal.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LADY CHARLOTTE PERPLEXED.

BUT Kenneth was little troubled about other men's troubles. He was full of his own. That fire of thorns which he had chosen to light, the renewal of his passion for Gertrude, burnt with fierce and ceaseless heat: watched by Alice with sly and demure satisfaction, as sure to lead in some way (no matter how) to mischief and vexation for its object: watched with angry sneers by the Spanish she-grandee; who, though no longer herself in love with her husband, had that not uncommon spirit of jealousy which resents losing worship, with all its incense of small attentions, though careless of the worshipper: watched by Dowager Clochnaben, whenever her visits gave her fit opportunity, with grim scorn of Sir Douglas's blindness and his wife's abominable hypocrisy: watched even by poor little Lady Charlotte, in a sort of scared, frightened, questioning manner.

"He puts me so in mind, you know," she rashly avowed to the Dowager, "of that pretty fable—no, not exactly fable, but heathen story, wasn't it; that dear Neil was reading out loud the other day after luncheon?—of a pagan; no, not a pagan, but a god of the pagans—Pluto it was, I remember, Pluto; and he came when she was quite innocently gathering poppies, and took her away, whether she wished it or no: I forget the name of the goddess he took, but she did not want to go with him, he came upon her quite by surprise; and I

happened to look up from my work at the time (I mean while Neil was reading about it) and dear Gertrude was embroidering a *portière* with crimson flowers and white on a green ground, and all her worsted scattered about—so pretty she looked, and Kenneth had his eyes fixed on her in such a way—in such a way—and his head bent forwards, resting it on his hand, and all his dark curly hair streaking through his fingers as he rested it; and he looked exactly like Pluto; and only that of course such things can't happen *now* (indeed it would be very wrong to suppose they ever *did* really happen; a parcel of wicked heathen inventions, that nobody ought to believe), but I could not help thinking for a moment, that he was just the sort of man to behave that way, and I declare my fingers quite trembled as I went on again with my crochet, fancying to myself Gertrude picking poppies, with no one perhaps but myself within call, and Pluto coming—I mean Kenneth—and carrying her off! Indeed, he's very like a great many of those gods Neil reads about, and they all seem to have been as bad as bad could be."

"Humph!" said the Dowager, with a grim curl of her upper lip, shadowed now with a slight fringe of stiff grey hairs. "Humph. There may be heathen stories, and modern stories, too, of that sort; but there's very little carrying off against your will, if you really wish to keep firm footing, that's *my* dictum."

And with that gesture of firmness habitual to her, she planted her foot venomously on one especial rose in the Aubusson carpet (in the absence of her winter resource, the steel fender) with a precision and force that did indeed seem to defy Pluto and his four fiery-nostrilled steeds to remove her, unless by her own consent, one inch from that spot. Which sudden stamp, acting on the already excited nerves of poor Lady Charlotte, caused her to burst into tears.

The grim Dowager turned her lofty head, as if on a pivot, to contemplate for a moment her weeping friend, and when the little weak final snuffle in the embroidered and lace-bordered handker-

chief seemed to bring the tears to a conclusion, and secure her a hearing, she delivered herself of the comforting sentence,—“Most women are fools; but I do think, Charlotte, that *you* are the greatest fool among them all; and the greater the fool, the greater the folly, that's *my* dictum.”

“But what *can* I do?” whimpered the submissive Lady Charlotte—“what can I do?”

“Nothing.”

“But that's just what I *do* do! I daren't speak to Gertrude; and besides, I feel so sure of her.”

A snort was the Clochnaben's sole reply to this last observation—a snort of utter contempt.

“And what I think so very unfair, is the way he stays here, you know.”

“Who?”

“Kenneth. He really stays on and on, and comes back, and stays on, and on, and on again, when nobody asks him! Now he's here for God knows how long, for he has put Torrieburn under thorough repair, as he says, and is making a wall and plantation to separate it entirely from the old Mills, and talks of letting it, and I don't know what else. It is quite heart-breaking!”

“I suppose if Lady Ross wanted him away, she could get rid of him.”

“I don't believe she could! I don't, in the least believe she could,” said Lady Charlotte, eagerly, “or he'd have been gone long ago!”

“Well, I suppose Sir Douglas could get rid of him,” said the Dowager, with another curl of the grim grey moustache.

“Perhaps! but you see he don't, and you see it suits Eusebia to stay, if she's obliged to be in Scotland at all, which she hates.”

“If she hates Scotland, she doesn't hate Scotchmen, at all events,” nodded the Clochnaben, maliciously, and the grey moustache stretched to a sort of smile.

“What do you mean? Oh, I know what you mean; I'm not quite so foolish as you think; I've seen——

“Yes, and you *will* see; but, however, its no business of *ours*.”

Saying which, with a triumphant shake of her vestments, and a somewhat forcible adjusting of her gloves at the wrists, the Dowager ended her visit, and left Lady Charlotte to sigh alone.

"Why she should think me more foolish than herself, I don't know," was the somewhat wounded reflection of that gentler widow, "for after all I have observed just as much as she has—all Eusebia's goings on, and everything else."

Little Eusebia cared, who remarked her goings on. Indeed, she was in that humour which, in old-fashioned phrase, used to be termed "flouting;"—a mood of mixed sulk and defiance. She had fallen in once more with her half-forgotten admirer of early days, handsome Monzies of Craigievar, but their relative positions were a good deal altered. He was no longer the shy, proud Highland youth, with the first down of manhood on his lip, and the first passion for educated woman in his heart. Bearded, graceful, self-assured, having been a good deal flattered and caressed "even in London," liked by men, and much admired by women; with a sweet and courteous temper, and great power of adapting himself to whatever set he happened to be in; a first-rate shot, a first-rate reel dancer, a first-rate curler, first-rate angler, kind to his small scattered handful of tenantry; poor, and not a whit ashamed of the fact,—he had won his way to a good many hearts, both male and female.

He had his "melancholy story" too—a great thing with the softer sex. He had been married since the days he knew Eusebia; married for a year and a day, no more. Like the "Merry Bachelor" in Rückert's beautiful ballad, he had wept in anguish over two locks of hair: one a ringlet as long and glossy as ever was shorn from beauty's head, and one a little pinch of down, that might be hair or soft bird's plumage, that lay curled up in the long ringlet, as the little dead head had lain in the dead bosom of that "mother of a moment," after she had passed away.

Craigievar had been very gentle to
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his young wife, and very sorry for her loss. It was now five years since he had been widowed, and the elasticity of youth and life overbore each day more and more that cloud-dream of the past; but it had made him still more interesting. From a philosophical point of view it is of course lamentable to consider that had he been a stumpy, fallow, bleary-eyed widower, his grief would not have gained so much sympathy; but as it was, when he looked sad (and he was still melancholy at times), the fair ladies who watched him, set it down to one sole cause. He might, it is true, be only bored at that particular parting, or extremely tired with "a good day's sport," or perhaps may have forgotten his cigar-case; but they invariably decided that he was "thinking of his lost Mary," and it was quite amazing how many of her own sex were willing to console him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LOVE TROUBLES.

HERE, then, once more was Craigievar! And here was Eusebia, a beauty beginning fast to fade and harden, and much too shrewd and clever, and dependent on that beauty for her enjoyment of life, not to be quite aware of the fact. Restless, discontented, disappointed, gnawing her own heart at times for very wrath at her marriage, in which, as she considered, there had been so much deception as to Kenneth's position and fortune; and in which, as *he* considered, there had been yet greater deception as to her age, and certain circumstances which had caused demands for her hand in marriage to be so little pressed as to leave her still free, when he chanced to come to Grenada to recover health and spirits after his fever in Spain.

Craigievar at first saw Eusebia with more curiosity than interest, as a woman he remembered to have once passionately admired. Then each thought of the other with that strange fictitious emotion—emotion at least which has nothing

personally to do with the object that causes it—which most of us feel at sudden meetings with those who *date our lives*. Eusebia saw with a sudden rush the lake, the decorated hut, the early married days when as yet, though vain and coquettish with all, she still preferred Kenneth; and Craigievar the days when, still a youth and a bachelor, he had not laid his fair white rose of a wife in the grave, with her cold little bud beside her.

He saw with obvious tenderness pale little Effie, Eusebia's only child. He too had dreamed he was a father, and woke next morning alone. He thought more of Effie at first than of her mother. Then he perceived how unhappy and angry was the woman he remembered an exulting bride with her husband madly "in love" with her, and all London at her feet; and something kindlier stole in on his thoughts of her. But why count the steps of the ladder by which such thoughts climb into mist seeking better sunshine? Older than Kenneth, much older than Craigievar, Eusebia added to all her experience of life special experience of *men*, and the old empire was resumed, and the old songs sung, and boats went out on the lake to the hut and returned without Kenneth; and Kenneth not only was not missed, but purposely eluded!

He took it strangely; he was stung, but not jealous. Perhaps in his wild mood he rather wished she would "run away" from him. He was sick of her, of debt, of life, of everything but the thoughts of Gertrude. He could not trouble his head about his Spanish wife. Strange to say, the very calm that surrounded Gertrude had a charm for him. That calm, the very essence of which was home, and peace, and purity—that calm which, if it were within the bounds of possibility he should ever be listened to, must depart for ever!

Gertrude meanwhile struggled with a certain feeling of embarrassment in his presence. She cast about how, as Lady Clochnaben had expressed it, to "get rid of him" without dealing too harshly by a half-ruined man; she had become

fully aware of, and alarmed by, the indiscretion (if it were no more) of Eusebia's conduct. Once—once only—tenderly and timidly, she had attempted to warn her. They had been such friends! She had been so fond of Eusebia!

They were in the dressing-room of the latter: who had come in late from the lake with Craigievar, and had been making a toilette more hurried than was her wont. She was clasping in one of her earrings while Gertrude spoke; she turned, still clasping it, with one of those sudden graceful movements, that tossed her veils and fringes round her like dark billows—a demon Venus rising from inky waves. Her beautiful flashing eyes fixed the speaker full in the face; a scornful smile trembled on her short upper lip, and showed the still white and even teeth beneath: her cheeks alone looked a little haggard and fallen under the crimson rouge. She laughed.

"Ha! *you take my husband!* you want now perhaps to take my *adorateur*, my *amigo!* Be content with your portion! Do not trouble me. I have already enough sore in my heart."

And as the long pendant clasped with a snap, she made another rapid volte-face to her mirror, and ceased to speak, contemplating fixedly her own image, with something of sadness mixed with her fierceness that gradually vanished, and left her looking—as she intended to look when they should go down-stairs to dinner.

Gertrude almost shuddered as she took Kenneth's arm that day to pass to that familiar meal, and started more than once when addressed by others. She was ruminating how "to get rid of him." And how also to get rid of—Eusebia, and the fearful future that seemed to threaten for both!

That night Kenneth wrote to Gertrude,—as wild a letter as ever was written by an unprincipled man to a woman he was enamoured of. To say the woman he "loved," would be to profane the word.

And Gertrude answered him. She

alluded boldly and clearly to all the past. She inclosed a copy of the little note of farewell which Lorimer Boyd had taken to him when it was agreed he should leave Naples. She spoke of the faith sworn to her husband at the altar; and even if such vows had never existed, of her unalterable, passionate, adoring love for his uncle. In conclusion came a prayer to halt and consider, to save himself and Eusebia from certain misery; and the information that she intended to go to Edinburgh the following day, and remain there a night, hoping he would see the decency, the *necessity* of withdrawing from Glenrossie before her return, no longer mocking the hospitality he received, or paining her by his presence.

Otherwise the day must come—*must* come when she should confess this torment to her husband, to her Douglas faithful and true, and cast herself on his counsel only, having done her best through grief and pain to avoid making any breach between him and his uncle, and finding all in vain.

She could not trust such a letter to indifferent hands. She gave it him as they passed from the breakfast-room. The carriage was already waiting to take her away. As Sir Douglas handed her in, he said with wistful anxiety, "I am afraid your chief business in Edinburgh is to see Doctor R——. You have been looking so ill lately."

Gertrude wrung the tender hand she held, and tried to smile her farewell. Her boy Neil stood beside her husband, his father's hand on his sturdy shoulder, smiling with radiant young eyes in the morning sun.

"God bless them both, and send me peace with them once more," was Gertrude's prayer, as she leaned back wearily in the carriage, the long fir-branches from time to time sweeping against its roof, and dropping a stray cone here and there by the road that led through the noble avenue.

Glenrossie! dear Glenrossie! dear home and perfect mate! Dear, handsome boy, so like her one love of life—her unequalled Douglas! God bless them, and send her peace. Amen.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ALICE MAKES SOME DISCOVERIES.

WHAT were Alice's green-grey eyes made for, if not to watch? Does not the cat sit apparently watching for ever?—watching for what we know not. Even when there is no chance of mousing, in the broad day, do we not see her with fixed attention in her half-closed, diamond-shaped orbits, scanning things afar off, near at hand, above and below, ready to pounce on a leaf that flutters down from a tree, a ball of worsted that rolls from old nurse's lap, the tail of a boy's broken kite, or a young bird fallen from the nest in too easy essay of its callow wings: ready to pounce, ever on the watch? So also was Alice.

All had their plans for that day. Kenneth had hoped—had meant—to see Gertrude. Sir Douglas had made up his mind to speak to his nephew, and urge him to return to Spain. Eusebia intended to pass the day at the Hut (not unaccompanied); and Alice herself was preparing a little basket of provisions for a blind and dying beggar lodged in a cabin between Glenrossie and Clochnaben, recommended to her by the clergyman who had been called to administer the offices of religion and what help he could afford.

But Alice had an instinct that something had occurred more than common. She had seen Kenneth give his letter after dinner; she saw Gertrude give the reply after breakfast. While Gertrude was departing, she saw Kenneth step out on the terrace from the breakfast-room, and turn towards the shrubbery, reading as he went. She saw him stop—tear the letter with his teeth, stamp it into the earth, and give way to the wildest gesticulations. She saw Sir Douglas return from putting Gertrude into the carriage, and cross the lawn as if to speak to Kenneth. She saw the latter advance to meet him, casting one hurried look behind where he had crushed the letter with his foot. Swiftly, noiselessly, she descended also to the garden. She was in time to hear Sir

Douglas say, "Kenneth, I wish to speak with you;" and to hear the latter reply, "Not now, I can't; I am going down to Torrieburn: meet me there; I *must* be there by noon." She was in time, though Kenneth turned quickly after he had seen Sir Douglas re-enter the house, to scramble together the torn papers he had ground down with his heel, and one fluttering bit that was rustling along the hedge of holly, and beat a rapid retreat with that treasure-trove in her hand. She saw Kenneth return to the spot, search, look up as though he thought the wind might have carried the fragments away, pick off the holly-hedge just such another morsel as that she held, and tear it into smaller pieces, which he scattered on the air, and then, pale and moody, turn to the house. She locked herself into her turret-chamber and read with greedy eyes that seemed to eat the very words. She looked from that high window, and saw both Kenneth and Sir Douglas, at different intervals, take the direction of Torrieburn, and little sturdy Neil go forth with his own dog and gun, and the careful old keeper.

Glenrossie was empty of its inhabitants! She too could go out: could go and see the blind and dying man. Yes, but first she would see—would ascertain—would pay a little visit of inspection nearer home.

She was going to Gertrude's bright morning-room.

It was very bright and still. There was no chance of interruption. Gertrude's maid had accompanied her lady; so had Lady Charlotte; but even had there been such a chance, Alice would have easily found some plausible excuse. Was she not working the corresponding *portière* to that which suggested such visions of Pluto's bad conduct to Gertrude's mother?

With gleaming, half-shut eyes, she scanned all the objects round, and rested them at last on a little French *escritoire*, set with *plaques* of old Sèvres china. It was locked—but what was that to Alice? She had a great variety of keys; and French *escritaires* are not protected by either Chubbs or Bramahs. Nor was

she trying this lock for the first time—though beyond reading Lorimer's account of Mr. Frere, she had never hitherto found anything to reward her trouble in opening it. Now she felt sure she would be more fortunate. And the event proved the correctness of her expectations. The papers had been somewhat hastily thrust back the night before, and peeping out from the half-doubled blotting-book, as though absolutely offering itself for inspection, was the insolent, wild, loving letter of Kenneth's, and the rough copy (if rough copy that can be called which had so few verbal corrections, and so completely conveyed the sentiments of the writer) of the torn and gravel-stained answer, with which his blind rage had dealt so hardly in the garden.

Alice nearly danced for joy! She laid the paper flat, compared it with the other, and gave little strange, triumphant pats to its outspread surface. Then she sat long, in mute, half-frowning, half-scanning consideration; and then she jumped up with a suddenness that Eusebia herself could scarcely have rivalled, and crushed all the paper together in her hands, with a wild laugh. Then once more she smoothed them out, rolled them neatly together, shut the *escritoire*, made a mocking curtsy to the empty chair in which Gertrude habitually sat; said aloud, in a mocking voice, "Adieu, milady!" and left the morning-room once more to its bright silence, unbroken to-day, even by the boom of the bee, or the outside twitter of the birds; the windows being all closed, and everything marking the absence of that sweet mistress whose happiest hours were passed there.

Then Alice went forth on her mission of charity, and visited the dying beggar. Her visit was prolonged till the day began to wane, for death at times seemed very near. When the clergyman arrived, Alice was still there, and the man had rallied. He spoke feebly of trying to reach his native village, and of dying there. Alice rose and prepared to leave him. "I will come again, if I can, to-morrow," she said, in her quiet tone;

and looking up in the clergyman's face, as she rolled some papers together, "I have been reading him something I copied," she said; "I thank you for sending to me about him."

With those words, and a little gentle bow, and tranquil shake of the hand to the minister, she departed, leaving that good old successor of Mr. Heaton gazing after her slender figure with un-mixed approbation of her conduct.

"But, indeed, it's not to be marvelled at, in a sister of gude Sir Douglas," was his half-uttered sentence, as he turned back into the dim cabin, and sat down by the box-bed, in the groping depths of which lay the sick man.

The little light that entered from the open door gleamed rather on the framework of the bed, than on the bed itself; except on the outer edge, where, white and blanched, on the ragged, green tartan quilt, lay the helpless and attenuated hand of the sufferer.

The good minister lifted that hand with some kindly, encouraging word; as he did so, he remarked a deep-indented scar beyond the knuckles. "Ye'll have been hurt there, some time, puir bodie," he observed, compassionately.

The sick man moaned, and answered faintly, "We'll no murmur at trouble the Lord sends. I was chased in Edinburgh by some laddies, and whan I was nigh fallin', I caught by a railing, and the spike just wan' into me! It was a sair hurt; but I've had mony blessings, tho' I'm cauld now to my very marrow."

And so saying, the blind man slowly and tremblingly drew in his hand, under the dark tartan coverlid, and lay still and apparently exhausted.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A SCENE WITH KENNETH.

SIR DOUGLAS had made up his mind, after long reveries, that Kenneth should leave Glenrossie. Gertrude had not spoken to him on the subject. He dared scarcely argue the matter openly

to his own soul, far less to her, but he was not the less resolved.

They met then at Torrieburn. Kenneth had shot some birds on his way, and was carrying his gun with a listless, gloomy brow, as if there were no pleasure left in that or anything else for him. He had also obviously taken repeated draughts from the flask of whisky he carried at his belt; and the dull glare which Sir Douglas loathed to see in his eyes, was already perceptible there, though it was a little past noon.

They sat down on some felled timber, and Sir Douglas went straight to his point.

"Kenneth," he said, "I have resolved to speak to you about leaving Glenrossie. A great deal has come to my knowledge since first you and Eusebia made your home with us, which, had I known it at first, would perhaps have prevented my ever proposing to you to come."

Kenneth drew a long draught from the whisky-flask, and, in a thick angry voice, he muttered, "Has Gertrude—has your wife—been complaining of me to you?"

"No, she has always taken your part—always endeavoured to explain away or conceal differences between you and Eusebia, as well as those events which—which, perhaps—" and here Sir Douglas hesitated, "which, most assuredly, I had better have known at the time they took place."

Again Kenneth had recourse to the flask, and said, with a bitter laugh, "It was not I, at least, who kept you in ignorance of them."

Sir Douglas felt the blood flush to his temples; he strove to be calm.

"No, Kenneth; it was not you. I cannot doubt, however, that they were kept from me for a good motive. We cannot undo the past; what I have to think of is the future. It is repugnant to me to live with you on other terms than those of the most loving cordiality and freedom from restraint. That cordiality—that free affection"—Sir Douglas's voice broke a little—"cannot exist as it did. It may return, Kenneth—God grant it may!—but feeling as I do,

and knowing what I do, there is change enough to make me wish a further change, and that is——”

“Pray go on, my dear uncle, go on, old fellow! Don't mind me!”

Kenneth was rapidly becoming more and more intoxicated.

“That change is that we shall part, Kenneth, at all events for the present. I have loved you, in spite of all your faults; I will endeavour to assist you to the last, in spite of all your imprudences; but I will not live with you in the same home, because——”

“D—n it, speak out, and say you want to part me and Gertrude, and have done with it. Afraid of me, eh? a little late in the day, uncle, a little late——”

A drunken, hollow laugh followed this speech.

Sir Douglas rose, trembling with suppressed passion.

“Kenneth,” he said, “do not break all the links that bind us together. However confused habitual excess may make your intellect, however little place love, and—I will not call it gratitude—love and memory of what we *have* been to each other may hold in your heart, respect the purity of others! Respect the spotless name of my wife. Better men than you have loved in vain, and borne it, and stood faithfully by a second choice. Parted!” continued he, almost as vehemently as Kenneth himself; “you were parted before ever we were united! Parted, boy! Gertrude and I are one soul, and you part now with us *both*, till—if ever the day come in your perverse heart—you can reason and repent.”

So sternly—in all their many discussions—had loving Sir Douglas never spoken to his nephew before. Never, to that spoiled and indulged idol!

It maddened Kenneth. What little reasoning power increasing irritation and increasing intoxication had left him, seemed to forsake his brain in a flash of hot lightning. He looked up, cowering and yet frenzied, from the felled tree where he sat, to the stately form with folded arms and indignant commanding countenance above him. He leaned

one arm on the lopped branch to steady himself, and answered, swaying from side to side, speaking thickly, hurriedly, with an idiot's laugh and an idiot's fierceness. “Pure,” he said, “pure! Oh yes, pure and spotless; they are all pure and spotless till they're found out! I loved in vain, did I? Talk of *my* vanity: what is my vanity to yours, you old coxcomb? Parted! You *can't* part us. I told you at Naples, and I tell you now, that she loved me—me—*ME*! and nothing but fear holds her to you. I'll stay here, if it's only to breathe the same air. Parted! Part from her yourself—tyrant and traitor! Part from her for ever, and be sure if I don't marry your widow, no other man shall!”

He staggered suddenly to his feet, levelled his gun full at Sir Douglas as he stood, and fired.

In the very act he stumbled, and fell on one knee; the charge went low and slanted: part of it struck Sir Douglas on the left hand, and drew blood.

The shock seemed to sober Kenneth for a moment. A gloomy sort of horror spread over his face. Then the idiot laugh returned.

“I haven't, haven't killed you. You're winged though, winged! Stand back! Don't tempt me,” added he, with returning ferocity.

Sir Douglas lifted the gun and flung it out of reach: then he spoke, binding his handkerchief round his hand.

“You have not killed me. Go home, and thank God for that. You have not made my son suddenly an orphan—as *you* were when first I took you to my heart. Oh! my boy, my Kenneth! what demon spell is on your life? Pray to God! *PRAY!*” and with the last broken words, a bitter cry, ending almost in an agonised sob, went up to heaven, and resounded in the dull ear of the drunken man. Many a day afterwards, and many a night in dreams, Kenneth saw that pale, sorrowful, commanding face, and the stately form erect over his grovelling drunkenness, as he held by the branch of the felled pine, vainly trying to steady himself and rise from the half-kneeling, half-leaning

posture into which he had fallen. Many a lonely day in the sough of the wind in those Scottish woods, he heard again the echo of that "exceeding bitter cry" wrung from the anguish of a noble soul, and making vain appeal to his better nature.

God gives us moments in our lives when all might change. If he could have repented then! If he could have repented!

Many a day he thought of it when Sir Douglas was no longer there, and he could see his face no more.

There was a dreary pause after that burst of anguish, and then Sir Douglas spoke again.

"Come no more to Glenrossie. Stay where you are. Eusebia shall join you. When I can think further of this day, and more calmly, you shall hear from me. Farewell, Kenneth!"

The stately vision seemed to hold its hand out in token of amicable parting, as Kenneth raised his bloodshot, stupefied eyes. He did not take the hand; it seemed too far off, reaching from some better world. He crouched down again, laying his head prone with hidden face on the rough resinous bark of the lopped tree. Something for a moment pressed gently on the tangled curls of his burning head, and passed away and left only the breath of heaven waving through them; and as it passed, a sound, as of a heavy human sigh, melted also on his ear.

A fancy haunted Kenneth that the hand of Sir Douglas had laid for that moment on his head, as it had laid many a day in his boyhood and youth, and that the sigh was his also. But these might be but dreams.

All that was real, was the utter loneliness,—when, after a long drunken slumber, he woke and saw the sun declining, and heard the distant music of Torrieburn Falls, monotonously sweet—and the clear song of the wooing thrush,—and looked languidly towards the house of Torrieburn, with its half-hidden gables, gleaming through the trees; and the words came back to him clearly and distinctly, "Come no more

to Glenrossie. Stay where you are. Eusebia shall join you. Farewell, Kenneth!"

Was it all a black dream? A black, drunken, delirious dream?

No.

Somehow, suddenly, Kenneth thought of his mother. For a man knows, if no one else on earth pities him, his mother pities still!

The drunken head bowed once more over the fallen tree, and half-murmured the word, "Poor Maggie!" What easy showers of kisses and tears would have answered, if she had known it! But Maggie was away,—“ayont the hills,”—swelling with her own share of sorrowful indignation at Kenneth's conduct, and trying vainly to reconcile the old miller and his rheumatic wife to their new abode.

“Cauld and strange!” “Cauld and strange!” was all that rewarded her efforts.

CHAPTER L.

ALICE IMPARTS HER DISCOVERIES.

THE next day was the Sabbath. Peace shone from the clear autumn sky, and glorified the common things of earth. Birds sang, flowers opened wide, streamlets and falls seemed to dance as they rippled and rolled in the light. The freshness of the morning was over the cultured fields; the freshness of the morning was over the barren moor; the freshness of the morning sparkled in the dewy glen. Neil had promised his old nurse to “step into her sheiling,” his mother being absent, and go with her to church; for which the old woman was already pinning on her snowy cap and best shawl, and smiling, not at herself, but at a vision of Neil, in her glass.

Alice asked sadly and demurely, and very anxiously, if she might walk with her half-brother, and if he would mind setting out half an hour “too soon,” as she had something very particular to say to him. Sir Douglas consented. They walked in utter silence great part

of the way, as far as the "broomy knowe," where Alice had first talked with him of "kith-and-kin love." There she halted, and there they sat down, there she reminded him of that day! There—in a sort of frightened, subdued whispering voice—Alice said, "I know well that since that day I myself have forfeited much of my claim to brother's love, though it seems to me even now that I love you better than all—ay, even better than *my dream* of wedded love! But whether I have forfeited or not, I feel I cannot bear others should deceive you; and I've brought to this place what must be shown, though it wrings my heart in the showing, and yours in the reading. It's all I can do, in return for your mercy and indulgence to *me*. All I can do in return is to prevent your being deceived by others! God knows what we are all made of! I've not had an hour's peace since I picked this up. Kenneth trampled it under foot just as you went to speak with him yesterday morning; and I was out gathering flowers, and then I thought it looked so unseemly in the garden-ground; and then as I gathered it up I saw—I could not help seeing—some strange words; and at last—at last—oh! Douglas, do not have any anger with *me*!—nor much with *her*, for it's my belief there is witchcraft round her, and none can help loving her that see her."

Sir Douglas looked strangely into Alice's eyes as she handed him the gravel-soiled, earth-stained papers. It was Gertrude's writing; of that there could be no doubt. And what was not Gertrude's was Kenneth's.

Oh, God of mercy, what was to come to-day, after that yesterday of pain?

Sir Douglas lifted his bonnet from his brow and looked up to the serene heaven before he read. "Thy will be done. Thy will be done," said the trembling human lips. And hard was the struggle to echo the words in the shuddering human heart.

Much has been said and written of the tortures of the Inquisition, and the cruelty of those who could look on and

yet not show mercy. But what are physical tortures to torture of the mind? What "grand Inquisitor" ever looked on with more stony indifference to unendurable suffering than Alice Ross as she watched the flush of colour rise to cheek and temple—fade to ghastly paleness—and big drops stand on the marble brow; while the breath of life seemed to pant and quicken as if suffocation would follow.

Even she started at the long moan which burst from that over-charged bosom, as her half-brother closed his eyes and leaned back on the bank.

He had read it all. ALL.

Not in vain had Alice Ross paid her long visit to the blind beggar with the indented scar on his thin right hand. Not for the first time—no, nor for the hundredth—was that hand exercising its unequalled skill at imitation and forgery; nor that apt and tortuous brain devising schemes of ruin or vengeance on those who had offended him.

The passionately torn letter, gravel-stained and soiled, had apparently its corresponding half, also gravel-stained and soiled (and carefully had Alice's light heel and clever hands sought the very spot where Kenneth's mad passion had ground it into the earth in the morning). But the half that corresponded in form, altered the whole sense of the letter. The sentences referring to her love for Sir Douglas were apparently addressed to Kenneth. Her notice that she would be in Edinburgh read like an appointment to him to meet her there. Her allusions to the necessity—"if all this torment continued"—of confession to her husband, barely escaped the sense that she had to make confession of a return of his unlawful passion. The letter only stopped short at a clear implication of sin. Perhaps even the two bold accomplices employed in its concoction felt that on *that* hinge the door of possible credence would cease to open. All was left in doubt and mystery, except that to that bold avowal of guilty love an answer had been secretly delivered, conveying all the encouragement it was possible to give: referring to the

old days of Naples ; to the little note of adieu, telling him they were parting "for a time, not for ever," that it was "better for him, for her, for *all*."

The passage that hoped he "would see the decency, the necessity, of withdrawing from Glenrossie," was a little fragment wanting in the torn sheet.

No one could read the letter and still think Gertrude a true and holy-hearted wife ; though those who choose to give her "the benefit of the doubt," might believe sin only imminent, not yet accomplished.

The part that was forged was not more stained or spoiled than the portion which was no forgery. Every word fitted naturally in every sentence. If ever human being held what looked like proof incontrovertible leading to miserable conviction, Sir Douglas held it that day, as he sat on the wild, fair hill with all the peace and beauty of nature spread around him.

He rose at length, and held his right hand out to Alice ; his left was bandaged and in pain. She put her slender fingers forward to meet his touch, and felt the icy dampness that speaks of faintness at the heart. He cleared his throat twice before speaking, and then said with an effort : "I believe you have done right. Be satisfied that you have done right : it was a *duty* not to let me remain in ignorance."

Then he stood still and looked wistfully out on the lovely scenery, the lake below, the hills above, the grim rocks of Clochnaben, the valley where smiled Glenrossie, the speck of white light that denoted where lay the Hut, with a still tinier spark of scarlet reflected from the flag, set up on the days they meant to visit it.

"Fair no more ! pleasant never, never again !" he murmured to himself, as he gazed ; then he turned slowly to Alice.

"We must go on to church. Say nothing of all this to any fellow-creature. Be as usual ; I shall, I trust, be as usual. This is the battle of LIFE."

At the gate of the churchyard were the usual groups of men, women, and children, uncovered, greeting with smiles

and respectful curtseys their beloved chieftain and landlord. In general he had a kind word or sentence for each and all. He tried twice, but his voice faltered, for they inquired in return after "her Ledyship at the Castle," and the answer choked in his throat.

His boy Neil turned into the gate, holding the old nurse by the hand, and carrying her huge brown leather psalm-book, wrapped in a clean white cotton pocket-handkerchief. Neil gave it gently into her withered grasp, with a kindly pat on her shoulder, and turned to accompany his father to their usual seat. Sir Douglas passed onwards as in a dream ; his face was very pale.

"Papa's hand, that he hurt yesterday, seems to pain him very much," Neil whispered to Alice. She nodded demurely without speaking. It was not right to speak in church. Neil ought to know that.

Sir Douglas sat very pale, still, and stately by the side of his handsome little son, and many a kindly glance wandered to the pew when the boy's full, sweet, and strong voice rose to join the psalmody. The young laird was the idol of Sir Douglas's tenantry. "He was just what auld Sir Douglas himsel' had bin ; a thoct stouter, may be, but just the varry moral o' him."

So the service went on, till all of a sudden Sir Douglas gave a deep audible groan. They were reading the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and had come to the nineteenth verse :—"Then Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily."

Young Neil started at the groan, and clasping his father's hand in his own, looked anxiously up in his face, and half rose from his seat, as though expecting him to leave the church from illness. But Sir Douglas sat still, his eyes steadily fixed on the minister.

It is strange that women who have been falsely accused, never think of drawing consolation from the fact that the holiest of all the women whose lives are recorded, the one woman who

was permitted to be as it were the link between earth and heaven, according to the transmitted history of the Christian religion, had to endure her share of earthly shame. Nor only that, but that a lesson as to the fallibility of all human judgment lies wrapped in the written account of the conduct of her husband Joseph. He was a "just" man. A good man, merciful, affectionate, anxious to do that which was right in the sight of God; anxious to bear himself fitly and with all indulgence to his neighbour. But his human mercy extended only to "putting her away privily." He would not put her to public shame, though his own trust was broken. That was the sum of all, till the angelic vision made all clear.

As Sir Douglas listened, *he* also leaned to the side of that incomparable mercy which would spare shame. He knelt a little longer in final prayer than usual, before he passed out into the sunshine and greeted the assembled groups with a degree less of abstraction, still holding Neil by the hand.

Arrived at Glenrossie, he shut himself up in the library and wrote.

His letter was not long. It was addressed to Gertrude, and enclosed the gravel-stained papers which Alice had given him. He wrote the address and sealed it, with a firm unshrinking hand; but long he sat and gazed at it after it was written, as if in a painful trance; and when he rose from the table where he had been writing, he felt as though threatened with paralysis, and stood a moment holding by the brass-bound table, fearing he might fall.

Then he passed to his own dressing-room, and sent for Neil.

"Neil, my boy," he said, "I am going to London; I am in great pain." He paused, unable to proceed.

"My dearest father! yes; I can see you are in pain. You will have some surgeon? How did you do it? how *could* you get hurt?" And the innocent boy stooped with his eyes full of tears, and kissed, with a tender little kiss, the bandage over the wounded hand.

"I may be away more days than you expect, dear Neil. You will do all as if I were here—lessons: conduct: care in shooting: all—won't you?"

"I will, father; I will. Trust me, father. You can trust me, can't you?" and the boy smiled, with his sweet candid eyes fixed full on his father's face.

"Yes—yes! O God! let me trust you, my son, if I never again trust any other human being!"

And to the consternation of Neil, Sir Douglas flung his arms round his son's neck and sobbed like a child. In the morning, while dawn was yet breaking and Neil lay yet wrapped in happy boyish slumbers, rapid wheels once more sounded softly along the great fir-avenue; the caressing feathery branches that had bent over Gertrude's departure the previous day, brushed over the roof of the carriage that now bore her husband from home. The squirrel leaped and scampered up the brown stems, and the scattering cones fell to the earth, and lay on the dewy grass in silence.

Great was the silence in Glenrossie that day: the master had departed.

To be continued.

143.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

EARTH has each year her resurrection-day,
 When the spring stirs within her, and the powers
 Of life revive; the quiet autumn hours,
 Ere the rough winter drives their warmth away,
 Wear pleasant likeness of returning May;
 Oft in the soul, where all was dry and bare,
 Founts of fresh joy spring up, and heavenly air
 Plays round it, while along its desert way
 Blossom bright flowers of hope, and dull despair
 Melts like a cloud;—and our dear Christ has said,
 There is a resurrection of the dead;
 Then may th' immortal spirit yet repair
 The freshness and the grace that here had fled,
 And in new strength and beauty flourish there.

But as a ship, when all the winds are gone,
 Hangs idly in mid ocean, so the soul
 Helplessly drifting hears the waters roll,
 While in the heaven the breeze of hope dies down,
 And memory darkens round, and from the lone
 Vast sea dim shapes arise, and shadowy fears
 Cling like damp mists, and the long track of years
 (Where once the brightness of the morning shone)
 Lies strewn with wrecks of that rich argosy
 With which the bark sailed freighted to explore
 The unknown deep, and distant gleaming shore,—
 Keen, soaring hopes and aspirations high,
 Pure thoughts, and sunny fancies, and the store
 Of priceless gems from God's own treasury.

But the still depths of th' unreturning past
 Have buried more than blessings, nor alone
 Grief and regret blend with the wild waves' moan
 Infinite yet not hopeless. In its vast
 And healing waters kindly Time hath cast
 Sorrows and sins, where in th' eternal tide
 Heaves the full heart of God, and we confide,
 Not comfortless, to Him the First and Last,
 The secrets of our being.—Lo! the face
 Of ocean, kissed by the descending breeze,
 Breaks into smiles, and long-lost melodies
 Vibrate from earth to heaven, and a fresh grace,
 New-born of hope, lies on the breathing seas—
 The far-off isles shine in the golden space.

C. E. P.

SOME NOTES UPON THE CHARACTERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF MACBETH.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

MACBETH is pre-eminently the Drama of Conscience. It is the most wonderful history of temptation, in its various agency upon the human soul, that is to be found in the universal range of imaginative literature. Viewed in this aspect, the solemn march of the tragedy becomes awful, and its development a personal appeal, of the profoundest nature, to every one who considers it with that serious attention that its excellence as a work of art alone entitles it to command. To every human soul it tells the story of its own experience, rendered indeed more impressive by the sublime poetry in which it is uttered; but it is the truth itself, and not the form in which it is presented, which makes the force of its appeal; and the terrible truth with which the insidious approach of temptation—its imperceptible advances, its gradual progress, its clinging pertinacity, its recurring importunity, its prevailing fascination, its bewildering sophistry, its pitiless tenacity, its imperious tyranny, and its final hideous triumph over the moral sense—is delineated, that makes Macbeth the grandest of all poetical lessons, the most powerful of all purely fictitious moralities, the most solemn of all lay sermons drawn from the text of human nature.

In a small pamphlet, written many years ago by Mr. John Kemble, upon the subject of the character of Macbeth, and which now survives as a mere curiosity of literature, he defends with considerable warmth the hero of the play from a charge of cowardice, brought against him either by Malone or Steevens in some of their strictures on the tragedy.

This question appeared to me singular, as it would never have occurred

to me that there could be two opinions upon the subject of the personal prowess of the soldier: who comes before us heralded by the martial title of Bellona's bridegroom, and wearing the garland of a double victory. But, in treating his view of the question, Mr. Kemble dwells, with extreme and just admiration, upon the skill with which Shakespeare has thrown all the other characters into a shadowy background, in order to bring out with redoubled brilliancy the form of Macbeth when it is first presented to us. Banquo, his fellow in fight and coadjutor in conquest, shares both the dangers and rewards of his expedition; and yet it is the figure of Macbeth which stands out prominently in the van of the battle so finely described by Rosse—it is he whom the king selects as heir to the dignities of the treacherous Thane of Cawdor—it is to meet him that the withered ambassadresses of the powers of darkness float through the lurid twilight of the battle day; and when the throb of the distant drum is heard across the blasted heath, among the host whose tread it times over the gloomy expanse, the approach of one man alone is greeted by the infernal ministers. Their appointed prey draws near, and, with the presentiment of their dire victory over the victor, they exclaim, "A drum! a drum! Macbeth doth come!"

Marshallled with triumphant strains of warlike melody; paged at the heels by his victorious soldiers; surrounded by their brave and noble leaders, himself the leader of them all; flushed with success, and crowned with triumph—Macbeth stands before us; and the shaggy brown heath seems illuminated round him with the keen glitter of

arms, the waving of bright banners, and broad tartan folds, and the light that emanates from, and surrounds as with a dazzling halo, the face and form of a heroic man in the hour of his success.

Wonderful indeed, in execution as in conception, is this brilliant image of warlike glory! But how much more wonderful, in conception as in execution, is that representation of moral power which Shakespeare has placed beside it in the character of Banquo! Masterly as is the splendour shed round and by the prominent figure on the canvas, the solemn grace and dignity of the one standing in the shadow behind it is more remarkable still. How with almost the first words that he speaks the majesty of right asserts itself over that of might, and the serene power of a steadfast soul sheds forth a radiance which eclipses the glare of mere martial glory, as the clear moonlight spreads itself above and beyond the flaring of ten thousand torches.

When the unearthly forms and greeting of the witches have arrested the attention of the warriors, and that to the amazement excited in both of them is added, in the breast of one, the first shuddering thrill of a guilty thought which betrays itself in the start with which he receives prophecies which to the ear of Banquo seems only as "things that do sound so fair;" Macbeth has already accepted the first inspiration of guilt—the evil within his heart has quickened and stirred at the greeting of the visible agents of evil, and he is already sin-struck and terror-struck at their first utterance; but like a radiant shield, such as we read of in old magic stories, of virtue to protect its bearer from the devil's assault, the clear integrity of Banquo's soul remains unsullied by the serpent's breath, and, while accepting all the wonder of the encounter, he feels none of the dismay which shakes the spirit of Macbeth—

"Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

The fair sound has conveyed no foul sense to his perception, but, incited rather by the fear and bewilderment of his usually dauntless companion than by any misgiving of his own (which indeed his calm and measured adjuration shows him to be free from), he turns to these mysterious oracles, and, with that authority before which the devils of old trembled and dispossessed themselves of their prey, he questions, and they reply. Mark the power—higher than any, save that of God—from which it directly emanates, of the intrepid utterance of an upright human soul—

"In the name of *Truth*, are ye fantastical?"

At that solemn appeal, does one not see hell's agents start and cower like the foul toad touched by the celestial spear? How pales the glitter of the hero of the battle-field before the steadfast shining of this honest man, when to his sacred summons the subject ministers of hell reply true oracles, though uttered by lying lips—sincere homage, such as was rendered on the fields of Palestine by the defeated powers of darkness, to the divine virtue that overthrew them—such as for ever unwilling evil pays to the good which predominates over it, the everlasting subjection of hell to heaven.

"Hail, hail, hail!—lesser than Macbeth, but greater," &c.

And now the confused and troubled workings of Macbeth's mind pour themselves forth in rapid questions, urging one upon another the evident obstacles which crowd, faster than his eager thought can beat them aside, between him and the bait held forth to his ambitious desires; but to *his* challenge, made, not in the name or spirit of truth, but at the suggestion of the grasping devil which is fast growing into entire possession of his heart, no answer is vouchsafed; the witches vanish, leaving the words of impotent and passionate command to fall upon the empty air. The reply to his vehement questioning has already been made; he has *seen*, at one glimpse, in

the very darkest depths of his imagination, *how* the things foretold *may* be; and to that fatal answer alone is he left by the silence of those whose mission to him is thenceforth fully accomplished. Twice does he endeavour to draw from Banquo some comment other than that of mere astonishment upon the fortunes thus foretold them:—

“Your children shall be kings?

You shall be king?

And Thane of Cawdor too—went it not so?

To the self-same tune and words?”

But the careless answers of Banquo unconsciously evade the snare; and it is not until the arrival of Rosse, and his ceremonious greeting of Macbeth by his new dignity of Thane of Cawdor, that Banquo's exclamation of—

“What! can the devil speak true?”

proves at once that he had hitherto attached no importance to the prophecy of the witches, and that, now that its partial fulfilment compelled him to do so, he unhesitatingly pronounces the agency through which their foreknowledge had reached them to be evil. Most significant indeed is the direct, rapid, unhesitating intuition by which the one mind instantly repels the approach of evil, pronouncing it at once to be so, compared with the troubled, perplexed, imperfect process, half mental, half moral, by which the other labours to strangle within himself the pleadings of his better angel:—

“This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill—

Cannot be good! If ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success

Beginning in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.”

The devil's own logic: the inference of right drawn from the successful issue, the seal whose stamp, whether false or genuine, still satisfies the world of the validity of every deed to which it is appended. Wiser than all the wisdom that ever was elaborated by human intellect, brighter than any light that ever yet was obtained by process of human thought, juster and more unerring than any scientific

deduction ever produced by the acutest human logic, is the simple instinct of good and evil in the soul that loves the one and hates the other. Like those fine perceptions by which certain delicate and powerful organizations detect with amazing accuracy the hidden proximity of certain sympathetic or antipathetic existences, so the moral sensibility of the true soul recoils at once from the antagonistic principles which it detects with electric rapidity and certainty, leaving the intellect to toil after and discover, discriminate and describe, the cause of the unutterable instantaneous revulsion.

Having now not only determined the nature of the visitation they have received, but become observant of the absorbed and distracted demeanour and countenance of Macbeth, for which he at first accounted guilelessly according to his wont, by the mere fact of natural astonishment at the witches' prophecy and its fulfilment, together with the uneasy novelty of his lately acquired dignities—

“Look how our partner's rapt,

New honours come upon him like our new garments,” &c.—

Banquo is called upon by Macbeth directly for some expression of his own opinion of these mysterious events, and the impression they have made on his mind.

“Do you not hope your children *shall* be kings,” &c.

He answers with that solemn warning, almost approaching to a rebuke of the evil suggestion that he now for the first time perceives invading his companion's mind:—

“That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,” &c.

It is not a little remarkable that, having in the first instance expressed so strongly his surprise at finding a truth among the progeny of the father of lies, and uttered that fine instinctive exclamation, “What! can the devil speak true?” Banquo, in the final deliberate expression of his opinion to Macbeth

upon the subject of the witches' prophecy, warns him against the semblance of truth, that combined with his own treacherous infirmity, is strengthening the temptation by which his whole soul is being searched :—

“ But it is strange,
And oftentimes to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,” &c.

Although these two passages may appear at first to involve a contradiction almost, it seems to me that both the sentiments—the brave, sudden denial of any kindred between the devil and truth, and the subsequent admission of the awful mystery by which truth sometimes is permitted to be a two-edged weapon in the armoury of hell—are eminently characteristic of the same mind. Obligated to confess that the devil does speak true sometimes, Banquo, nevertheless, can only admit that he does so for an evil purpose, and this passage is one of innumerable proofs of the general coherence, in spite of apparent discrepancy, in Shakespeare's delineations of character. The same soul of the one man may, with no inconsistency but what is perfectly compatible with spiritual harmony, utter both the sentiments: the one on impulse, the other on reflection.

Here, for the first time, Macbeth encounters the barrier of that uncompromising spirit, that sovereignty of nature, which as he afterwards himself acknowledges “ would be feared,” and which he does fear and hate accordingly, more and more savagely and bitterly, till detestation of him as his natural superior, terror of him as the possible avenger of blood, and envy of him as the future father of a line of kings, fill up the measure of his murderous ill-will, and thrust him upon the determination of Banquo's assassination; and when, in the midst of his royal banquet-hall, filled with hollow-hearted feasting and ominous revelry and splendour, his conscience conjures up the hideous image of the missing guest, whose health he invokes with lips white with terror, while he knows that his gashed and mangled corpse is lying stark under the midnight rain; surely

it is again with this solemn warning, uttered in vain to stay his soul from the perdition yawning for it in the first hour of their joint temptation,—

“ That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,” &c.

that the dead lips appear to move, and the dead eyes are sadly fixed on him, and the heavy locks, dripping with gore, are shaken in silent intolerable rebuke. In the meeting with the kind-hearted old king, which immediately follows, the loyal professions of the two generals are, as might have been expected, precisely in inverse ratio to their sincere devotion to Duncan. Banquo answers in a few simple words the affectionate demonstration of his sovereign, while Macbeth, with his whole mind churning round and round like some black whirlpool the murderous but yet unformed designs which have taken possession of it, utters his hollow professions of attachment in terms of infinitely greater warmth and devotion. On the nomination of the king's eldest son to the dignity of Prince of Cumberland, the bloody task which he had already proposed to himself is in an instant doubled on his hands; and instantly, without any of his late misgivings, he deals in imagination with the second human life that intercepts his direct attainment of the crown. This short soliloquy of his ends with some lines which are not more remarkable for the power with which they exhibit the confused and dark heavings of his stormy thoughts than for being the first of three similar adjurations, of various expression, but almost equal poetic beauty :—

“ Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires !
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see !”

In the very next scene, we have the invocation to darkness with which Lady Macbeth closes her terrible dedication of herself to its ruling powers :—

“ Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of
hell,” &c.

What can be finer than this peculiar use

of the word *pal*; suggestive not only of blackness, but of that funereal blackness in which death is folded up; an image conveying at once absence of light and of life?—

“That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold! hold!” &c.

The third of these murderous adjurations to the powers of nature for their complicity is uttered by Macbeth in the scene preceding the banquet, when, having contrived the mode of Banquo's death, he apostrophises the approaching night thus:—

“Come, sealing night!

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,” &c.

(what an exquisite grace and beauty there is in this wonderful line!)

“And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond,
Which keeps me pale!”

Who but Shakespeare would thus have multiplied expressions of the very same idea with such wonderful variety of power and beauty in each of them?—images at once so similar in their general character, and so exquisitely different in their particular form. This last quoted passage precedes lines which appear to me incomparable in harmony of sound and in the perfect beauty of their imagery: lines on which the tongue dwells, which linger on the ear with a charm enhanced by the dark horror of the speaker's purpose in uttering them, and which remind one of the fatal fascination of the Gorgon's beauty, as it lies in its frame of writhing reptiles, terrible and lovely at once to the beholder:—

“Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.”

We see the violet-coloured sky, we feel the soft intermitting wind of evening, we hear the solemn lullaby of the dark fir-forest; the homeward flight of the bird suggests the sweetest images of rest and peace; and, coupled and contrasting with the gradual falling of the dim veil of twilight over

the placid face of nature, the remote horror “of the deed of fearful note” about to desecrate the solemn repose of the approaching night gives to these harmonious and lovely lines a wonderful effect of mingled beauty and terror. The combination of vowels in this line will not escape the ear of a nice observer of the melody of our language: the “rooky wood” is a specimen of a happiness of a sound not so frequent perhaps in Shakespeare as in Milton, who was a greater master of the melody of words. To return to Banquo: in the scene where he and Macbeth are received with such overflowing demonstrations of gratitude by Duncan, we have already observed he speaks but little; only once indeed, when in answer to the king's exclamation,

“Let me unfold thee, and hold thee to my heart,”

he simply replies,

“There if I grow, the harvest is your own.”

But while Macbeth is rapidly revolving in his mind the new difficulties thrown in the way of his ambition, and devising new crimes to overleap lest he fall down upon them, we are left to imagine Banquo as dilating upon his achievements to the king, and finding in his praise the eloquence that had failed him in the professions of his own honest loyalty; for no sooner had Macbeth departed to announce the king's approach to his wife, than Duncan answers to the words spoken aside to him by Banquo:—

“True, worthy Banquo, he is full so valiant,
And in his praises I am fed.”

This slight indication of the generous disposition that usually lives in holy alliance with integrity and truth is a specimen of that infinite virtue which pervades all Shakespeare's works, the effect of which is felt in the moral harmony of the whole, even by those who overlook the wonderful details by which the general result is produced. Most fitting is it, too, that Banquo should speak the delicious lines by which the pleasant seat of Macbeth's castle is brought so vividly to our senses. The

man of temperate passions and calm mind is the devout observer of nature ; and thus it is that, in the grave soldier's mouth, the notice of the habits of the guest of summer, "the temple-haunting marlet," is an appropriate beauty of profound significance. Here again are lines whose intrinsic exquisiteness is keenly enhanced by the impending doom which hovers over the kind old king. With a heart overflowing with joy for the success of his arms, and gratitude towards his victorious generals, Duncan stands, inhaling the serene summer air, receiving none but sensations of the most pleasurable exhilarations on the threshold of his slaughter-house. The sunny breezy eminence, before the hospitable castle gate of his devoted kinsman and subject, betrays no glimpse to his delighted spirits of the glimmering midnight chamber, where, between his drunken grooms and his devil-driven assassin, with none to hear his stifled cries for help but the female fiend who listens by the darkened door, his life-blood is to ooze away before the daylight again strikes at the portal by which he now stands rejoicing in the ruddy glow of its departure. Banquo next meets us, as the dark climax is just at hand ; the heavens, obedient to the invocation of guilt, have shut their eyes, unwilling to behold the perpetration of the crime about to be committed. The good old king has retired to rest in unusual satisfaction, his host and hostess have made their last lying demonstrations, and are gone to the secret councils of the chamber where they lie in wait. Banquo—unwilling to yield himself to the sleep which treacherously presents to his mind, through the disturbed agency of dreams, the temptation so sternly repelled by his waking thoughts—is about to withdraw, supposing himself the last of all who wake in the castle ; for on meeting Macbeth he expresses astonishment that he is not yet abed. How beautiful is the prayer with which he fortifies himself against the nightly visitation of his soul's enemy !—

"Merciful powers,
 Restrain in me the accursed thoughts that
 nature
 Gives way to in repose."

Further on the explanation of these lines is found in the brief conversation that follows between himself and Macbeth when he says, "I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters," and it is against a similar visitation of the powers of darkness during his helpless hours of slumber that he prays to be defended before surrendering himself to the heavy summons that "lies like lead upon him." It is remarkable that Banquo, though his temptation assails him from without in dreams of the infernal prophetesses, prays to be delivered not from them, but from the "accursed thoughts that *nature* gives way to in "repose ;" referring, and justly, his danger to the complicity with evil in his own nature—that noble nature of which Macbeth speaks as sovereignly virtuous, but of which the mortal infirmity is thus confessed by him who best knows its treacherous weakness.

Banquo next appears in the midst of the hideous uproar consequent upon Duncan's murder, when the vaulted chambers of the castle ring with Macduff's cries to the dead man's sleeping sons—when every door bursts open as with the sweeping of a whirlwind, and half-naked forms, and faces white with sudden terror, lean from every gallery overlooking the great hall into which pour, like the in-rushing ridges of the tide, the scared and staring denizens of the upper chambers ; while along remote corridors echoes the sound of hurrying feet, and inarticulate cries of terror are prolonged through dismal distant passages, and the flare of sudden torches flashes above and below, making the intermediate darkness blacker ; and the great stone fortress seems to reel from base to settlement with the horror that has seized like a frenzy on all its inmates. From the midst of this appalling tumult rises the calm voice of the man who remembers that he "stands in the great hand of God," and thence confronts the furious elements of hu-

man passion surging and swaying before him.

Banquo stands in the hall of Macbeth's castle, in that sudden surprise of dreadful circumstances alone master of his soul, alone able to appeal to the All-seeing Judge of human events, alone able to advise the actions and guide the counsels of the passion-shaken men around him—a wonderful image of steadfastness in that tremendous chaos of universal dismay and doubt and terror.

This is the last individual and characteristic manifestation of the man. The inevitable conviction of Macbeth's

crime, and equally inevitable conviction of the probable truth of the promised royalty of his own children, are the only two important utterances of his that succeed, and these are followed so immediately by his own death that the regretful condemnation of the guilty man once the object of his affectionate admiration cannot assume the bitterer character of personal detestation, or the reluctant admission of the truth of the infernal prophecy beguile him into dangerous speculations as to the manner of its fulfilment. The noble integrity of the character is unimpaired to the last.

A CHEAP TOUR NEAR HOME.

THE best way to get from Coutances to Avranches is to divide the journey, and go by Granville—the cradle of Lord Granville's family, as Perci close by here is of the Duke of Northumberland's. Other noblemen also get their family names from these parts, a list of whom is given in "Murray," to which list we may add, according to Victor Hugo, the name of Tankerville.

We, by mistake, took another route, and after a long drive of five hours, with some of the most infamous cattle ever seen, we found ourselves at the foot of a lofty hill, at the top of which, close over head, we were informed, was Avranches. The passengers dismount and the diligence toils up a zigzag.

As you rise, the view gets grander and grander, until you look over a vast, interminable sheet of densely-wooded country, meeting the horizon in every direction but to the south-west, where the sky

"Dips down to sea and sands."

There is not a distinct hill of any size to be seen anywhere, although the whole country is of considerable elevation. A pretty salmon-river comes winding along, and, just at the foot of the hill on which one stands, begins to expand into

an estuary. When you have fairly arrived at the top of the zigzag, and are in the town, you find that it is a bright, pretty, clean place of considerable pretensions; and also that the inhabitants have invented an entirely new nuisance. Having one of the finest jewels in Europe in their keeping, they persistently bore you to death with it.

I think the first person who proposed to conduct us to Mont St. Michel was the driver of the diligence, before I alighted. Then the thing fairly began. I asked for a truck for my luggage,—the man began on the subject directly. I went up street to see if there were rooms at the hotel,—the waitress began on Mont St. Michel before she would go into the subject of beds. The man sent down with me after the trunks, seemed absolutely determined that he should be the man and no other: Mont St. Michel was never out of his lips. After we were settled, and starting out for a walk, Monsieur the hotel-keeper ran after us a long way, to propose one of his carriages. Madame went about with us on the stairs on the same subject. Nay, more than one or two men in the streets, when we were quite a long distance from home—men who had no business with us at all—speculatively stopped us

in the street to know if they could drive us to Mont St. Michel. And as we had made up our minds not to go from Avranches at all, but from Pontorson, it was very annoying; because to have let the word "Pontorson" slip would have been to bring on a strong argument with any inhabitant of Avranches. We had to hold our tongues, and leave everybody under the impression that we were so ignorant and such dolts as not to be going at all.

Turning into a very pretty and well-kept botanic garden, you see that vast expanses of sand are beginning to be seen between the stems of the trees; and passing under those trees you find yourself on a lofty terrace looking down on the river, now winding from side to side of its sandy estuary. Beyond are the sands, away into the dim distance, bounded by the wild, low, wooded coast of Brittany, and the Rochers de Cancale; which latter run out into the sea like a ridge of broken glass bottles on a wall; and when you have cast your eye over the landscape, you are pretty sure to exclaim, "There it is."

Fifteen miles away from you, out in the middle of the broad, grey expanse, there rises something which is like a vast ship stranded upright, with all her sails set, and her masts and rigging standing: a pearl grey thing with dark brown shadows. This is Mont St. Michel—one has seen it at last!—the Mont St. Michel of the Bayeux tapestry. "*Venerunt ad Montem Michaelis*"—Will one ever forget it again? I think not. Even Arthur Young, at the same time the best and the worst of travellers, was impressed by it twenty miles off, at Granville, in *his* way: "St. Michael's "rock rising out of the sea conically, "with a castle at the top, a most singular and picturesque object;" very much so indeed. A pity he had not time to go nearer to it.

Avranches is so eclipsed by this Mont St. Michel, which is still fifteen miles off, that one does not remember much, except that it is a bright and beautiful town, and that there does not seem to be any church to it, save a miserable

little one in the corner of a square. What would happen if one went to church to one quarter the extent of the Coutances people, one cannot think. There is a colony of no less than three hundred of "my countrymen" here who have come here, as the negroes say, "for cheap," and amuse themselves after their kind, chiefly, I believe, in trout-fishing, and going to the club. One is not writing a guide-book—Murray has done that; but no one should allow themselves to go to the Hôtel de France. This remark has only been wrung from us by the *peine forte et dure*.

Descending the zigzags which approach the town, on the other side from that on which we entered, a pleasant drive through a lower country well wooded with poplar, brought us to Pontorson. It is a very dirty little place, but the domestic architecture gets quainter as one nears Brittany, and this is the border town; the little river Cuesnon (*flumen Cosnonis* of the Bayeux tapestry) dividing the two provinces. This is the best place from which to make your pilgrimage to the Mountain of the Holy Archangel, as the priests in their sonorous language call it. Here we stayed with the Leroys, at the Hôtel des Postes, and we got to like these people very much. On the first evening we walked five kilomètres towards the bay, and, looking over the desolate fen (the river here being embanked as though in Lincolnshire), saw the great mountain of architecture soaring up within two miles of us, and saw also that we were going on the morrow to see one of the great things of our lives. How great, we little knew, nor will the reader, until he has been to see it.

The morning was wild and dim; the rains which were making in central France inundations almost as great as those of 1856, had ceased for an hour or two, as we started in a rickety little vehicle, drawn by a mad horse, and driven by Alphonse Leroy, the jolliest, the maddest French lad of eighteen (except his brother Louis) that I have met for many a year. For the first four miles we travelled over a horribly muddy

fen road, and expected every three minutes to be cast into the ditch. The farmers' long carts passed us in nearly a continuous train, carrying the blue mud from the low shore to the uplands for manure. These we had to pass, with one wheel in the ditch almost the whole way, Alphonse screeching and bellowing like mad. "Hey done! Hey duc! Ay peur!" Our horse would not go without driving, and then went as wild as you like. At length the mud mine was passed, and the road was in peace, getting sandy. At last we came to a tiny low auberge, "to the descent of postilions for Mont St. Michel," where Alphonse descended for a minute, and then we whirled down between two sand dunes with a sickening lurch, and sped away across the Great Sands themselves, eighteen miles of them all around us; and two miles to seaward, rising solitary four hundred and fifty feet out of them, nearly—if not quite—the most magnificent pile of Gothic architecture in the world.

It was within two days of the full moon and I was anxious about the tide, unnecessarily it seemed. Alphonse was not very certain himself, for he drove like Jehu the son of Nimshi. But now we were on the level sands, fairly face to face with Mont St. Michel; we had time to see it for about one minute, and then a storm, sweeping from the long promontory of Brittany, crept up and hid it from our view. An arch of nimbus caught the topmost pinnacle of the Cathedral, throwing a dark purple shadow across the mighty network of flying buttresses, and then the rain came down and hid it all from us, and, lashing up the sand in its fury, swept on to us, fighting bravely across the lonely sands, a mile from shore.

My companion was fortunately to the windward side of our little hooded carriage, and in some measure escaped. I, by holding up a rug, was able to face the fearful rain in some measure, and watch by degrees a great awful pyramidal mass begin to show itself, dim and grey, through the raging rain. We were within a quarter of a mile of it,

when we drove through the rain-curtain and saw it, almost overhead. Then there was a lurch of the carriage, and a mediæval gate before us opened through a ramparted wall: bare-legged fishwives, with red petticoats scarcely reaching to their knees, and shrimping nets over their shoulders, going on to their work; bare-legged fishermen in blue blouses, and children innumerable. Then there was a clattering scramble off the sands up a tide-washed causeway, and so we passed under a dark arch into—the lower part of Clovelly! At least it was wonderfully like it.

Seeing the formidable row of carriages standing, and in the narrow street, I feared that we had come on rather a full day, and should be plagued by the chatter of tourists (of whom *en passant*, the English, let us say, from their natural stupidity and reticence, make far less noise than the French), but it was not so. These awful halls and corridors are so vast that fourteen or fifteen carriages full of people can lose themselves in them without making themselves offensive to one another. And, moreover, the "Guiding" at Mont St. Michel is, like all things in France (except an insignificant few), done so well, that parties can hardly meet. You follow one route through the whole of this wonderful stone labyrinth. In an hour and a half, which seemed like half an hour, the only people we met face to face were two recalcitrant priests with some *élèves*, who had guided themselves, and were coming the wrong way in defiance of precedent.

A noble-looking Norman fisherman, bare-legged, came forward to guide us on the first part of our expedition. Passing under three dark gates in succession, we turn to the right, and getting on to the ramparts began to ascend from one tier of them to another, and gradually to approach that splendid collection of Gothic halls commonly called "La Merveille," and which, vast as it is, is but a small part of the great convent fortress. Our guide pointed out the endless machicolis on the walls, and told us that

Mont St. Michel was "no longer a prison," convicts and soldiers being all removed, and the place under restoration by the Emperor. The villagers were fearfully poor in winter, he said, and judging from those we saw he certainly spoke the truth.

One came slowly towards us along one of the ramparts while he was with us. "Voilà une malheureuse," he said, and shook his head, and I watched her as she wearily and listlessly approached. She was a woman of from fifty to sixty, with a face which carried on it the expression of having been smitten many times by some invisible hand which had left no mark or scar, only *a look*: a look of one waiting in dull patience for another blow. She did not whine or beg, as far as I remember, and not even speak, but held out a basket of something to sell. Poor soul! they were nothing but the very commonest cockle-shells, worth a few shillings a cartload. We gave her money, a great deal for her, but her hand only mechanically closed on it, and she never thanked us,—the guide did that for her,—and we watched her go creeping away along the battlements, with her hand clasping the money, and I doubt not, the same worn, straightforward look in her face.

At length our guide led us into a court-yard, in one corner of which is a noble arch, with a steep flight of steps ascending under its dark span: going up these, you leave the sunshine and enter the dim and awful solitude of the fortress monastery. Here the fisher-guide was dismissed, and we were taken in hand by a bright, clever youth of seventeen, who did his duty to perfection.

You come to a *grille* of vast strength, and, passing through it, enter the first chamber, a fine Gothic vestibule, "La Salle des Gardes," then you pass to the "Grande Salle des Officiers," and others which it would take half a volume to describe, and which in the main formed the hospice for the pilgrims; and so you pass on, mainly in dim twilight, for above an hour, from corridor to corridor, through hall after hall, until the mind gets confused as to their succession.

With the good Abbé Pigeon's book before me now, I can scarcely remember more than half of the different things of which he speaks. I remember that it was all wonderful beyond measure; but one or two points remain fixed in the mind, beyond, as I think, all power of time to efface. I will try to give the reader some faint impression of those which struck one most.

The dungeons are, on the whole, the most celebrated in Europe; and they remain very much as they were when they were built. I had a great curiosity to see these cachots of evil notoriety, and they came fully up to my expectations. You are passing through a dark tunnel-passage of some height, and of irregular flooring—very dark, but not so dark as to need candles—when you bethink you to look back. It is evident that you have advanced some way into the tunnel, for the last cross-light is some way behind: then you look before, and there is a sign of a faint, pale, ghostly light at the end of the passage; and arriving at that end you get into the region of this melancholy light, and find yourself in what might be called so truly, "the hall of the lost footsteps."

It is very lofty; rude, but not irregular in shape. From whence the light comes you hardly care to inquire, but that light is dim and faint, yellow-brown, and melancholy beyond belief. It must change of course, somewhat, this light, with the blessed changing sun outside; but when I saw it the sun was high, almost as high as it ever is, and the hideous melancholy of the place was profound. Where the light was a little brighter than elsewhere, at the upper end of the hall or cavern, there came down, appearing out of black darkness, a flight of stone steps, irregular in shape, size, and direction, from the upper regions, which were spanned by a broad round arch; and it is worthy of notice, that among all the beautiful and remarkable objects which I saw that year, that arch and those steps remain almost the most vivid of all. You are now in the highest atmosphere of the highest

romance. These are the famous dungeons of Mont St. Michel, at which the world has shuddered for many centuries. The things you have read of were actually done here where you stand. You find yourself speaking in a whisper about it even now, British Philistine as you are supposed to be. They used to bring the prisoners here blindfold, and unbind their eyes in this very spot: in this, the most evil place I have ever seen; granite and iron, with a dim, dull hideous light over all, organic reproductive nature utterly banished, if that mattered in such an extremity. And then——

This was their last look in most cases, at what may be called light at all. The cachots, where they were to spend the rest of their lives, open out of this hideous hall, and remain there to this day. I chose what seemed to me the darkest, and asked the guide if there was an *oubliette*. He answering, "Non, ils sont fermées, ils sont trop dangereuses," I went in, and requested my companion to shut me in, which she did.

A fancy has possessed me concerning that cachot since: an idle one perhaps, but about as true as most prison narratives, possibly. Here it is, right or wrong.

"I stayed there for five-and-twenty years, like the man who had been there before me. The first impression was that of a deep black darkness, as though a band of black velvet had been tied tightly across my eyes, so tightly that all possible rays of light being excluded from without, that inner and mysterious light, which we see on the darkest night when we are ill, began to tease the retina, and to bring a light in one's eyes, uncertain and shapeless, threatening to bring forms with it, which one dreaded might be of the nightmare kind, and scare one to madness: a light which seemed to come from within one: the light which one had taken in from the blessed sunshine, trying to force its way to freedom, through the hideous velvet mask of darkness with which I was surrounded.

"For the first day, lying as I did, a ruined heap of lost hopes, lost schemes, lost ambitions, and of woes which would die by desuetude, and only be feebly galvanized by my reappearance; in the darkest corner of this hideous little dungeon, I thought that this light came only from my own brain. But on the second or third day, as far as I remember, I found out that it was a real light, a little dribble, so to speak, of the great sunshine which was flooding the sand-flat outside with blazing glory, and I got in time to love it; though there were four dark bars before it which I hated, more particularly the extreme right one, which had towards the upper part a bulge like the great brutal chest of the man who had done me this irreparable wrong.

"You ask me to remember how I passed my time in the darkness for twenty-five years. I cannot tell you. I cannot tell in what order came the phases through which my mind went, under this discipline of my brother man. I should say, now, that in all probability before my memory went the Barmecide phase came first, when with my bread and water I gave great entertainments, and entertained my guests. I was a great diplomat at that time, and settled the map of Europe in an astonishing way. I was an orator, and denounced great statesmen: that was certainly in this time, before memory went, because my jailer once said, while bringing in my bread and water, not unkindly, 'Friend, you are noisy, and you use abuse of the most violent character towards our gentle and deeply-loved king, Louis Quinze.' I answered, 'Ask that Nero to hang me,' and he said, 'Chut.'

"The craving after any form of organic life was very bitter for a time; I cannot say for how long. A fossil in the granite would have been a friend; an *Oldhamia radiata* would have been to me some outward and visible sign of the God whom I had forgotten in my prosperity; and the priests' formulas had withered into deadness on my ears. I began to be alone: my imagination got

exhausted from want of feeding, and there were no Barmecide feasts now. I craved for something alive. The imagination of our forefathers,—carefully educated as they were by the priests into the habit of the *non-observation* of physical facts,—peopled these dungeons with toads and adders. My God, what would I have given for the companionship of a toad or an adder!

"Memory has not entirely died with me: but it has only partially revived. I am only sixty now, and yet I seem to have lived for a perfectly indefinite time. Camille Desmoulins came yesterday to take me out for a walk, and I took his arm and went down the sunny side of the street with him; a kind but wild lad. I had told him all this by degrees, and he asked me how I got on in the later times. I answered, 'It was a never-ending fight against darkness, which has left me what you see me to be now.'"

After this imaginary five-and-twenty years. I, like Eppie in the coal-hole, knocked to be let out again, and I was let out! My companion said that I was not in there above a minute, but it was quite long enough.

But the cachot in which I spent twenty-five years of a wasted life, was by no means the worst. Our bright young guide pointed out to Monsieur that here was another much darker, which indeed was true, though as far as he showed us no one of them was *absolutely* dark. These cachots, however, were mild mercy to the hideous arrangement, the position of which is pointed out,—the too famous "Cage du Mont St. Michel." The gallery in which it was erected is some twelve or fourteen feet broad. Across this were placed two rows of wooden beams of great thickness, but only three inches apart; the space between the rows of beams being so narrow that the prisoner could walk forwards and backwards, *without turning*; that is to say, as it seems, that he could lie on his face or on his back, but could not turn his body. The hideous details of such a form of imprisonment must be left to the reader's imagination. The last person imprisoned

here was Teste Murray (Pigeon gives us but small information about such matters), a Dutch journalist who offended Louis Quatorze, and was illegally seized over the border. We are *by degrees* becoming less cruel, which is a good thing for all parties, particularly the political-minority. The suppression of the Indian Mutiny itself was at all events done in a different way; and Louis Quinze himself, though he did practise vivisection after the French manner on Damiens, at least pulled down the cage of Mont St. Michel; a measure which may strike an idle tourist as being somewhat of the same value as household suffrage limited by a fifty years' residence for qualification. Let us hope that the world is getting less cruel. Indeed there is no doubt of it.

The Gothic halls, following one after another, will please and impress you. A little French antiquary, not a native of these parts, said to me, "I have seen everything from St. Mark's to Durham, and there is nothing like Mont St. Michel." Other travelled people of the highest intelligence and position have confirmed his opinion to me; my own remark was, that if you piled all the Mediæval architecture of the Rhine, from Bonn to Bingen together, you could make but a poor imitation of Mont St. Michel after all. I ought to know these parts pretty well, and I think I can hold my own on that score. The subterranean church, for instance, on whose elephantine pillars stand the foundations of the "Oguvale" Cathedral, which at four hundred feet above the sea crowns this noble vegetation of building like a beautiful flower, is very remarkable and wonderful. You are on, or as I remember, a little above, the summit of the rock here. You find yourself among a group of gigantic pillars in a dark vault; almost all shade and but little light; a group of black granite, (really) Doric pillars, with a few little cross-lights sloping in; a thing you will find it difficult to beat on the Rhine at all events. This is the church of Notre Dame et de Saint Aubert Sous-terre. They are going to restore it, and the image of our Lady has

arrived from the manufacturer's. I looked into a side chapel and saw the wonderful image of our Lady of darkness, lying on her back ready to be put up.

It was a colossal statue of a coal-black negress dressed in gold, as black as the famous statue of our black Lady of Bornhofen, whose hordes of pilgrims I saw pass by at Boppard in 1845, after the fearful *esclandre* about the Holy Coat of Trèves. Our black Lady at Bornhofen winked (as well she might) on this great occasion, and so did a miracle greater than that of the Holy Coat of Trèves, which never did anything at all that one could hear of; although they positively prayed night and day to it. "Holy Coat, pray for us." And so that portion of the Catholic population at that time inclined for pilgrimage resorted to Bornhofen rather than to Trèves.

The Abbé Pigeon has written a most capital, somewhat enthusiastic, but not too enthusiastic handbook; but unfortunately, we think, insists too much on the innumerable miracles performed at Mont St. Michel, such as the following:—It is the custom in many churches, he says, that the porters should keep watch all night. Such was never the case at Mont St. Michel, and for this reason: the angels were accustomed to come and sing there, and disliked being disturbed by mortals. But an unhappy man on one occasion determined to wait up and hear them, and, contrary to all advice, hid himself and waited. He waited until midnight, at which time who should come into the church but the archangel Michael, the Virgin Mary, and St. Peter. The wretched man was soon discovered by the eagle-eye of St. Michael, who demanded vengeance for such a liberty. The Virgin and St. Peter interceded for him, and got him time to repent; but between them they frightened the poor wretch so, that he died three days after. If any one complains that I have made this legend ridiculous, I beg to answer that such was my intention.

Passing on through these underground regions for something close upon an hour

(if you properly examine them), and with some new piece of beauty or horror or interest to keep your attention from flagging any part of the time, you at last come out into open day again, three hundred feet above the sea, and find yourself on a small plateau, and prepare yourself to see the church and the cloisters, the crowning flower of the whole, and find that the pinnacles of the church are now close over head, though still one hundred and twenty feet above you.

This is a very pleasant place, this little plateau—very peaceful, very quiet, and very airy. Three hundred feet below are the sands, eighteen miles broad, with the tide creeping in over them, and the gulls and cormorants feeding just in advance of the tide, croaking and clanking pleasantly, and flapping on just in front of the edge of the water. The Great Sands are bounded by the wild dim capes of Normandy and Brittany, from Granville to the Rochers de Cancale; and over head the great storm-beaten church thrusts up its needles into the blue—one of the most beautiful places, had I the art to describe it for you, in the world; but our guide only told a story in some ten or a dozen words, and the sky seemed dark, and the sands weary and barren, and the capes dim, dull, and hopeless, and melancholy beyond description. It was a very old story he told in his ten or a dozen words: let us hope that there will be no more such. I take the liberty to tell it in a few more words than did our guide.

A political prisoner had been confined here for a very long time, quite recently, not, as I understood, in the cachots, but in some better place. And he had sat there so long brooding over king and kaiser, and democratic chances, and the chances of nationalities, and all other chances and complications for the bettering of the world, in his way, that he had maddened himself, lost faith in man and God, and believed that the evil would win in the end. And so one morning, being let out to walk with his jailer, he broke from that jailer suddenly, and jumped over this low parapet,

and all that the jailer saw, peering over after him, was a heap of clothes, one hundred and fifty feet below, among the rocks and shrubs, which heap of clothes and broken bones represented a living and thinking man, who had within him a perfect well-considered system for putting the world to rights, if only it could have worked, and he had been let to work it, neither of which things happened to be practicable; all the grand theories of king and kaiser, democracy and nationality, lying ruined in a heap of torn clothes, shattered bones, and bruised flesh, one hundred and fifty feet below on the cruel granite.

Perhaps we may say it was not quite so bad as that. The man had said his *sap* before he was maddened by imprisonment, and his words lived, and are bearing fruit a thousandfold. Let us hope for the best. Although those who maddened this poor fellow, while they should have conciliated him and taught him reason, have not much right to expect much, yet we may hope that there is some place for them. Will Monsieur and Madame have the goodness to look over the parapet? It was down there where he fell. Monsieur and Madame do so, and ask to see the cloisters.

Two people have told me, in effect, that the cloisters at Mont St. Michel are the finest in Europe, and both of those people were more able to judge than nine people out of ten. Mr. Murray's gentleman—surely a cautious and non-sensational gentleman—mentions them as “a gem of Gothic architecture,” and describes them uncommonly well, as any one can read by referring to “Murray's France.” We did not measure them; but by taking into consideration the difference between the old French *pied* and the *pied métrique*, one does not say anything very far from the truth when one says they are, roughly speaking, *nearly* one hundred feet square. I will try to describe the row of open arches which divide the flags of the cloister from the friars' quadrangle: they are delicate little pointed arches, a trifle, I think, flatter than

those we know as Early English, and they rest on delicate granite pillars. There are two rows of them between you and the quadrangle outside, and these two separate rows of arches are about three feet apart; but, although parallel, not coincident. So that when you are alongside of any one of these hundred and twenty arches, the inside tier does not correspond with the outside tier. At the arch opposite to you, you find that the pillar of the outside arch exactly fits into the point of the inside arch, and then, looking down the line of arches, you find such a graduated and systematic complication of angles, lights, and shadows, that you begin to think of the old dull days of Algebra, of your permutations and combinations. The colouring of this great gem is a dim grey-blue. Those who care about the details of ornamentation may care to hear that the spandrels of the arches are so exquisitely ornamented with copies of vegetation in a bluish limestone, that the like of it is not to be found in Europe; and that the Emperor, as I understood, was having them photographed, or copied in some way or another. But then the Emperor does everything, as far as I could find out, and does everything uncommonly well too. What a capital thing it would be for France if he were immortal, and would never die!

The church is a fine church enough, in a splendid position. Its situation is probably its highest recommendation to a traveller, because here in Normandy one gets rather spoilt with churches. Coutances, St. Ouen at Rouen (not seen on this tour, but remembered), the bouquet of exquisite churches at Caen, and, last but by no means least, the stone ribs of Bayeux, which leap towards heaven, pause, and soar again; all these churches rather spoil one for a merely fine church, like that which crowns the rock of St. Michel, four hundred feet above the sea. And the priests, with their usual sweet taste, have hung it all over with hideous calico banners, which has the effect of completely astonishing an ordinary

protestant traveller. If they were put up there for the mortification of the flesh, their object is accomplished; if for the purpose of artistic ornamentation, I should suggest a consultation with our own Owen Jones, or with Geoffrey St. Hilaire; if on purely religious grounds, I bow my head, and have nothing more to say,—beyond this, that the sooner they are taken down the better.

The church was restored by convicts, and looks very much as if it had been. It has been scraped so very clean. The convicts seem to have thought that the dirt was their allowance of meat and the church was the bone, they have scraped it so clean. However, in spite of the priests' calico banners and convicts' scraping, the church is a noble church, and so we leave it and Mont St. Michel: hoping that we have given no offence to the good priests.

Getting once more on to the sands, one notices a long dike of rough stone, running through the sands, straight towards Pontorson. This is the boundary of the river Cuesnon inscribed on the Bayeux Tapestry. The "Editor" of the Bayeux tapestry—I say "Editor," because in these days the safe position for any man who dares trust himself to even an allusion to history, is to deny utterly every position, of every person who has ever committed himself to history, and so stand impregnable: on which ground, I follow those who deny that Matilda did the Bayeux tapestry at all:—the Editor of the Bayeux tapestry, the anonymous sempstress, has done a very neat piece of journalism about this very place. If you will carefully study the Bayeux tapestry through a long afternoon, you will, I think, be unable to form any other conclusion than that it is, what the Americans would call, a great editorial. It is all so dead against Harold. One really begins to suspect that Matilda did it after all, though one would not commit oneself to it for an instant.

And so feeling that I have had to make the reader dimly appreciate the

beauty of Mont St. Michel and have utterly failed, I leave it. Dol is the next place which claims one's attention. Harold accompanied William across the sands from Mont St. Michel to Dol; as may be seen by the Bayeux tapestry. William's army got into the quick-sands, and Harold was most officious in getting them out of them,—a circumstance which has been in a sly way twisted against Harold by the editor of the Bayeux tapestry. The same incident was used in a singular way, a thousand years later, by a gentleman who has left off funning to the great loss of that part of this generation who care for real humour, and who are unable to laugh at "slap bang:" I mean Mr. Richard Doyle. When the Prince de Joinville proposed a new invasion of England, he was ready with his Bayeux tapestry in "Punch." He reproduced this scene in his comical little wood-engravings, as "Mishaps on ye wooden pavement." I suppose we used to laugh too much in those days, for we laughed enough at that. But we are all getting older; and besides, the temptation is removed.

Those who wish for "Scenery" will get none on this route. There are no mountains, and the whole country consists of little fields, so closely packed in by great hedge-rows, so closely timbered with poplar, that the whole country looks like a vast woodland. The agriculture has not developed since Arthur Young's time. There is nothing grown but a little flax, a little tobacco, and buckwheat. I turned to my Arthur Young, expecting to find the country denounced. It was apparently below his contempt then, and it cannot have improved now, simply because it could never have been worse.

And so we arrive, on this cheap tour of ours, at the entrance to Dol. You walk over blood and corpses in approaching this place. Here the Vendéans beat back the Republicans, and gained their last real victory. Let us look at this place,—the battle-field of two armies of fools, the battle-field of two armies of giants.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THERE ought, I think, to be some sort of Statute of Limitations about International Exhibitions. They serve as landmarks in the records of social life of an unpleasant kind. I observe already that ladies of a certain—or uncertain—age are beginning to repudiate all recollection of that first and fairest of the series, which sixteen years ago owed its beauty to the genius of a sometime English gardener. Yet, though their memory is short in this respect, mine is long; and I can remember strolling, with some of those of whom I speak, up and down the leaf-arched nave, and crushing by the side of others into the cage where the Koh-i-noor glittered in its glory. From these recollections I can form positive conclusions as to the dates of these ladies' baptismal certificates which might possibly not be coinciding with the received and current opinion to which they are understood to have given their sanction. So in like manner I am afraid, if ever the weak desire of concealing my years should grow upon me, the fact, that I knew the old Glass Palace well, will be brought up in judgment against me. It is all very well now, but ten, twenty, thirty years hence, the survivors of those who visited the first building will not perhaps be over-eager to recall their reminiscences of its glories. If we are to have exhibitions at the intervals of every decade or so, we shall possibly grow to think that poor old Colonel Sibthorpe was not quite so mad as we fancied at the time, when he waged deadly war against the late Prince Consort's hobby.

Sixteen years is not a long time ago. And yet the world has changed oddly, in many ways, since the May-day when the Queen opened the show which it was the fashion to call the Palace of Labour. Even so late as then, the

sort of humanitarian liberalism, which Carlyle did so much to crush, still reigned in the press, and to a considerable degree in society. If you look back to the papers of those days, you will find them filled with rhapsodies on the brotherhood of the nations inaugurated by this festival in honour of labour; you will see glorifications of the victory of the pen over the sword, of the spindle over the bayonet; you will see a sort of tacit assumption that the era of war was coming to an end, and that, in the words of a song very popular in those bygone days, there was "a good time coming." At that time the *Saturday Review* was not; and *Punch* still bore the impress of the Douglas Jerrold school; and even the *Times* opened its columns to "gushing" effusions on the progress of humanity. We have changed all that; whether we have improved it all I am not equally sure. No doubt, the Palace of Industry did not usher in a millennium of peace. Since 1851 we have had three great European wars; and, if I could credit the rumours I hear here at Paris on every side, I should say we were on the eve of another war exceeding all its predecessors in cost and magnitude. Sixteen years ago it would have been thought a kind of sacrilege to admit an implement of destruction within the walls of the temple dedicated to the arts of peace. Now-a-days, needle-guns, canons rayés, Minié rifles, Whitworths, Armstrongs, Dahlgrens, Cavalli guns, and all the other ingenious contrivances by which the maximum of human life can be destroyed in the minimum of time, are awarded places of honour in our industrial shows. And this fact seems to me to symbolize the change from 1851 to 1867. It is not everybody who at all times can share Galileo's confidence,

and be so very sure that the world does move indeed. However, if, thinking on the contrast between the promise and the performance of international exhibitions, you half incline to the French cynic's creed, that the only thing immortal in the universe is "la bêtise humaine," you may derive consolation from the thought that in some respects we are not quite so foolish as we were in the year of grace 1851. It seems almost incredible now that at that date Englishmen, not insane in other respects, seriously imagined that the assemblage of an unwontedly large number of foreign tourists in London might be fraught with danger to the British constitution; that precautions were taken and troops collected about the metropolis to guard against some undefined and unknown peril. I wonder whether any of my readers recollect that a certain amount of public uneasiness was created during April 1851, by London being placarded over with bills announcing that "on the 1st of May the Jay would speak." I believe the Jay turned out to be a new paper, which, if it ever spoke at all, spoke so feebly as to die unheard; but at the time the notice was thought to be a sort of rallying cry for the firebrands of the universe. Since then, I think, honestly, European nations have grown to know more about each other; and, if exhibitions have not done away with war, they have modified those instinctive dislikes which the different peoples of Europe entertained towards each other.

One of the fashions of the day in England is to vote exhibitions a bore. Yet somehow everybody goes to them under protest; and I suspect our countrymen will flock to Paris notwithstanding all their declarations that they are sick of the very name of an exhibition. Just about the time this number of *Macmillan* commences its thirty days of life would be the ideal period for a visit to the French Exhibition. As far as my experience extends, I should say the great majority of English tourists know very little of the true beauty of Lutetia. We English folk, with our

passion for property, like to have a sort of vested interest even in the foreign spots we visit for pleasure. We have, as it were, annexed Switzerland; and talk about it as if we were the sole discoverers, authors, and patentees of its mountains and lakes. In these Alpine Club days, the sons and daughters of Albion count every hour lost that they spend on the road between Basle and London. Personally, I know scores of tourists who have been abroad every year of their lives since they left college, and who have only seen Paris for a couple of days in the dead autumn season, when the leaves are brown with dust, and the sun bakes the parched, glaring streets. There are some subjects you cannot speak the truth about. When poor Lord Brougham hazarded an opinion that Shakespeare was an over-praised man, he had to make retraction in most abject guise. So it is not safe to speak about Switzerland except in superlatives. All I venture to assert, as a traveller who has seen many lands and many cities, is, that I know of no lovelier view than that on which you may gaze, and look, and gaze again, any summer evening, from the heights of St. Cloud and Sèvres; where the fairest of fair cities lies stretched at your feet, sparkling in the rays of the setting sun. Cities, to my mind, have a strange beauty of their own, not inferior to that of Alps and glaciers. And if you want to view Paris aright, you should visit it in this early spring-time. In that clear air, and beneath that bright, dazzling sun, the bloom of verdure is far shorter-lived than it is in our moist, cloudy atmosphere. But while it lasts it is as fresh and bright as if it had been begotten within the four seas. So, if my advice could be taken, I should say to any tourist upon travelling thoughts intent, Do not wait for the end of the London season, and the Long Vacation, and the regulation travelling time, when Jones, Brown, and Robinson set out to see foreign lands; but go to Paris now, while the French season lasts, and the green tints are on the trees, and you will alter

your traditional John Bull opinion about Paris being an over-rated place. And of all the beautiful sights there to be seen and meditated upon, I think you will find that not one of the least beautiful is the much-abused Exposition Universelle.

It has been the fashion in our papers to decry the building, as being an architectural failure. Our regret at its supposed failure has been tempered by a subdued satisfaction. It is all very well for us to acknowledge the superiority of France in all matters of art and taste, but we do not exactly relish the acknowledgment. I have always thought that, in spite of Virgil's famous repudiation of Roman supremacy in the artistic arena, the real way to flatter the public of ancient Rome would have been to tell them that, after all, their sculptors were not unequal to those of Athens. We may repeat with pride the "*Excudent alii spirantia melius æra*," and so on; but what we really like are not disquisitions on the empire over which the sun never sets, but statements that the Royal Academy is a higher school of painting than the "*Salon*," and that Landseer's lions mark an epoch in sculpture. So we learnt, without unmitigated regret, that the French had produced a great show building as hideous as if the plan had been selected by the Society of Arts from an open competition of British architects. Thus much we may honestly pride ourselves upon, that in what I may call the glass-shed order of architecture we have produced the only work of genius which the world has yet seen. Among all structures of the kind, the Sydenham Palace stands alone and unrivalled; and the French Exhibition, if judged by comparison with it, is a lamentable *fiasco*. No person on earth can ever make the immense blank expanse of iron wall that forms the outside of the building anything but unsightly. No attempt of the kind has, however, been made: if the walls had been run up, as you would fancy when first looking at them, simply as a temporary protection for some great building which was

to be constructed within the enclosed area, they could hardly have been barer or plainer. But, if you look on the Exhibition from an utilitarian rather than a sentimental point of view, I think you must admit no plan could be more admirably contrived for its purpose than that adopted on the Champ de Mars. The Greek cross shape on which all previous Exhibitions have been constructed appears to me to be ill adapted for a monster show-room. In the forerunners of the present structure we have had one grand central street of booths, and to that we have sacrificed everything. The courts in the back rows and the galleries were practically refuges for the destitute,—places where the poor relations of the exhibition family were stowed away out of sight. The "upper ten thousand" exhibitors who got stalls on the sides of the main thoroughfare monopolized the attention of the public. Moreover, the distances to be traversed between one part of the building and another were necessarily immense; and anybody who wanted to compare the products of different countries had to perform a series of intricate journeys, which almost always resulted in leading you to the place you did not intend to go to. Now at the present Exhibition there is not a foot of ground wasted. It is hardly necessary to say that it consists of a series of concentric ellipses, each inner one lower in height than the outer; so that if you could look down upon it from a balloon, I fancy it would have a sort of resemblance to a lath-and-plaster Coliseum. From one gallery to another you pass by a series of open passages, all converging towards the centre of the ellipse, the spot on which stands the temple destined to contain the crown jewels of France. If this description gives you any idea of the shape of the building—for my own part, I never met any written description of an architectural structure which did—you will see that you can pass very rapidly from one point to another. I have a very bad eye for distances, and the statement of the measurements of the Exhibition would

give me no very distinct notion of its size ; but I can say from experience that, if you walk reasonably quick, and do not find your path choked up with sight-seers, or, what at this time is more probable, with cases half unpacked, you can get from any point to any point within the building in five minutes' easy walking. No doubt our old form was infinitely more preferable for people who, either because they did not like the persons they were likely to meet, or because they *did* like the person they were with, preferred comparative solitude. In our Exhibitions there were deserted regions, out-of-the-way corners, empty corridors, where you might stroll about in peace—out of sight, if not out of hearing, of the crowd of sight-seers ; but in Paris there is nothing of the kind. As you go round and round the long galleries, you are always surrounded by the tide of visitors, always being washed against the same waifs and strays in the human current. For persons, therefore, who look on an Exhibition as a lounge, the building is ill constructed ; the only spot where you can promenade or loiter about is the central ellipse, which is surrounded by a colonnade open to the air. There you may sit and make an appointment with your friends, and listen to music ; and, I fancy (though of this I am not sure), eat ices and consume absinthe ; but, when once the summer comes on, the heat in this exposed space will be tremendous, and even at the best it is a poor substitute for the grand promenade of our central naves.

The very reasons, however, which diminish the value of the French building in the eyes of loungers who come to be seen and not to see, render it acceptable to exhibitors, and to the visitors who come in good faith to behold its contents. It can hardly be said that one place in the show is better than another for purposes of exhibition. I suppose the parts of the galleries adjacent to the main radii or "*secteurs*," as the French call them, are considered the posts of honour. But if you once enter a gallery and get into the stream of visitors, you are carried naturally

along it. And as you pass, unless you wilfully close your eyes, you cannot avoid seeing everything on your route. In our Exhibitions the public, either through the criticisms of the press or through its own instincts, picked out, before the building had been many days open, a certain number of courts or articles it deemed most worth seeing ; and, after this selection had been made, nine visitors out of ten confined themselves to the central promenade, only turning out of it at points which led to the few courts in request, being out of the grand row. But here in Paris you cannot pursue this Jack Horner policy ; if you want your plum, you must eat your slice of pudding with it. If, for instance, you wish to see the French and Spanish collections of pictures, you must perforce pass through the English galleries, unless you are prepared to make a long *detour* for the purpose of avoiding them. There are no staircases, everything is on the same level ; and no exhibitor can complain that nobody saw his wares because they were placed out of sight. If goods fail to attract notice, it must be not because they are not seen, but because, right or wrong, the public does not consider them worth looking at. So if, as seems likely enough, Exhibitions should become permanent institutions, I think the French will justly claim the merit of having invented the form of building which will serve as the model for all future edifices of the kind.

The limits of your space would not allow me to enter into any disquisition as to the merits of the different departments ; and, long ere this, the newspapers will have given you detailed criticism of the various branches of art and manufacture displayed therein. Moreover, I own candidly that if such disquisitions were required I should feel myself disqualified for giving them. I confess to holding, amongst many other heresies, a belief that, to form any judgment on a subject, you must have studied it professionally. I have no doubt that I am wrong. A friend of mine, who is considered a high autho-

rity on Byzantine architecture, acquired his knowledge of the subject, as far as I could ever discover, while engaged in farming a sheep-run in New South Wales. Another pundit, whose opinion is received as gospel on all questions of the comparative excellence of English and Continental culture, knows the Continent through a holiday trip or two to Paris. I am acquainted distantly with a gentleman recognised as the chief judge of letters, whose sole qualification is that he has written poems which nobody ever read. But in spite of these, and countless examples I might quote, I adhere to the belief that amateur judgments are of very little value on professional subjects. About plate, pottery, jewellery, upholstery, machinery, lace, tapestry, and all the thousand other productions of which classified specimens are to be seen in the Paris Exhibition, I know nothing, and, what is more, know that I know nothing. And, if I am to confess the plain honest truth, I am not unhappy at my own ignorance. I like pretty things, or, what is the same, things that seem to me pretty; but as to comparing one article with another, or trying to understand the canons by which their respective merits are discerned, all I can say is that it is not my line of business. How things are made is a department of human knowledge I have never cared about. I have always, on the contrary, felt that the derided undergraduate who, according to legendary lore, when he was asked how the walls of Babylon were built, answered that he was not a bricklayer and had no intention of becoming one, made a remark of a highly philosophical character.

Probably, if the truth were known, the vast majority of the visitors to this or any other industrial show are Gallios like myself. And I respect the managers of the French Exhibition because they have had the wit to see, and the candour to confess, that the public for whom they cater want to be amused as well as instructed. In 1851, and even in 1862, we went in

for high art and elevating influences. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham was created as a sort of temple to intellectual culture. Plaster casts of illustrious celebrities of art, science, and literature, with their names and dates inscribed beneath; models of antediluvian animals; collections of minerals; aquariums and galvanic batteries; dissolving views and scientific lectures,—were to be the chief attractions of the programme of the People's Palace. But the people refused to be charmed into thinking they were amused when they were not; and so, at last, dancing dogs, Christmas revels, fireworks, comic songs, Punch and Judy shows, and I know not what, have been substituted for intellectual culture, with much profit to the management and with much satisfaction to the public.

Profiting by experience, the French authorities have neglected no means of making the Exhibition pleasant to holiday folk who go to have a stare at the show, not to improve their minds by studying the progress of art. I think it will be found that they have succeeded excellently. In the first place, the eating arrangements are admirable. Within the building there are no refreshment stalls; but the whole of the outer colonnade is pretty well one succession of cafés, eating-houses, divans, restaurants, and beer-sellers. Casual French cooking is doubtless the best in the world,—that is, if you go into an eating place in France promiscuously, you have a better chance of getting good food there than you have anywhere else. But it is possible you may get tired of French drinks and French meats; and, at any rate, variety in matters of food and liquids is always pleasing. In this circle of cafés you may dine and drink in turn with many nations, and may really learn something of the much-neglected science of international cookery. You may eat real macaroni dressed with the Poma d'Oro sauce, and wash it down with Capri, as you would in Naples; you may, if so inclined, feed upon genuine sauerkraut, with unlimited supplies of frothy Bavarian

beer ; you may have kabobs *à la Turque*, whatever they may be, and drink real Turkish coffee with the grits at the bottom ; you may perfume yourself with the flavour of Spanish dishes pregnant with garlic ; you may scald your throat with tea made in the Russian fashion ; you may "liquor up" with cock-tails and mint juleps of Transatlantic brewing, and remove the taste by true Boston crackers cooked in an American oven.

But the real attraction of the Exhibition to the goodly company of idlers, who, I suspect, could outpoll those, who come to study, by overwhelming majorities, will be found outside, not inside, the building. Of all the summer gardens—Vauxhalls, Tivolis, Krolls, and Cremornes—which the world has known, this Paris pleasure-ground will be the prettiest. To every one who remembers what the old Champ de Mars was only two years ago, it seems impossible to imagine that the ground can be the same as that on which Paris has created its scenic city of many lands. All round the central building there is, as it were, a fringe of gardens, and conservatories, and châteaux, and flower-beds, and grassy knolls, and ornamental ponds. The dwellings of a score of countries are supposed to be represented by the different booths with which the ground is covered. Many of the original are known to me. I have seen American log-houses, and Russian villages, and Swedish farm-yards, and Magyar barns ; and, judging from the amount of resemblance between the originals and the models, I am disposed to be sceptical as to the houses in Japan and the mosques in Turkey being much akin to their fac-similes displayed in Paris. But

still, whether like or not, they are, one and all, very pretty ; and, indeed, the only structure on the ground which is positively ugly is a model English labourer's cottage,—a model which, I am thankful to say, could not be matched in England. Possibly champions of the doctrine that an industrial display ought to be of a grave and instructive character, will opine that models of Egyptian temples and Turkish baths and Moorish mosques and Mexican shrines do not belong, to use a theatrical term, to legitimate exhibition business. Possibly they are right, and, with the best wish in the world, I cannot find much to say for the theatres and dancing-booths and open-air concerts with which, when the place is completed, the gardens are to be adorned. Still, when the place is lit up on a still summer night, as it is to be, with thousands upon thousands of gas-lights, and the grounds are crowded with a motley multitude collected from many nations, the scene will be a picturesque one enough ; and will leave behind with those who witness it the recollection, so rare in life, of having seen something that of its kind was perfectly beautiful. I see that, in spite of enlightenment and scepticism, the great public is still passionately fond of the transformation scenes upon our stage, when glimpses of fairy land are produced with coloured lights, and spangles, and tinsel ; and so I suppose this taste for lights and colours and fireworks is imprinted somehow in our prosaic nature. This taste will be gratified on the evenings when the Exhibition gardens are thrown open ; and, unless I mistake the British public, they will like the Exhibition by night better than they do by day.

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BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

CELTIC SCOTLAND AND FEUDAL SCOTLAND.

BY GEORGE BURNETT, LYON KING-OF-ARMS.

In the four volumes forming the first instalment of Mr. Burton's work, we are presented with a succession of broad, bold, graphic sketches of events in Scotland, from the earliest age of which we know anything down to Queen Mary's abdication. A shrewd reasoning intellect and a large share of that uncommon faculty called common sense have enabled the author to take a far firmer grasp than most of his predecessors of the national and political life of Scotland, and the causes of its development. While some previous historians furnish us with a more microscopic view of individual transactions, none have been so successful in expressing the spirit of Scottish history. The style is graceful and flowing: we have much lively description, varied at times by cynical and humorous touches; and the materials are throughout so skilfully arranged, that the reader's attention can never flag, even in the most dreary parts of the story. Of partisanship there is none; Mr. Burton's philosophic way of looking at events raises him to an elevation far above the strife of parties. Occasional errors of oversight there are in matters of detail, as there will be in every work of the kind,—errors which, though they seldom materially affect the truthfulness of the

narrative, or the general view of events, are of course to be regretted in a book of such value; but, we doubt not, a second edition will soon give the author an opportunity of removing these blemishes.

It is to Tacitus that we owe our first gleam of authentic light on Scotland. He tells us how his father-in-law Agricola, marching into Northern Britain, won a decisive victory over 30,000 Caledonian savages at the Mons Grampius.¹ The Romans, however, in spite of oft-repeated attempts, failed to subdue the fierce Caledonians; and the dominion asserted by their walls and fortresses never amounted to more than a military occupation. South Britain soon became a civilized Roman province, harassed, however, with a troublesome northern neighbour, whose inroads grew more

¹ The more correct reading would appear to be Groupius; and Mr. Burton warns us against identifying the site of Agricola's victory with the hills on which Norval's father fed his flock. The name Grampians was bestowed on the range of mountains now so called at the revival of classical learning, on the hypothesis of their being the locality indicated by Tacitus. This certainly is not an absolutely solitary instance of such a reversal of the ordinary conditions of etymology; but we do not think with Mr. Burton that any very large proportion of modern local names in Britain have come by a like process from classical sources.

and more formidable as the Romans withdrew their legions, and latterly formed the subject of perpetual wailing petitions for aid from Rome. Picts, Scots, and Saxons are all particularized by Ammianus Marcellinus among the barbarous tribes that in his day were the terror of the provincial Britons. Of these the Picts were identical with the Caledonians of Tacitus, and had acquired that name from their habit of painting their skins blue to look formidable in battle—a practice common when Cæsar wrote to all the Britons, which had been retained by the northern barbarians after the usages of polished life had banished it from the Roman province. The Scots were a wandering people—"per diversa vagantes"—who crossed the sea from Scotia, *i.e.* Ireland; and the so-called Saxons seem to have been Frisian strangers, already attempting to make settlements on the British shores. In the middle of the fifth century the Imperial Government, pressed by home dangers, had to abandon Britain to its fate.

On the departure of the Romans, a continuous stream of Anglo-Saxon invaders poured into England, pressing northwards to the Forth, and westwards to the verge of Wales and Cumbria. They may, as Mr. Burton suggests, have reduced the later Britons to slavery; but, at all events, the two races became interfused in blood, and the Anglo-Saxons of the time of Bede were a mixed Teutonic and Cymric people, among whom the language of the conquerors had established itself, while the blood of the conquered people in all probability preponderated.

As yet there was no Scotland, in the modern sense. When we come into the dim light furnished by Bede and Adamnan, in the end of the seventh century, Britain north of the Forth was unequally parcelled between two races. One was the Picts, who were in possession of the greater part of the country, and still retained in Latin parlance the name assigned them by the Romans; the other was the Dalriad Scots, a colony of the same wandering

tribes of Ireland mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, who had crossed to the coasts of Kintyre early in the sixth century, and were now flourishing settlers, occupying the greater part of what afterwards became the county of Argyle, and keeping up a close intercourse with the parent Scots of Irish Dalriada. In the ninth century, Irish Dalriada having become disintegrated, the Scots of Argyle and the Picts became united under one ruler, the heir, it would appear, of both the Pictish and the Scottish dynasty. The united kingdom and nation continued for some time to be called Pictavia or Albanich, and the old Pictish capital of Forteviot continued to be its capital; but eventually the name Scotia, which had originally belonged to the sister island, became identified with Northern Britain. To the south of the Clyde, lying along the west coast, was the Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde or Cumbria, and southward of the Forth, along the east coast, was the Saxon province of Northumbria, also known as Lothian.

While the natives of Britain displaced by the Anglo-Saxons were admittedly a Celtic race, speaking a Cymric tongue, the nationality and language of the Picts, the people who from the Roman period to the ninth century or later occupied the greater part of Northern Britain, have been subjects of fierce contention among the antiquaries of a bygone generation. One party maintained that they were Gaelic-speaking Celts, while the other as vehemently contended that they were Teutons in language and race. The arguments hurled at each other by the assailants form a curious chapter in the history of misdirected ingenuity, and, excepting in the far-famed discussion between the Laird of Monkbarns and Sir Arthur Wardour, we doubt whether they were ever before so agreeably dressed up as in Mr. Burton's pages. His *résumé* is, however, rather a history of what the past age said or wrote on the subject than an examination of the question from the present standpoint of criticism; and we were scarcely prepared to find

him not only treating the Pictish controversy as still unsettled, but indicating a hardly mistakeable leaning towards the Teutonic side. To us the evidence seems overwhelming that the Picts of history were a people of more or less Celtic nationality, who spoke substantially the same Gaelic tongue that is still spoken in the Highlands. If we are to believe that the language spoken in the ninth century all over Britain north of the Forth and Clyde, except in one remote corner, was not Gaelic, but a lost Teutonic tongue, we must further believe, with Henry of Huntingdon, that that tongue had so utterly disappeared in the middle of the twelfth century, that not a vestige of it was preserved. That a small tribe occupying a corner of the country should in three centuries have been enabled, either by conquest or amalgamation, so entirely to impose their language on the rest of the country, seems incredible, and the more so that no conquest or revolution is noticed by any of the contemporary Irish annalists or Welsh or Anglo-Saxon chroniclers; the Picts, on the contrary, figuring everywhere as the more vigorous race, victorious whenever brought into collision with the Scots. The overwhelming proportion of purely Gaelic local names in the most lowland districts of Scotland is a phenomenon of which we have never heard any plausible explanation on the Teutonic hypothesis. In the earliest charters, all the names of places north of the Forth, without exception, are Celtic.

The physiological evidence is also very strong of the preponderance of Celtic blood all over Scotland. It seems to be admitted by anthropologists, as the result of a careful examination of ancient skulls, and an induction from those of modern nations, that the Celtic cranium is peculiarly elongated in form. In Brittany the prevalent type of head is longer than in Normandy, in Normandy longer than in the more Romanized or Frankish parts of France, in England longer than in Brittany, and in Scotland and Ireland longer than in England. In Scotland the heads are found to be

shortest in the districts where the Norse element most predominated.¹ A German head is almost round compared with an English, and still more compared with a Scotch one. Some of our readers must have experienced the difficulty of procuring a hat in Germany sufficiently oval to fit. Mr. Burton seems disposed to attach some weight to Tacitus's observation that the Caledonians were large-limbed and red-haired, qualities which that historian considered suggestive of a common origin with the Germans. But the value of the ethnological speculation is lessened by the fact that, to one who was not a close observer, the Germans of classic times possessed so great a resemblance to the Gauls that the name of the former was traced by Strabo to the Latin *germanus*, near of kin; and Tacitus himself remarks the resemblance between the customs, language, and religious rites of all the tribes of Britain and those of Gaul,—points of agreement which are evidently more important in his eyes than the points of difference.

Much has been founded on the mention by Adamnan of Columba evangelizing the Picts through an interpreter, which, it has been argued, would hardly have been necessary had the Scots and Picts spoken two closely-allied dialects of Gaelic. But it has been pointed out by Mr. Skene that there is nowhere any indication of an interpreter having been present at Columba's interviews with King Brude or his people; to them his Irish Gaelic was probably intelligible enough; in the only two instances where the interpreter appears, Columba is reading the Scriptures to unlearned converts, and the office of that functionary evidently is to render the Latin text fluently into the vernacular. The language of Pictavia doubtless survived the accession of Kenneth Macalpin; and we have a valuable specimen of what must be accounted Pictavian Gaelic of the beginning of the

¹ See an interesting paper on this subject by Dr. Daniel Wilson, in the *Anthropological Review* of February 1865.

twelfth century in the "Book of Deer."¹

One chapter is devoted to the pre-Christian religions of Scotland, and two to early Christianity. Mr. Burton holds very sceptical notions about Druidism. His ideal Druid is something half-way between the witch and the gipsy of later times, hardly attaining the dignity of a second-sighted Highlander; and it certainly requires a large share of faith to evolve out of the classical descriptions anything like the popular idea of a Druidical priesthood. It is urged, with no little force, that, if the Druid hierarchy had been the potent influence that is generally supposed, we should often encounter it in ecclesiastical history; whereas the only heathen priests with whom Adamnan and the Hagiologists make us acquainted are Magi, who have nothing in common with the imagined Druidical organization and authority.

Romanized Britain had been to some extent Christianized, but its Christianity died amid the disorder that followed the departure of the Romans. Ireland, in the meantime, enjoying the blessing of tranquillity, became Christian and civilized; and its Church, growing famous and powerful, sent forth religious teachers to all parts of Europe. Columba, one of the most eminent of those missionaries, resolving to devote his life to the conversion of the Picts, planted a religious house on the island of Iona; and from this beginning sprang the Scottish Church. Owing to the isolation in which the Irish Church had grown up, its constitution was somewhat peculiar. Monasticism was one of its prominent features, but a monasticism largely mixed up with

secular life. It had its bishops, but, unlike other bishops, they had no dioceses. The highest dignitary at Iona was a presbyter-abbot, whose rule extended over bishops as well as priests. When the Scottish Church came into contact with the rest of Christendom, no little scandal and many fierce contests arose out of the discovery that it computed Easter by a mode condemned by the Council of Nice, and was notably unsound regarding the shape of the tonsure.

Iona was at length brought to conformity on those weighty topics; and, when the ravages of the Northmen led to a transfer of the chief ecclesiastical seat to Dunkeld, it would rather seem that ordinary diocesan episcopacy was established there. In the twelfth century, when light breaks again on the Scottish Church, we find, co-existing alongside of the bishops and priests, various communities of ecclesiastics, called Culdees, the last degenerate representatives of the Iona monks, chiefly noted for their indolence, nepotism, and private wealth, who were presided over by a lay abbot, the proprietor of the abbey lands. They gradually disappeared before the Church reforms of David I.

At the date of the union of the Picts and Scots, Norway was the great maritime power. All seafaring men in those days were pirates; and a band of Norwegians, exiled by the conquests of Harold Harfagr, seizing on the Shetlands and Orkneys, made descents on the Hebrides and north-west coasts of Scotland. Fresh reinforcements of their countrymen followed them, and a systematic course of pillage and colonization began, which lasted two hundred years, and more than once brought a large part of Scotland under the rule of a Norwegian jarl. The eventual result of the Norse irruptions was a healthy infusion of Scandinavian blood, but in the meantime they produced a chronic condition of war and insecurity, which greatly weakened the Scottish kingdom. After the middle of the eleventh century the hostilities became more inter-

¹ The manuscript so called, recently found by Mr. Bradshaw in the University Library of Cambridge, is a copy of the Gospels of the ninth century, which had belonged to the monks of Deer, in Aberdeenshire, with an account in Gaelic, in a hand of the beginning of the twelfth century, of how Columba and Drostan came from Iona to Aberdour; how Bede, the Pict, Maormor of Buchan, bestowed on them the towns of Aberdour and Deer; and how the endowments and immunities of the church of Deer were augmented by succeeding maormors, chiefs, and kings.

mittent; but it was not until 1263, when Haco's great expedition perished from the fury of the elements, that all danger from Norway was at an end. The Orkneys continued under Norse rule till the marriage of James III. when King Christian pledged them to Scotland for 50,000 florins of his daughter's dowry, a pledge whose non-redemption seems to have converted Scotland's right into one of absolute property, though Mr. Burton alludes to the speculations of some international lawyers as to whether Britain might not yet have to restore these islands, were payment of Queen Margaret's dowry offered.

With the accession of Malcolm Canmore began a new era, in which the native Celticism was to give way to the Saxondom of the south. Indeed, the first step towards the de-Celticizing of Scotland had been already taken forty years before, when the Saxon province of Lothian came under the sway of the Scottish kings. The Norman Conquest of England, however, which occurred in the ninth year of Malcolm's reign, at once brought Scotland into contact with English social influences. The mixed Teuton and Celtic blood of the Normans had produced a happy union of the perseverance and deliberation of the one race with the acuteness and vivacity of the other,—a combination which admirably fitted them to be, like the Romans of old, a governing and organizing people. One of the first results of the Conquest was to drive multitudes of fugitives from England to Scotland—among them the exiled Edgar Atheling—who brought with them their southern ideas and southern civilization to the Court of Scotland. St. Margaret, Edgar's sister, was Malcolm's queen, and was a woman of talent and energy, as well as piety. An uncompromising reformer in Church and State, she held controversies with the clergy, in which, according to her biographer, she had for interpreter her husband, who was acquainted with the Saxon language as well as his own. Mr. Burton here inquires whether the language

called his own was Gaelic or Teutonic; we can see no reason to doubt that it was the former. The Saxon of Lothian could not at that time have been accounted a distinct language from that of Margaret. Even three hundred years later, when each dialect had run a separate course, the "quaint Inglis" of Barbour cannot be called a different language from Chaucer's English. In Malcolm's time it doubtless was that the Court language was changed from Gaelic to Anglo-Saxon. In the twelfth century, the languages spoken in Scotland are always enumerated as the Scottish, British and English, *i.e.* the Gaelic, the Cymric of Galloway, and the tongue of Lothian. French was occasionally added to the number, as it was temporarily introduced by the Norman settlers at the Court of Scotland, as at that of England. In Malcolm's time, and much later, the Scottish language always meant the Gaelic. A twelfth century treatise, "*De Situ Albanie*," published in the Appendix to Father Innes's Essay, "*On the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*," describes the river Forth as called "*Scottice Froth, Britannie Werd, Romane¹ vero Scottis watre.*" The early charters of the Scottish kings are addressed, "*Omnibus probis hominibus totius regni Francis et Anglicis et Scottis et Galwensibus.*" Even in the account given by Bower, of the "*Scotus venerabilis*" who, at the coronation of Alexander III. recited that king's genealogy, the "*materna lingua*" in which he spoke is shown by the context to have been Gaelic. We cannot regard the apparition of this Scotch mountaineer as the strange, isolated phenomenon that Mr. Burton would suggest. It seems to us that the reaction from the fashionable Highland mania of the last generation has carried even our best writers so far that they are reluctant to acknowledge the undeniable fact of the Scots having been

¹ "*Lingua Romana . . . maxime vero ita nostri vulgarem, et qua hodie utimur, appellarunt.*"—*Ducange*. The term is, of course, applied with less propriety to a Teutonic vulgar tongue than to French.

till late in the eleventh century a Gaelic-speaking people. After Malcolm's time Anglo-Saxon colonists from Lothian spread rapidly northwards, along the level line of the coast, and intermarried with the Gaelic people among whom they settled; and, as the Anglo-Saxon language and ideas were adopted by the mixed race, the older tongue gradually became restricted to the mountaineers, whose position shut them out from Saxon influences. Thenceforth the Highlanders fell into the rear of civilization. The maormors of Moray and the chiefs of later times, hardly owning the royal prerogative, set up a sort of barbarous mimic royalty; and the people took to a life of plunder, varied occasionally by a formidably organized descent on the lowlands. In the time of war with England, it was a favourite device of the English kings to court the alliance of the Highland chiefs.

An immigration of Normans, which very shortly followed that of Saxons, introduced into Scotland all the feudal usages which the Conqueror had established in England. The tie to England was drawn closer by the marriage of Henry I. to Malcolm's daughter, as well as by the residence of David I. at the Court of England before his accession, and his marriage with the Conqueror's niece, the heiress of Northumberland and Huntingdon. The high offices of State were almost engrossed by the Norman barons, who, sometimes by gift, sometimes by marriage with Scottish heiresses, acquired large territorial possessions. The two countries, brought into the closest contact, became daily more and more assimilated. Scotland, freed from all apprehensions from Norway after the battle of Largs, made rapid strides in social and material progress. Mr. Burton has given us a number of particulars from authentic sources, which point to the existence of an affluence and comfort very unlike the Scotland of a later date. We have every indication of abundant food, lordly tables, and a fair proportion of the luxuries of life. The Lord Chamberlain was bound to see that cooks prepared

their victuals properly. Flourishing towns existed, with large trading privileges. There were bridges across the principal rivers. Hotels and taverns were well-established institutions. Agriculture was carried on carefully and systematically.

All these fair prospects were suddenly blighted by the calamitous death of Alexander III. in his midnight ride at Kinghorn. The infant grand-daughter who inherited his crown died on her passage from Norway, and a succession disputed by distant heirs threw the country into confusion. Scotland seems to have turned her eyes towards her powerful and hitherto friendly neighbour to extricate her from her difficulties by arbitrating between the claimants. At that period the progress of feudalism had nearly systematized the law of succession; yet precedents existed, of no very remote date, of an ancient and looser usage, by which a brother might be preferred to a son of the deceased, or a near relation who was illegitimate to a remoter who was lawfully born. If any principle can be discerned in the succession of the Scottish kings before Malcolm, it is one of alternate selection from two different branches of the royal house.

The two candidates between whom the contest eventually lay were descended from Margaret and Isabella, daughters of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion. John Baliol was, through his mother, Devorgoil, the grandson of the elder daughter, Margaret; while Robert Bruce was the son of the younger daughter, Isabella. A tabular pedigree of the claimants would here have been very acceptable to the reader, and its presence would have preserved Mr. Burton from a few slips of inadvertence, such as calling Ada, Countess of Holland, daughter instead of grand-daughter of David I., and David, Earl of Huntingdon, son of William the Lion. A greater mistake than these mere verbal oversights attaches to the account of one of the competitors, namely, John Comyn, generally known as the "Black Comyn," in contradistinction

from his son, the "Red Comyn," who was slain by King Robert. His claim is set forth as derived from his mother, said to be Marjory, sister of Devorgoil, and aunt of John Baliol; and it is added that "he boasted, but in a shape that has not distinctly come down to us, of a descent from Donald Bain, a son of the gracious Duncan, who for a brief space occupied the throne. . . . But in the decorous and precise Court of the lord superior he could plead nothing but his descent from the granddaughter of Earl David, and this left him immediately behind Baliol as the descendant of the elder sister." Now Comyn's claim, as given in the "*Fœdera*," rests solely on a pedigree articulately set forth step by step from Donald, the accuracy of which there seems no reason to call in question; and this descent had doubtless much to do with the power which the Comyns then wielded in Scotland. If Wyntoun's statement be credited, that Malcolm Canmore was but the natural son of Duncan by the miller's daughter of Forteviot, while Donald Bane was legitimate, Comyn's was by no means the least plausible of the claims to the throne. The existence of the alleged sister of Devorgoil is disproved by the terms in which John Baliol's claim is deduced.¹ Wyntoun, with whom the mistake originated, calls her wife, not, as Mr. Burton does, sister, of the Black Comyn, while in another passage he correctly enough makes Comyn's wife sister of John Baliol himself, not of his mother.²

A prince of Edward's sagacity could but see at what an advantage Scotland's helplessness placed him. The assertion of a right of suzerainty was a device which the conditions of the feudal system had often before suggested to stronger states for encroaching on their weaker neighbours; and a claim of this kind could be made with the greater plausibility when, as in the present case, the weaker power was already vassal of the stronger for territory beyond its proper domains. Homage performed for the

separate fief could be represented as extending to the independent dominions: and, a state of vassalship being once established, some pretext would probably before long occur for declaring the fief forfeited to the overlord. Scotland herself had absorbed one or two little independent powers by a similar process. Edward arranged a meeting with the competitors, along with the nobles and gentry of Scotland, at Norham, to bring the matter to an issue. The proceedings were opened by a demand by the English king for an acknowledgment of his feudal superiority:—

"The bishops, prelates, counts, magnates, and nobles of Scotland had been invited to bring forward whatever they could to impugn King Edward's right of superiority over Scotland, but nothing to that effect was proffered, exhibited, or shown by them.

"After this follows a statement of moment. The community—the *communitas*—had within the three weeks given in some answer in writing, but it was not to the point. Though it did not seem to King Edward and his advisers to be to the point, yet would many people at the present day like to know what it was that the community of Scotland had to say against King Edward's demand, when the nobles and prelates were silent; still more interesting would it be to know who they were who spoke in the name of that vague *communitas*. There is little hope now of any such light. In fact there is evidence that it was convenient to keep out of view the fact that the community of Scotland had spoken out. The Great Roll of Scotland, as published in all the editions of the '*Fœdera*,' says nothing about it: and this shows that, if the notary who attested all the proceedings kept a note of this, it was excluded from the Roll deposited among the records of the Crown in England; and that, as no one can question, with design. At all events, we now know the fact that some answer was made on the part of Scotland to King Edward's assertion of feudal superiority. That this fact has but recently come to light is only too characteristic of all our means of knowing the truth in the great question it bears on. Transactions are profusely recorded, as if for the purpose of courting all inquiries into doubts and difficulties that might affect conclusions; yet one ever feels throughout all this candour that the truth is to be found somewhere behind, and that the abundance of punctilious record is devised to conceal it."

The word *communitas*, in its wider signification, included the whole clergy and nobility: but it seems here to be applied in its more restricted sense to

¹ *Fœdera*, vol. i. p. 776.

² Wyntoun, viii. c. 6, 218, 293.

the gentry or freeholders who did not possess the higher qualification of earl or baron, though forming part of the nobility.

The competitors had no hesitation in proffering their homage to Edward: it was indeed only on this condition that they could have expected him to help them to a kingdom. We are not sure but Mr. Burton overstates the case a little when he describes them collectively as "aliens, and belonging to a class of "aliens particularly offensive to the "people, of whose evil wishes regarding "them they were well aware." As in England the Norman and Saxon races among the upper classes were by this time completely fused, so the Norman nobility of Scotland had become intermingled in blood with the ancient gentry of the country. Bruce, whose paternal ancestors had been feudal lords in Scotland for nearly two centuries, had more Scottish than Norman blood in his veins. With the Comyns, too, Scottish blood seems to have preponderated, and they had been among the most considerable of the Scottish nobility for a century and a half, deriving importance, as already mentioned, from their representation of one of the Scottish kings. Baliol, on the other hand, although half Scotch by descent, was territorially English; and the remaining competitors, with one or two exceptions, were unquestionably aliens. We are, however, ready to admit that, notwithstanding this interfusion of blood, the families of the higher nobility of Scotland, originally of Norman race, who were in constant intercourse with the English Court, must at this period have had far stronger English leanings than the lesser nobles or gentry.

The much-contested question of the English suzerainty is treated by Mr. Burton with much clearness and impartiality; and we confess ourselves unable to come to any conclusion but that at which he has arrived, that Scotland had up to 1292 been an independent kingdom. The chronicle evidence that has been adduced for the dependence of the Scots on the Anglo-Saxon monarchy and on William the Conqueror has been

carefully entered into by Mr. E. W. Robertson,¹ and shown to consist wholly of interpolations and misrepresentations. Mr. Burton takes his stand on the broader and not less satisfactory ground that the supposed acts of homage belong to a period before the feudal relations which such a transaction involved had an existence in Scotland. He contends that Sir Francis Palgrave's ingenious theory of an Anglo-Saxon duplicate of the Roman empire, of which the English king was the Basileus, while the Scottish king's position was analogous to that of an Elector, if it ever had existed in the imagination of any English king, was unheard of and unacknowledged in Scotland, where no interference of England in the affairs of the country would have been tolerated. Further, had such a prerogative existed, it could not have passed to William the Norman, unless his conquest had extended to Scotland as well as England. In fact, William the Conqueror and William Rufus had in King Malcolm, instead of a vassal, a very troublesome enemy, who aided and abetted the enterprises of the dethroned dynasty, and acted in such wise that, had the alleged vassalship really existed, the fief would have been forfeited times without number to the overlord. One authentic instance no doubt exists of homage paid for Scotland to a king of England, but it is the exception that proves the rule. William the Lion having in the course of a raid into England had the misfortune to be captured and taken to Falaise, Henry II. demanded and obtained, as the price of his liberation, an admission of feudal superiority; and homage was then and there paid by William for Scotland. But, fifteen years later, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, by a charter to William, formally cancelled the concessions made to Henry, a release which was in itself a sufficient answer to Edward's demand: and it is further clear that Henry's bargain with his captive would have been an absurd and unmeaning one had the prerogative of suzerainty been already his. Moreover,

¹ Scotland under her Early Kings, vol. ii. p. 385.

the relation of a vassal to his overlord in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was a very tangible matter, involving many unequivocal tokens of subjection, of which William and his nobility had ample experience while the treaty of Falaise was in force.

But to return to the competitors for the crown. The real struggle lay between Bruce and Baliol. Baliol, grandson of the elder daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, had *primâ facie* a better claim than Bruce, the son of the younger daughter. But Bruce put forward a plea which deserves our notice, chiefly because it has been the means of misleading posterity. He averred that Alexander II., on the verge of life and despairing of issue, had, in the presence of the assembled nobles and clergy, appointed him, though son of the younger sister, heir to the crown in preference to Devorgoil, the daughter of the elder sister, who was then alive. On the strength of this plea, historians have taken it for granted that such a nomination did actually take place, and Mr. Burton brings it into his narrative at its supposed date. The whole transaction, however, can be shown to be purely mythical. Alexander II. was not in very advanced age, but only forty-three, when he had a son, born in 1241, afterwards Alexander III., the issue of his second marriage with Marie de Couci, which had taken place two years previously. Up to two years before that marriage there was a nearer heir-male, who could never have been postponed to either Devorgoil or Bruce, namely, John, surnamed Le Scot, Earl of Huntingdon and Chester, the maternal uncle of both.¹ There also existed all along a still nearer heir in the Princess Isabella, sister of Alexander II. and wife of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, who is mentioned by Matthew Paris as alive four years after her brother's death.²

¹ He died, according to the contemporary authority of Matthew Paris, in 1237, under suspicion of poison.—*Historia Anglorum*, Rolls Edit., p. 398.

² Matthew Paris, *Historia Major*, Edit. 1645, p. 581.

Baliol, in whose favour Edward's award was pronounced, had no sooner done homage for his new kingdom than both he and the people of Scotland began to experience what feudal superiority actually meant; and it was plain that the Scots would not brook to be ruled by a servant of Edward. The decrees of the Scottish king and parliament were appealed to the English king and parliament, and Baliol, summoned to attend, was treated like a contumacious litigant. Indignity on indignity was heaped on the vassal-king, till at last the lord-paramount, having succeeded in goading him into rebellion, declared the fief to be forfeited. He thereupon marched into Scotland, sacked Berwick, then a city of merchant princes, put the inhabitants to the sword, and wantonly destroyed their property. This done, he made a progress northwards, forcing a brief allegiance from the subjugated people, and garrisoning the strongholds with Englishmen untainted with Scotch influences. The shame of their position, and the crushing weight of a military occupation, again called Scotland to arms; but the brief deeds of valour achieved under the leadership of Wallace led only to new and overwhelming inroads of the enemy, terminating in the execution of the Scottish hero, with every revolting adjunct of barbarity.

Wallace's fate was, however, a blunder of the first magnitude on the part of Edward, who knew not what an untameable people he had to do with. The bloody trophies dispersed through Scotland, in place of enforcing abject submission, deepened a thousand-fold the already existing hate, and provoked an unextinguishable longing for revenge. Robert Bruce, grandson of the competitor, now threw himself into the cause, and found the country ready to make another effort to cast away its chains. The tidings that Scotland was once more in arms, and Bruce crowned at Scone, astounded the King of England. A mighty invasion followed, in which we for the first time find Norman barons who had taken part in the

revolt condemned to suffer the death of traitors. In the succeeding struggle, Bruce passed through difficulties and hardships innumerable, the country being meanwhile given over to slaughter, plundering, and famine, till at last the victory of Bannockburn sealed Scotland's independence, and restored to her a national life.

But while freedom had been achieved the country's resources were gone. Had quiet times followed, and an energetic ruler succeeded Robert Bruce, Scotland might ere long have recovered herself. But David II. was a child when his father died, and when he grew up he proved one of the weakest of Scotland's princes. Before the war of independence, many of the higher nobility owned large domains in both countries; and such of them as had sided with England had, as might be expected, forfeited their Scotch estates. These now rallied round Edward Baliol, and succeeded in seating him for a time on the throne. As the power of the Crown diminished, that of the nobility increased; and feuds breaking out among the leading nobles, kept the country in a state of civil war. Then there was a constant predatory warfare kept up with England in the form of border raids, the Scots making marauding incursions into Cumberland and Westmoreland, and carrying off what booty they could, while, as soon as the English attempted reprisals, they laid waste their own country to starve the enemy.

Regarding one curious episode of David's reign, the king's marriage with Margaret Logie, we find Mr. Burton falling into several of the mistakes of his predecessors. Margaret was not altogether so obscure or isolated a person as has been represented. She was a Logie, not, as generally said, by birth, but by marriage, and widow of the son of Sir John Logie of Logie, who suffered death in the preceding reign for a conspiracy to place Lord Soulis on the throne. She was far from young, had been at least seven years a widow, and had a grown-up son. Queen Margaret and her son headed a powerful political faction, at

whose instigation the Stewarts were imprisoned for a time in Lochleven Castle. The story of Margaret's divorce, and the subsequent decrees in her favour by the Papal Court, doubtfully alluded to by Mr. Burton, are confirmed by State-paper evidence; and such an ascendancy had this remarkable woman acquired over the Pope and cardinals, that after her husband's death she brought Scotland to the verge of an excommunication, from which it was only saved by her opportune decease.¹

On David's death, the crown devolved on Robert II. the first king of the House of Stewart. We have it on the contemporary authority of Wyntoun, that immediately on his accession the Earl of Douglas, assuming an attitude of defiance, brought an armed force to Linlithgow, and that serious mischief would have resulted, had not the Earls of March and Moray interfered, and pacified Douglas by contriving a marriage between his son and the king's daughter.² We are not told what the cause of contention was; in those days of lawless disorder, a Douglas bearding his sovereign, especially a sovereign who had but yesterday been Steward of Scotland, was hardly an abnormal occurrence. Had the rhyming chronicler known or believed that Douglas claimed the crown for himself, or that he did so in right of a descent from the Comyns or Baliols, this was exactly a matter on which, with his passion for genealogy, he would have been sure to expatiate. Bower, writing a century later, makes an addition of this kind to the story,³ which

¹ See Riddell's "Peerage and Consistorial Law," pp. 981, 1048. The only evidence of which we are aware bearing on Margaret's parentage is that of her armorial seal appended to a document in the Record Office; and it inclines us to the belief that, like the wife of Robert III., she was a Drummond. A line of Logies of Logie, apparently sprung from her son, terminated a century later in an heiress, also a Margaret Logie, who married a younger son of the Earl of Erroll. The heirs of this marriage eventually succeeded to the earldom, and the present Earl of Erroll seems to be Queen Margaret's lineal descendant and representative.

² Wyntoun, ix. c. 1.

³ *Scotichronicon*, xiv. c. 36.

assumes a yet more definite shape in the hands of the historian of the Douglas family. Hume of Godscroft, writing in 1644, asserts that Douglas claimed through his mother Dornagilla, sister of the Red Comyn, and daughter of John Baliol's sister, a statement which, though often called in question, has been repeated by nearly all subsequent historians, including Mr. Tytler¹ and Mr. Burton. That the head of the family which had been the mainstay of Robert Bruce, and afterwards the chief supporter of David against Edward Baliol, should lay claim to the throne through the Baliols as against the heir of the Bruces would be, *a priori*, improbable enough. There is, however, positive evidence to disprove the genealogy. The Red Comyn's great grandson and lineal heir, David, Earl of Athole, was then alive, and in him any claim of Baliol representation that could be supposed to come through the Comyns must have vested. The mother of the Earl of Douglas, instead of being the fabled Dornagilla, was Bearrice, daughter of Sir David Lindsay of Crawford, and ancestress, through her second husband, of the house of Erskine.²

Mr. Burton goes so far as to suggest that in the Baliol descent may be found the key to the power wielded by the Douglas family under the Jameses, a theory in refutation of which we may further advert to the now perfectly ascertained fact that the third and all subsequent Earls of Douglas were descended, not from the brother of the good Sir James, who was supposed to have married Dornagilla Comyn, but illegitimately from Sir James himself.³

¹ Mr. Tytler further suggests that Douglas had also a claim through his wife, the Countess of Mar, who was grand-daughter of Alexander Baliol of Cavers. This Alexander was not, however, as he supposes, John Baliol's brother, but, if connected at all, a mere collateral, who could not benefit by the royal descent of King John through his mother.

² Wyntoun, viii. c. 3; Lord Lindsay's "Lives of the Lindsays," vol. i. p. 84.

³ There is direct charter evidence to prove that the third earl was natural son of good Sir James.—*Reg. Mag. Sigrot.* ii. 56. Lord Hailes, though not aware of this, pointed out the im-

Genealogical considerations were, however, much mixed up with the events of the reigns of the earlier Stewarts. Robert I. had families by two different wives—Elizabeth Mure and Euphemia Ross; and, doubts having arisen about the legitimacy and right of succession of the first family, he made in 1373, with consent of the Estates, a settlement of the crown, calling the sons of the first marriage and their male issue first to the throne, then the sons of the second marriage and their male issue, whom failing, there was a remainder to his heirs whatsoever,¹ a settlement which, by the way, would have given John, Duke of Albany, had he survived James V., a preferable right to Queen Mary.

This entail of the crown did not, however, prevent intrigues in favour of the younger family. James I.'s jealousy of the descendants of Euphemia Ross probably led to his illegal seizure of the earldom of Strathern, belonging of right to Malise Graham, heir-of-line of the second marriage; and it was Walter, Earl of Athole, heir-male of the second marriage, that, in pursuance of his pretensions to the throne, organized the conspiracy to which James fell a victim.²

possibility of his being, as supposed by Hume of Godscroft, brother of the second earl.—*Annals*, iii. 263. Mr. Burton falls into another very common error in Douglas genealogy, in bastardizing the "Knight of Liddesdale," who was the legitimate representative of the branch of the House of Douglas from which the Earl of Morton is descended.

¹ Mr. Burton seems to have overlooked the terms of this entail of the crown, when he describes the succession as "adjusted to the hereditary line which genealogical lawyers say it ought to take without adjustment." This settlement, which all Scottish historians seem to ignore, is among the archives of the General Register House in Edinburgh, and has been printed in the Appendix to Robertson's "Index to Missing Charters." A previous settlement had been made by Robert II. in 1371 on the eldest son of his first marriage and his son, but going no further.

² One would have thought all dangers to the Stewarts from this source would have been at an end by the seventeenth century. But as late as 1630, William, Earl of Menteith, lineal heir of the second family, procured himself to be served heir to David, Earl of Strathern, eldest son of Euphemia Ross; and at the same

During the whole reign of the irrelative and unwarlike Robert III. as well as for fourteen years after his death, the real ruler was his brother Robert, Duke of Albany, whose talent and strength of will enforced some degree of order on the unruly barons, while his energy, well seconded by the Earl of Mar, saved the country from an irruption of Highlanders that threatened to reduce it to absolute barbarism. To the vigour of his administration it seems also to have been due that no attempt was made to assert the supposed rights of the family of Euphemia Ross, and Scotland was thus saved the misery of a second contested succession. Albany has, nevertheless, left a bad repute in history; and popular belief brands him with the murder of his nephew, the Duke of Rothesay. Mr. Burton speaks somewhat guardedly about this murder, which certainly rests on a slighter foundation of evidence than is generally supposed. Albany undoubtedly took a prominent part in the arrest and imprisonment of the heir apparent, a proceeding which may have been justified by the circumstances, and was certainly approved of by the king. Wyntoun, who was a contemporary of the event, mentions the Duke of Rothesay's death without a word about foul play.¹ Bower says he died of dysentery, "or, as others say, of starvation;"² and in another passage he denounces the Earl of Athole as the real instigator of the

time, probably rather from foolish vanity than ambition, solemnly renounced his right to the crown of Scotland. Visionary as one would have supposed that right to be, the idea of it so alarmed Charles I. that he insisted on a reduction of the service, which was set aside on the notoriously false pretext that David, Earl of Strathern, died without issue. The Earl of Menteith was degraded from the important offices which he held of Justice-General, President of the Council, and Lord of Session; and the greatest anxiety was evinced by the king to efface all vestige of evidence that the service had ever taken place. The representation of the family of Euphemia Ross passed in more recent times to the well-known Captain Barclay Allardice of Ury. He also claimed the Earldom of Strathern; but we never heard that his claim gave any uneasiness to the House of Hanover.

¹ Wyntoun, viii. c. 12.

² Scotchchronicon, xv. c. 12.

murder.¹ There was a parliamentary investigation into the circumstances of Rothesay's confinement and death, in which he was found to have died of natural causes, and a remission was granted to Albany and Douglas for their share in his arrest and imprisonment,—acts which, though justifiable morally, might in strict law be interpreted as treason. Whether Albany was guilty or innocent, the sensational details adopted in the "Fair Maid of Perth" rest on no better authority than the vivid fancy of the fabulous annalist, Hector Boece, who farther assures us that notable miracles were wrought by the prince's corpse, but ceased as soon as his death was avenged by James I.

Albany's son, Duke Murdoch, who succeeded him in the regency, had none of his father's administrative capacity, and under him the kingdom again relapsed into a state of unlicensed anarchy, which lasted till the return of James I. from his English captivity. James no sooner assumed the reins of government, than he showed himself resolved to put down the disorders of the time with a high hand. In this he was in great measure successful; but his own acts often showed too little regard for the even-handed justice which he would have had others respect. It is impossible to vindicate his execution of the unoffending Duke Murdoch and his sons,² and the arbitrary confiscations by which he endeavoured to break the power of the leading nobility. James's assassination was, however, not the act of the offended nobles, nor yet of Robert Graham, who appeared most prominently in it, but of Walter, Earl of Athole, son of Euphemia Ross, the rival claimant of the throne, who, craftily keeping in the background, put forward Graham as his tool.³ The foul deed excited universal

¹ Scotchchronicon, xvi. c. 27.

² The youngest son was not, as Mr. Burton says, put to death with the rest. He escaped to Ireland, and became progenitor of the Irish Earls of Castle Stuart and Scottish Earls of Moray.

³ The evidence of contemporary documents puts it beyond doubt that the conspiracy was organized by the Earl of Athole. Mr. Burton, while inclined to take the view above expressed, suggests as a difficulty that it was not

execration, and prompt vengeance was done on the murderers, the arch-conspirator Athole being executed with every refinement of mediæval torture, and with a mock crown of iron on his head, in allusion to his pretensions.

A long period of misrule followed : indeed the history of Scotland for the next hundred years presents an almost unvarying spectacle of feuds, struggles, and plots, the powerful of the land committing the most heinous crimes unpunished, and alternately making a tool of their sovereign and setting him at defiance. Four Jameses in turn came to the throne in childhood, and had no sooner arrived at man's estate than they were cut off by a more or less tragic death.

Most prominent among the nobles were the Earls of Douglas, who had revenues equal to those of the Crown, kept large trains of armed followers ready to obey their commands, created knights, and made a sort of mimic parliament of their baronial courts. They were for a time Dukes of Touraine in France, a position almost more brilliant than that of King of Scotland. Their influence, like that of the Hamiltons at a later date, was not a little increased by intermarriages with the royal house, which put them in the position of possible heirs to the throne. There was a high-bred chivalry in their character, that would not stoop to meanness or treachery ; and, if they at times over-awed the Crown, the Crown when it had the power was little scrupulous in

the way in which it attempted to get rid of them. The guardians of James II. with great show of courtesy invited the sixth Earl of Douglas, a boy of fifteen, and his brother, on a friendly visit to Edinburgh Castle : and, while partaking of the royal hospitality in unsuspecting security, the two brothers were seized, put through a mock trial, and beheaded on the spot. The eighth earl was in like manner lured to the Court at Stirling under the protection of a safe-conduct by James II. himself, now grown up. He came without misgiving, and was received with every distinction ; but after supper the king, breaking out into reproaches, drew his dagger and stabbed him. This murder called all Scotland to arms, to arbitrate between the Crown and the Douglasses. The king was victorious, partly through the aid of the Earl of Angus, a scion of the Douglas family, whose prudent adherence to the royal cause procured him a grant of the forfeited estates of his kinsman. The Earls of Angus were soon as formidable as the elder branch of the house had been ; but we miss in them the noble attributes of the Earls of Douglas. The fifth Earl of Angus, known in history as "Archibald Bell-the-Cat," intrigued with England to transfer the crown from James III. to Alexander, Duke of Albany, his brother, and headed two rebellions, the latter of which ended fatally for James at Sauchieburn. The reign of James IV. was somewhat less troubled than usual : the king dealt with the nobles with more tact than his predecessors, and the nobles lived in comparative harmony with one another. In the absence of external hostilities, peaceful pursuits were beginning to be thought of, and a period of prosperity, plenty, and comfort seemed dawning. But alas ! these fair prospects came to a doleful ending at Flodden : and in the minority of James V. the Douglas power was again nearly supreme. The sixth Earl of Angus, husband of the Queen Dowager, obtaining possession of the person of the king, filled every office of trust in the kingdom with his relations and dependants. James, at last escaping from his custody, swore that

Athole, but Malise Graham, grandson by a daughter of Athole's deceased brother, who would have been the heir had James been disqualified. The answer is to be found in the leaning which existed towards male descent in the royal succession, as exhibited in the above-mentioned settlement of 1373, and also in the settlement by Robert Bruce in 1314, on his brother and his heirs male in preference to his daughter. Further, if the infant James II. could have been got rid of, the entail of 1373 left no one between Athole and the crown except the proscribed and expatriated son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany. The execution of Duke Murdoch and his sons is said by Bower to have been instigated by Athole, who probably aimed at extinguishing the heirs male of Elizabeth Mure.—*Scotchichronicon*, Edit. Goodall, vol. ii. p. 503.

as long as he lived no Douglas should have a place in the realm; and he kept his word.

The violence and ferocity of the times were doubtless a direct result of the long-continued wars with England, which absorbed Scotland's resources too completely to allow her the means of social progress. Then the bulk of the population had been trained to fight the common foe under the banner of their chiefs; and, when a cessation of hostilities came, we need not wonder that they were more ready to turn their swords against the enemies of their lord than to beat them into ploughshares.

It is rather those who are the curse than those who are the salt of society that are apt to become prominent in a rude age: and we cannot doubt that, along with the feuds and contentions of which we read so much, there co-existed an undercurrent of virtue, happiness, and cultivation. The gentry probably led a more peaceful and civilized life than the higher nobles; and from the days of the disputed succession they were certainly more unswervingly true to their country's cause. The power of the nobles relatively to the Crown was on the whole rather beneficial than otherwise, being a wholesome barrier, and the only one that circumstances admitted, against a purely despotic rule. The burgesses had been from the days of Robert Bruce a branch of the *communitas*, though they had never been classed, as in England, in the same estate with the lesser barons: these last formed in Scotland a part of the estate of the nobles. After the war of independence, however, the burgess element had dwindled into insignificance. The towns had been burnt and plundered, and the unsettled state of the country was unfavourable to such pursuits as commerce and manufactures. In other countries we find the citizens taking up an antagonistic position to the nobility; but this was not the case in Scotland, where they habitually looked up to the nobles as their natural friends and protectors. Most of the towns had grown up under the castle of some powerful lord, on whom, or one of his family, the

chief magistracy was supposed naturally to devolve. In feudal Scotland there was indeed no contest of class against class.

It must not be overlooked how many practically useful laws were enacted amid the din of wars and conflicts. The peasant had a fixity of tenure bestowed on him, and acts were framed to check all sorts of feudal abuses. There was a strong wide-spread sense of the propriety of even-handed justice between man and man without regard to social status, not very comprehensible to the French knights that were occasional visitants, who marvelled at the recognition of any civil rights among persons of inferior rank. Mr. Burton directs our attention to a remarkable negative feature of Scottish legislation, that, while powers that could be put to practical use were freely conferred, there is not a trace of those merely invidious privileges and exemptions which tend to set one portion of the community against another. In the meetings of Parliament there was always a tie of common interest between the king and the estates, in the necessity for vigilance against the enemy: and the few parliamentary conflicts between the Crown and nobles of which any trace has been left generally arose out of a suspicion of the king being in too close amity with England. Mr. Buckle's notion that the Crown and nobles of Scotland occupied markedly hostile positions during the whole feudal era must be received with considerable limitation: something like this was at times the case; but many of the contests in which the Crown was engaged were less with the nobles generally than with the power of one particular family: and the disorders of the country arose far more from the contentions of one faction of nobles against another, than from those of the nobles as a class against the Crown. That a sentiment of constitutional loyalty pervaded feudal Scotland is shown by the unbroken hereditary succession of the sovereigns, notwithstanding the weakness of the executive: the heir of the throne, however young or feeble, was always acknowledged, in theory at least, as monarch of the country.

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ARTHUR DEALS WITH KRIEGSTHURM'S
ASSASSINS.

ARTHUR, with his two pleasant companions, James and Reginald, went pleasantly on southward past Coblenz, past Heidelberg, Stuttgart, to Munich, where perforce there was a little delay. Arthur was for pushing on as quickly as possible, and indeed grumbled good-humouredly at being taken so far eastward at all; but the boys were too strong for him. They had made the acquaintance of Kaulbach at the Apollinaris Kirche, and also in the Cathedral windows at Cologne; and they were determined to go to the home of the man whom, after Landseer and Tenniel, they placed as the greatest living master in Europe. They talked Kaulbach, and imitated him, Arthur, with a calm smile always in his face, laughing at them, and measuring their human figures with an inexorable pair of compasses which he had, greatly to their discomfiture.

"If you can draw the human figure correctly and rapidly at thirty, boys," he used to say, "you will be able to do as much as any Englishman, save six, can. Patience and work first; freedom afterwards. Nevertheless, go it! This man's right leg is longer than his left, but it will shorten in time. There are men at the top of the tree who can't for the life of them draw a man's legs of the same length. So go it. Who knows what you may do by hard work? You may be able to draw as well as a fourth-class Frenchman some day. Go it!"

They were thoroughly happy these three on this journey, and they took notes of one another to their mutual surprise.

Arthur took note of James, and came

to the conclusion that James was the finest lad of his age he had ever met. "It is not his personal beauty," he argued, "because, as a rule, handsome boys are a parcel of useless nuisances. It is not that he is a clever and brilliant boy, because in the first place he is not particularly either of those things; and if he was, clever and brilliant boys are more utterly intolerable nuisances than handsome ones. It is not that he is amiable. Amiable boys are as great a pest as any kind of boy; they are always in debt and in scrapes, and, what is worst of all, popular; and a popular boy will ruin the best school in England. And you never get rid of them by scholarships or exhibitions: they hang on your hands till they are twenty; and, when old Father Time gets rid of them for you at last, they leave their personal habits behind them as school traditions: Old Tom and Old Bob in these days are quoted as precedents in the management of the school. There is the memory of a popular boy to put a spoke in every new wheel you try to set turning. If I ever went schoolmastering again, I would keep no boy after seventeen, and would write to any boy's father as soon as I saw that he was getting popular. This boy Sugden has debauched that school; and I don't at all wonder at it, for he is really the finest fellow of his age I ever met. He will be quoted against the new head-master, whoever he may be, with effect. I don't know what there is about the lad; I suppose he is good."

Arthur, of course, never dreamt that he was his own nephew: only four people knew that as yet. May I call the reader's attention to this fact?—Silcote's extremely slight attentions to James had all taken place before Silcote

knew that James was his own grandson. Rumour, dealing with an unaccountable man like the Squire, had developed these few growling attentions into a theory that Silcote would make him his heir. Lord Hainault, surely a safe man, entirely believed this preposterous fiction. To worship properly the goddess Fama you must live in the country. She gets pretty well worshipped in town, at clubs and in drawing-rooms; but her temples are in the counties.

"Reginald," mused Arthur further, "is an ass. The only redeeming point in him is his respect and love for this peasant boy James. And the most unfortunate part of the business is, that now dear old Algy is dead it is more than probable that Reginald will be made heir. And he will marry that silly little brimstone Anne. Confound it! all the property shan't go like that. There has been sin enough and bother enough in getting it together and keeping it together. There is some sentimental feeling my father has toward Algy's mother, which will come into play now the dear old boy is dead. And he will leave everything to Reginald on condition of his marrying Anne. I wish to heaven that this James Sugden was a Silcote and heir.

"But I will not stand this," he added aloud, rising up and pacing the fifth room of their long suite of apartments at Munich. "No," he went on, throwing open the door and bursting into the fourth room—"I will be heir myself sooner. He offered the place to me once. I will hold him to his bargain."

Kriegsturm and the Princess never were further at sea than he was just now. His wits were somewhat got together by noticing that James was sitting upon the floor, and his painting tools were scattered far and wide.

"What is the matter, James?" he asked. "Why, I was just thinking of you!"

"I should hardly have thought it, sir," said James, laughing. "You have knocked me and my apparatus over so cleverly that I should have thought that you were thinking of some one else."

"Did I knock you over?" asked Arthur, earnestly.

"Well, with the assistance of the door you did, sir."

"I am extremely sorry, my dear boy," said Arthur, anxiously. "I was in hopes that these fits of half-unconscious absence were entirely gone; but I am getting the better of them, decidedly. This must be the very last of them. Let me help you to pick up your paints. You should not have sat so near the door, and I should not have opened it so quickly. We were both in the wrong."

"I sat there for the light, sir."

"Then you are in the right and I am in the wrong. I will make amends. I consent to go to Salzburg without further opposition: out of our way as it is."

"You are very kind, sir. I *did* want to see it so much."

James on his part noticed with wonder several things about Arthur. His irritability was gone; that was the first thing. Moreover, he never dictated, but consulted quietly with James, sometimes even with Reginald, and yielded easily. His old rapid vivacious activity had given place to a quiet contemplative habit of body and mind. He was, for the first time in his life, tolerant of inactivity, and seemed to like it. He was tolerant of trifles,—nay, began to be interested in them. James, for instance, got himself a wonderful waistcoat at Munich, which had to be altered, and Arthur took the deepest interest in the alteration. He began to talk to casual people at the *cafés*, and found them out to be the most wonderful people ever seen or heard of. He told James that gardening was a neglected art, and that he certainly should take it in hand as soon as he got to England again; bought Reine Marguerite and stock seeds, and packed them off to Silcotes to the gardener, with many directions, regardless of expense. He was going to learn to paint (under James's directions), he was going to shoot, he was going to fish, all quietly and in good time, with the best advice (as he

was before he went to Boppart, he would have consulted Blaine's "Encyclopædia" over night, and ridden a steeplechase next morning). At present his principal employment was the learning of military tactics, because "James had promised to take him to the war."

A change indeed: but what wonder? He was a man of keen vivacious intellect, with as much wish to enjoy life as he had when he used to run with the boats at Oxford years ago, when he, and Algy, and Tom were young and innocent. The doctors had condemned him to death; and he had got his reprieve. He was young, and had begun once more to love life and what life can give most dearly; and that new-found love had softened and changed him. James was painting away finely one day. Piloty and Kaulbach were to look to their laurels. The son of Mrs. Tom Silcote was not likely to be balked by want of audacity, or tiresome attention to such little matters as correct drawing. In three close days, James had produced a really fine historical picture (barring drawbacks, such for instance as that no dealer would have given five pounds for it, and that all the legs and arms were odd ones). There was no sky; but the Roman amphitheatre, with tier after tier of almost innumerable spectators, was piled up to the top of the canvas. Close to you, divided from the arena by a deep space of boarding, lolled the Roman emperor; fat, gross, and in purple, looking with a lazy drunken leer at what was passing in the scene below in the foreground. Behind him was dandy Petronius smoothing his beard, and looking at nothing; and others, not to be mentioned here, but with whom every schoolboy who has handled Lemprière, the first book generally put into his hand, is perfectly familiar. In the extreme foreground of this picture of James's were two boys, Christians, condemned to the lions, one about eighteen, the other about sixteen. The elder, with a short sword drawn back behind his hip, was looking at *you*, with parted lips, ready for battle, while

his brother cowered behind him in utter ghastly terror. Between you and them, on the sand, was the shadow of a crouching lion. *You* were the lion: despair and terror were close to you in these handsome lads; above them were the unutterable luxury and vice described by Suetonius (if he lies not) in the person of the Emperor and Sporus; beyond, tier after tier, the wicked cruel old world, which exists now only in Spain, and in the colonies of the Latin races which still exist in America; and which, since the failure of the Mexican expedition, seem happily in an evil case.

"That is very fine," said Arthur. "I give you credit for great genius. Piloty would have drawn better; but he could not have conceived better. Will you give me this?"

"Of course I will, sir, heartily."

"Now for some flake white and me-gilp; Roberson's medium, hey? Well, I am agreeable." And so, with flake white and Roberson's medium, he daubed the whole thing out.

"It was hardly such a 'bung' as to deserve that, sir," said James, quietly.

"It was no 'bung,'" said Arthur; "only try another subject next time."

"I learnt that at school, sir."

"Then forget it. You would never have attempted this picture if you had not come to Munich. Let us go on to Salzburg at once, and get your foolish will accomplished there. After that, mind, we go inexorably south-westward."

"I will follow you, sir."

"Change the conversation. What do you like best?"

James, very much alarmed after the destruction of his picture lest the old Arthur should have returned, and the new Arthur have been only a deceiving fiend sent to lure him to his destruction, replied,—

"That is a very difficult question to answer, sir."

"But you can answer it, surely, my boy. I only asked for what you liked best; surely you can answer that."

"Well," said James, speaking to the

new Arthur, "I consider Mayduke cherries as fine as anything. Speaking about this part of the world, I should say that the vanille ices which Reg. and I had at Aix-la-Chapelle, washed down with Bairischer, were as good as anything."

"Heaven help his stomach. Ices and small beer! You'll be grey at forty!" exclaimed Arthur. "How ill were you at Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"Not very. I felt as if I had been drinking out of the bloodhounds' pan at Silcotes, and swallowed the brimstone; but that was the waters. Also I dreamt for the next fortnight that I had stolen a sitting of rotten eggs, and eaten them: that was also the waters. Reg. shut up, and had the doctor."

"After the ices and beer?"

"Exactly," said James.

"What I want to get at is this," said Arthur. "You enjoy life. What is it which makes life so enjoyable to you?"

"I have no idea," said James.

"You must have some sort of an idea. You are not a fool. Think."

"Well," said James, after a pause. "I should say 'hope.' Hope of generally bettering myself: of rising higher some time or another. Succeeding in art, and rising to the position of having a house of my own—and—all that sort of thing."

"I want to learn how to enjoy life," said Arthur. "It seems to me that no one could tell me better than yourself. As I understand you, your way of enjoying life is to wrap yourself up in yourself, and think only of your own personal advancement. I suppose you are right. Yet I am disappointed."

"You are quite wrong," said James: "I have no self. All that I think, attempt, or do, is done for another, and she is alone, nearly friendless, I doubt, and for aught I know penniless. I——"

"There, no more of it," said Arthur. "I understand there is another, then. That is all I wanted to know; never mind sentimental details. You would not enjoy life if there was not a chance of some one else enjoying it with you. I have heard all I wanted. Now for

Salzburg to-morrow, for I want to get down to the war, and we shall be late."

They had been three days at Salzburg, when Arthur, sitting quietly in his chair and reading, had, like a vast number of other men in a vast number of other stories, his attention called to a knock at the door, whereupon he called out, "Come in."

There entered a pale, beardless man of about thirty-five, dressed in plain black. Arthur had time to notice that this man had very steady and beautiful eyes, before he rose from his seat and bowed deferentially to him.

The stranger bowed low also, and spoke in English, and not very good English either, using however the universal French title, as being the safest. "Monsieur, I think, labours under a mistake as to my social rank. I beg Monsieur to be seated, as I only come as a suitor, asking a favour."

"You have got a beautiful tender face of your own, Mr. Sir," thought Arthur, as he seated himself with a bow; "your wife did not want much wooing, I fancy."

And the stranger said, also to himself, "You are a fine-looking man, my pale, beardless priest. Twelve such as you among us would make twelve or thirteen crowns shake. Kriegsthum never reckoned on you."

Arthur began by saying pleasantly, "I am at your commands, sir."

"I understand, sir," said Boginsky, "that you wish to go south to the war. I come to offer my services as courier, factotum, valet, what you will."

"We never contemplated engaging the services of a gentleman in any of those capacities," replied Arthur. "We intend to go as mere happy-go-lucky Englishmen, see what we can, and imagine what we can't. I really think that we do not want you."

"I really think that you do," said Boginsky. "You are absolutely ignorant of military matters. I am a soldier, a general who has commanded a brigade; I will not at present say a division. I speak every language spoken in the Austrian army; you

certainly do not. I am safe by an Austrian police passport on this side of the soon-to-be-changed boundary; as soon as we are in Italy I am at home, Hungarian as I am, with the meanest man in the army. I am extremely poor, which is in your favour (unless you commit the error of paying me too highly, and so making me independent of you). I am very amiable and good-natured, which is in your favour also; I am (personally, not politically) quite desperate, which is again in your favour; and, what is more in your favour than all, I like your personal appearance, and you like mine."

"You tempt me," said Arthur, fairly laughing. "As a general rule, I find that this plain, outspoken boldness, with a specimen of which you have just favoured me, is the inseparable accident (to go no further) of a low rogue, who possesses the moral qualities of impudence and physical courage. You accuse me of liking your personal appearance. I confess it. I want, however, further tempting. May I ask, for instance, how a high-bred gentleman like yourself finds himself in this position?"

"You have not dabbled, then, with political changes, tending to democracy?"

"Theoretically, yes; practically, no," replied Arthur. "I have knocked together as many constitutions as Sièyes, if that is any use to you."

"Yes; but it is not, you know," said Boginsky. "In England and America, all that sort of thing may be done uncommonly cheap. Men in England, for instance, of the aristocratic class, who live by social distinctions, or at least get all their prestige from them, habitually take this tiger kitten of democracy into their drawing-rooms, and call it pretty dear, and say, 'Was there ever such a pretty, harmless kitten in this world?' When the tiger-kitten grows to a real tiger, and shows its nails, if they stroke its velvet pads, these men say, 'Out on the nasty, ungrateful beast!' and thank God that they are Whigs. I speak, I tell you fairly, as a headlong democrat,—as a man

who, whether right or wrong, believes that universal democracy is only a matter of time, and as a man who has sacrificed marriage, wealth, home, friends, position, for my idea, knowing well all the time that I should be dead and rotten in my grave years before my idea had become realized."

Arthur rose and stood before the man, and bowed his head in sheer respect to him. Here was a man with a faith; a faith which, unluckily, as he thought at first, brought a new Gospel with it; but afterwards he asked himself whether or no it was not the real old Gospel after all. How he settled this matter is no possible business of mine. I am not Arthur Silcote's keeper.

Boginsky went on. "I have said too much possibly, possibly too little. Let it go! You ask me how a nobleman like myself found myself in this position, and I answer by challenging you to air the mildest and most innocent of your Sièyes constitutions on the continent of Europe. You said also that you wanted further tempting; I cannot tempt you further. You aroused the devil or the angel in me somehow, and I have no further courtesies to interchange with you. I make you once more the offer that I should go to the war with you in a menial capacity. I like you and your looks, but I am getting weary of life."

"Come with us, then," said Arthur; "come frankly and heartily. We are rich, ignorant, and perhaps Philistine; certainly indiscreet by taking you, of whom we know nothing, except that you are a dangerous conspirator. Join us, not as a servant, but as a companion. We of course pay all expenses; and, as for any extra honorarium, you had better leave that to one of the Silcotes, possibly the most extravagant and open-handed family in England, according to their lights and their means. The bargain is struck?"

"Certainly."

"Then there is one other little detail to which I wish to call your attention. I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Boginsky."

"What Boginsky?" said Arthur, in wonder.

"The younger Boginsky himself. No other."

Arthur, who had been standing up until now, sank back in his chair and took up his book. "Come and take off my boots, General," he said. "Let it be written on my tomb, that he had his boots taken off by the most brilliant guerilla democratic general in Europe. So this is what continental democracy brings a man to! My dear Count, have you dined?"¹

"I really have not," said Boginsky. "But I have got so very much used to hunger, among other things, that I can well wait. After I have served your dinner for you, I shall be glad of the scraps."

"Don't speak to me like that again, Count," said Arthur, sharply. "I beg you to remember that there are such animals still left in the world as English gentlemen. You are our guest from this moment. If I have offended you by my coarse insular jest of asking you to take my boots off, I have only to say that it was, through its utter incongruity, the highest compliment which my stupidity suggested to me. Take my book, sir, and make yourself comfortable. I will go after dinner, and try to find out when my two erratic boys are likely to be at home." And so he went.

Boginsky sat, and began looking at his book, but not reading it. "That man is a gentleman," he said after a time. "And he will make a gentleman of me again. God help me. I have risen very high. I have given up every-

thing: name, fame, life, position, and the power of doing good, I fear, also. Yet I have fallen very low; I have taken Austrian money from Kriegsthum: and I have offered to be this man's valet. No man of the present generation will be alive to see democracy on its legs. Garibaldi goes for monarchy. It is very hard. The forty years in the desert shadowed it out to us. Frangipanni will see his will worked out; he will see Italy united under a bull-faced Sardinian chamois-hunter. But as for the poor democrats—I wonder whether we shall be conscious of what goes on after death. I *should* like to see the old cause triumph. But then again I would sooner die the second death, and be annihilated utterly,—cease to be, if that were possible,—than see it beaten. I am mazed with it all. Suppose we got it and it failed!

"This gentle Englishman is gone after his boys. I will read my book then: Edmund About. You will not do much for us, or such as you. Our heads are weary, and some of us are getting fierce. 'Sans compter le petit Mortara.' That is very good, and makes one laugh, though one wishes one's work was done and that one were dead. We shan't get much out of you French, at least if your opposition is led by Thiers, whose own mild democracy means mere French aggrandizement."

When Arthur came back he found him walking thoughtfully up and down the room. "I have something very particular and important to say to you, Mr. Silcote," he said.

Arthur was all attention.

"I wish to tell you, sir, to what I owe the honour of your acquaintance. From one reason or another I found myself, but a few days ago, in extreme poverty and considerable danger at Vienna; I accepted a mission to this place which gave me safety and a little money. I was commissioned to seek your *protégé* Sugden here, and involve him with the police."

"And you *accepted* this mission?" said Arthur with emphasis.

¹ This is bold, but not impossible. If the reader had seen the younger Boginsky where I saw him, he would know it: one says nothing of Frangipanni, still less of Napoleon at Ham. Yet things are distinctly better for unsuccessful continental politicians than they were. Mont St. Michel itself has become a sentimental show place, where idle contributors to this Magazine may get themselves shut up in dungeons, and, what is still better, get let out again by knocking at the door. In England, America, and, last and most glorious, in Italy (of all places in the world), unsuccessful continental politicians are *safe*.

"I do not look much like a deceiver of youth," said Boginsky, laughing. "I accepted the mission lest a worse man might be sent on it. But I would hardly have thought it necessary to speak to you on the subject had it not been that I have too much reason to fear that the plot against this innocent youth has developed into something much darker and fouler than merely involving him with the police; and that it is my duty to warn you against what may be a very serious disaster."

Arthur sat down and watched him intently.

"The man who sent me has evidently distrusted me, and sent another to watch me. Kriegsthum is losing his head, or he would never have made the mistake of sending a lad whom I *know* to watch me. Had I ever intended to carry out his intentions, this act of his of setting a spy on me would have absolved me from my engagement with him. Will you come to the window with me?"

They went. Boginsky pointed to a figure lying lazily on a bench under some linden-trees,—the figure of a handsome olive-complexioned youth tolerably well dressed, lying in a beautiful careless artistic attitude, with his face turned towards their house.

"That young man," said Boginsky, "is a young Roman democrat, known to me, although my person is unknown to him. I have gathered from him that he is commissioned by Kriegsthum to watch your young friend James Sugden, and to report on all our proceedings. He came to Vienna in the suite of Miss Heathton, the travelling governess of Miss Anne Silcote. He was abruptly discharged from their suite, because he was unable to keep to himself his frantic admiration for Miss Silcote. The man who commissioned him, Kriegsthum, has inflamed his mind to madness by telling him that Miss Anne Silcote is devotedly attached to this Paris apple of a boy James. The young dog is a worthless member of a good Roman family, among whose family traditions is assassination. Whether he carries

knives or Orsini bombs I cannot say; but he has a nasty dangerous look about the eyes. I only know that if I saw him handling anything like a black cricket-ball, with ten or a dozen short spikes on it, I should shout 'Orsini!' run down the street, and never stop till I got round the next corner."

"Do you mean to say there is a probability of his murdering James?"

"No, not a probability, but an absolute certainty," said Boginsky. "I rather think that I am included in the black list myself."

"If it were not for your shrewd face and your calm quiet eyes, I should think that you were mad," said Arthur. "This is going to see the war with a vengeance. But I cannot make head or tail of the story yet. What possible cause of anger can this Kriegsthum have against James?"

"Kriegsthum *inter alia* is right-hand man to your aunt the Princess Castelnovo. He was her confidant in some old political plots, and in other things of which I cannot speak to you, you being her nephew and a gentleman. She is devoted to your brother Thomas, and wishes to see him in possession of the family estates. Kriegsthum's interest is, of course, the same as that of Colonel Silcote your brother, of whom again, *as* your brother, I wish to speak with the profoundest respect. I only speak of Kriegsthum. Kriegsthum is apt to be unscrupulous at times (he could have stopped Orsini, but did not), and this boy, James Sugden, stands alone between the inheritance of the estates and Colonel Silcote. Consequently Kriegsthum wishes him out of the way. And so you have a noble young Roman lying on a bench in front of your door, with knives in his boots, and, for anything I know, explosive black cricket-balls covered with percussion spikes in his coat pockets. If he were to tumble off that bench now, and exploding his bombs to go off in a flame of fire, I might be pleased, but should not be in the least surprised. A British newspaper would

describe it as a 'remarkable accident,' and a British jury would bring in a verdict as 'Death by the visitation of God.' But I have suffered by continental politics, and understand them. That young man is dangerous."

"You ought all to be in Bedlam together," bounced out Arthur. "James Sugden the next in succession! Why, he is a peasant boy born near the park-gates! My father, who hates boys beyond measure, has never interchanged fifty words with him altogether. I am my father's heir. I, who speak, come into entire possession of three-fourths of the whole property at my father's death. I objected to the arrangement, but he has persisted in it, and I have a letter upstairs from my father's lawyer assuring me of the fact; written, I believe, by my father's orders, in consequence of some old and worthless papers having been stolen from his bedroom by his servants. The boy Sugden has no more to do with my father's will than you have, and the rogue Kriegsthum must be mad."

"There you spoke right, sir," said Boginsky; "there you spoke very well indeed. Our good old Kriegsthum has lost his head, and with his head his morality political, and other. I have feared it for some time; and I dread that what you say is too true. He has been going wrong for some time. His principles were really sound and democratic at one time, but he got debauched. He trimmed too much. I noticed, years ago, that he was in possession of the arguments of our opponents, and could state them logically,—a fatal thing in politics; then I noticed that he would talk, and even eat and drink, with aristocrats,—a still more fatal fact against him. It was followed, of course, by his taking to charlatanism, to table-rapping, and spirit-calling; and ended, of course, by his being involved with the great authors of all confusion, the Silcotes. Poor old Kriegsthum! He has lost his head by plotting without principle. Dear old fellow! I must write to Frangipanni about him. Frangipanni has a great deal of influence

with him. Poor old Kriegsthum! I am so sorry for him."

"Yet he compassed your death," said Arthur, looking keenly into Boginsky's face, and thinking, "I wish I had *your* face."

Boginsky, looking at Arthur, and thinking, "I wish I was like you," replied, "This is a mere matter of detail. Kriegsthum is a man who acts from settled rules. I interfered with his plans, and he wished me removed. You would hardly object to him for that, would you?"

"But," said Arthur, aghast, "if I interfered with your plans for the regeneration of the human race, you would not murder me, would you?"

"I?" said Boginsky, "certainly not. I hold that it is utterly indefensible for one man to take another man's life. I hold that the taking of human life in any way, judicial or not judicial, is the greatest sin which a man can commit."

"Yet you defended Vienna, and fought with your own right hand, and slew. Did you not commit the great sin then?"

"True," said Boginsky, "I sinned in defending Vienna, forasmuch as I took human life. But the virtue of the defence counterbalanced the sin of the slaughter of my fellow-men. Are you so insularly stupid as not to see that? Besides, it often becomes necessary to commit a great crime to practise a noble piece of virtue: in which case the greater the crime the greater the virtue."

At this astounding piece of logic and ethics Arthur gave a great gasp, and stood staring at him in dismay. He would fain have argued with him, but the heresy was too vast and too amorphous to begin on. There was, as he afterwards expressed it, no right end to it, no handle, and so it was impossible to say where to take hold of it.

"Well, there is no doubt about one thing, sir," he said. "We owe you a very great obligation, and will try to repay it. We will concert measures for our young friend's safety."

"We will discuss the matter, sir,"

said Boginsky. "Remember, only, please, that to compromise him here is to compromise me. Meanwhile we will talk over our route. I will undertake to keep my eye on the young Roman gentleman."

They talked for an hour, and decided to go towards Turin. The route was extremely difficult, which was a great recommendation.

At the end of the hour Boginsky took his departure to make arrangements. Arthur, looking out of the window, and seeing the noble Roman still on the bench, began dimly to realize that he was actually in foreign parts, and that this young man, with his potential knives and Orsini bombs, was not only a reality, but an intolerable nuisance to be at once abated.

"I wish you were on a bench in Christchurch Meadow, my dear young friend," he thought, "and that I was proctor. I have sent as good men as you down for a year for half as much. Hang it," he continued aloud, "I'll try it; I'll proctorize him. I will, upon my word and honour. If he shies one of his petards at me, I am cricketer enough to catch it. I never was a butter-fingers, though a bad batter. If he tries his knives on me, I will punch his head. I'll proctorize him!"

Whether to go close to him to avoid his petards, or to keep away from him to avoid his knives, he could not in the least degree decide. He ended by pursuing the old English (and French) method of laying himself yardarm to the enemy, and boarding him suddenly. He went straight up to our apparently slumbering young friend, shook him by the shoulder, and said roughly and loudly in French, which will be better given in vernacular than with his pedantic ill-translated Oxfordisms—

"Get up, sir! How dare you lie here? What do you mean, you miserable young assassin, by watching a subject of Her Britannic Majesty in this scandalous manner? I am a *civis Romanus*, sir, with all the power of the British empire at my back."

The startled youth staggered to his

feet, and put his right hand under his jacket.

"Don't attempt anything of the sort, sir," said Arthur, perfectly aware that he was in extreme danger of his life, but perfectly cool, and blundering between rusty French and proctorial recollections. "I shall permit nothing of the sort for a moment, sir. I shall write to your father, sir."

"Who are you, and what authority have you over me?" said the youth, with parted lips and dangerous eyes.

"That is no business of yours, sir," replied Arthur, running into English, which the youth, luckily, understood. "Authority, indeed! You will call" (he was just going to say, "You will call on me at eight o'clock to-morrow morning," but saved himself) "down the vengeance of Heaven on your head, sir, if you consistently and pertinaciously persist in going on in your present course, sir; and from a careful study of your character, extending over the whole period of your University career, I fear that such will be the case. Now you just take your hand from under your jacket, you murderous young cub, for I am a short-tempered man, and will give you the best thrashing you ever had in your life, if you don't."

The Roman did so, and smiling faintly said—

"Monsieur has some cause of complaint against me; Monsieur said he was a Roman just now."

"I am a Roman," replied Arthur, seeing he was wavering, in headlong heat, "in the Palmerstonian acceptance of the term, sir—an acceptance which I should be inclined to think would not easily be comprehended by a person of your extremely limited abilities, dissipated habits, and murderous intentions. You will go down for a year, sir, and I shall write to your father."

"My father is dead, sir," said the astonished and frightened Italian.

"That does not make the slightest difference, sir; it only aggravates the offence," went on Arthur, seeing that the habit of *scolding*, which he had learnt as tutor, proctor, and schoolmaster,

was for once doing him good service ; and therefore scolding on with all the vagueness of a Swiveller, and the heartiness of a Doll Tearsheet—"I am happy to hear that he *is* dead. It was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. And I respect him for it. If he could see you in your present degraded position, it would bring down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, which you will ultimately succeed in doing."

The last fearful bathos nearly made Arthur laugh, but made him get his wits about him again. The Italian said, utterly puzzled and abroad—

"What is it that Monsieur desires?"

"I have told you, sir ;—that you go away from here ; that you disappear from the presence of all honest men. Do you see that sentry there?" he added, pointing to the nearest. "Shall I call to him, and tell him the story of Kriegsturm and Silcote?"

"*Mais, M'sieu,*" hissed the Roman, seizing his hand, and kissing it, "I am very young. I am too young to die!"

"Too old to live, boy. Repent, boy! I spare your youth, and will not denounce you. Go back to the assassin Kriegsturm, and tell him that this night he is denounced to both the Austrian and Italian Governments ; that all his miserable plots are discovered ; and that you are the last of his emissaries that I will spare. He knows *me*. Tell him that Arthur Silcote said so."

The young Roman vanished from under the lime-trees, and was seen no more for the present, and Arthur stood scratching his head.

"I doubt," he soliloquised, "that I have been lying a little. I will put that consideration off to a more convenient opportunity. But Carlyle is right about his 'preternatural suspicion.' If that boy had not been bred in an atmosphere of suspicion, I never could have done anything with him by loud, self-asserting scolding. One of my St. Mary's boys would have laughed at me ; it would not have gone down with the lowest of old New Inn Hall men.¹ I

¹ I am happy to say that I speak of the *long* past.

could not have done anything with that boy if his conscience had not been bad. Well, I have got rid of him, though I talked sad nonsense, as far as I can remember, and—Heaven help me!—I doubt, lied. Yet the proctorial art is a great one : given the position, and if judiciously exercised. Bankruptcy commissioners, police-magistrates, and University officials are the only people who are left to keep alive the great art of scolding ; schoolmasters have to be civil in these days of competition, lest their schools should get empty—as some parsons must preach pleasant things for the sake of their pew-rents.—Hallo! Boginsky! I have packed off our Roman assassin over the Marches."

"How, then?"

"I proctorized him."

"What does that mean?"

"Scolded him till he did not know whether he stood on his head or his heels. Put out all my strong points against him, while he was condemned to silence."

"As the priest does in the sermon?" said Boginsky.

"*Exactly,*" said Arthur. "In the slang of my University, I call that proctorizing, and think it a very good thing too. You surely can stand to hear the law laid down *once* a week, however feebly. You have six days left for interpellations. But have you been much in Prussia?"

"Why?"

"An idle thought, not worth pursuing. An *English* University proctor can be very exasperating ; I was considering what a *Prussian* proctor would be like. I doubt he would be a Tartar. Well, now for the war. By-the-bye, I shall have to fight a duel with you."

"On what grounds?"

"My brother fights with the Austrians."

"*N'importe.* They will be beaten," said Boginsky, "and we will be gentle with them."

"Democracy allied with the Second of December!" said Arthur ; "you are a nice lot. I shall proctorize some of you."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PLENIPOTENTIARY ARRIVES AT TURIN.

As they four drove into the courtyard of their inn at Turin, in their roomy hired carriage, they saw a reeking horse having his saddle taken off, and a tall black-whiskered gentleman in a large cap, who talked consequentially with the landlord.

"Hallo!" said Arthur. "Here is some one travelling in the old style. There will be a swell arrival directly. I hope they have not taken the whole house."

"By no means," the landlord assured them. "It was the English plenipotentiary, travelling towards Alessandria, with the ready-signed preliminaries of peace."

"Wonder he don't go by rail if he is in a hurry. They will all have cut one another's throats before he gets there," remarked Arthur.

They were shown into a nice *salon* adjoining the suite of apartments taken by the plenipotentiary, only separated from theirs by folding-doors, which the landlord pointed out were locked on *their* side.

"I doubt we shall hear every word they say," remarked Arthur. "If we do hear any secrets of State, I shall unlock the door and announce myself. It is a great shame of the landlord putting us here."

"They will hear all *we* say also," remarked James; "and we by talking loud ourselves can give them to understand that others are within hearing. If they can hear us, they will of course at once conclude that we can hear them."

"I don't know *that*," said Arthur. "I have had such great experiences of human stupidity as an examiner, that I very much doubt it. If this man is an English diplomatist, I fear that the mental process will be too elaborate for him."

They were seated merrily at dinner, when a rumbling in the courtyard announced the arrival. Almost imme-

diately after the door of the next room was thrown open, and the great man entered,—English certainly, but not a courteous diplomatist by any means, and apparently with few preliminaries of peace about him.

At the first sound of his voice Boginsky said, "Now we will talk louder, then;" but, looking at his three companions, he saw that his three companions had laid down their knives and forks, and were looking at one another in blank astonishment.

A loud and familiar voice on the other side of the door thundered out,—

"I don't care. I repeat what I said to the fellow to his face. The whole business is the most preposterous clamjamfry of unutterable nonsense which ever was seen on the face of this earth; and my remedy for it would be to hang the two emperors and the king up in a row."

"But you *didn't* say that to the man, you know," said a bright woman's voice. "You were as mild as milk with him, and only began to rage as soon as his back was turned."

James jumped to his feet.

"I don't care whether I said it or not," said Silcote. "I mean it. And, since you twit me with it, I will go to his hotel after dinner and say it. Now!"

"Remember that you are abroad, Silcote, and be cautious," said the woman's voice.

"I am not likely to forget that I am abroad, my dear soul; the fleas keep me in mind of that; and, as for my caution, why you yourself allow that I did not utter the treason of which you disapprove, after all; and for your kind sake I will not."

"Why, that is my father," said Arthur, amazed. "Who on earth is the woman with them?"

"My mother," said James, radiant with smiles.

Arthur grew suddenly sick and faint. He filled out a tumbler full of wine, and drank it off, and muttered half aloud,—

"Mrs. Sugden! O Heaven, why

did I ever leave him alone! And so soon after poor Algy's death too! It is horrible. O God, forgive me my selfish neglect; forgive me my share in this miserable business."

Boginsky whispered to Arthur, "I fear we are in a more delicate situation than that of overhearing a diplomat speaking with his secretaries. From the petulance of both Monsieur and Madame towards one another, I should guess that they were just married, and in their wedding tour. Shall I strike up the Marseillaise? We must do something."

"Pray be silent for a moment," said Arthur. "See, here is another lady with them. I am going mad, and must be taken home straight and put in Bedlam."

For a third voice struck in here—a very pretty voice indeed; but, well, a little too fine-ladyish, the thing just a *very* little overdone. That voice said,—

"So you two are quarrelling again? The very moment I leave you two together you begin at it. What is the matter now?"

Arthur sat down again. "It was very like too," he said to Boginsky. "I fear my nerves are not what they should be yet." And Boginsky politely agreed with him.

"Our quarrels don't come to much, do they, old girl?" said Silcote, and Mrs. Sugden laughed.

James by this time was at the door with his hand on the key. Arthur gently put him aside, threw the door open, and found himself face to face with Miss Lee, in all the full majesty of her unequalled beauty. The meeting was a little more astonishing for her than for him, for he had thought of her when he heard her voice three minutes before. And in her utter surprise, in a second of time, there passed across her face a sudden expression; a little parting of the lips, a little brightening of the eyes; which told him all he cared to know. She was her very ladylike self in one moment, although the twitch of her hands towards him when she saw him had caused her to drop her hun-

dred-guinea travelling-bag, and made a *contresens*. He knew all that he wanted to know in this world, and merely saying to her pleasantly, "How d'y'e do! How d'y'e do!" passed on with outstretched hands towards his father, seeing by a mere look at the three faces that there were somehow or other brighter and better times in the house of Silcote than there had been for forty years. "If he *has* married Mrs. Sugden," he thought, "he might have done worse."

Silcote was very much changed, as Arthur saw in one moment. He looked so much younger, and so much more gentle. There was certainly an uncommon change in him.

"My dear father," he said, "this is a strange meeting."

"Very strange indeed, Archy," said Silcote. "I gave myself up frankly and freely to these two ladies to do what they would with me. They have done nothing but plot and conspire against me throughout the whole journey. I declare solemnly that I have never had my own way for one moment since we left Silcotes, and that their standing case against me is obstinacy. Now here they have laid their plans so well, that my own favourite son, whom I believed to be at Boppard, comes bursting in on me, with two of my grandsons, and a foreign gentleman, out of my own bedroom."

"That is not your bedroom, sir," said Arthur, hardly knowing how to begin explanations.

"Is it not? Well, I give up the point. I thought it was. I am still inclined to think it is, because I observe you have been dining in it. However, I have no opinion. These two women have cured me of all that. Now go and kiss your sister-in-law, for she has finished kissing her boy James."

"My sister-in-law."

"Ah! Tom's wife, you know."

"I don't know, sir," said Arthur.

"Don't you?" said Silcote. "It don't matter. Some of them will tell you all about it some day. They are going to the milliner's to-morrow to get some new things to go to the war with:

perhaps they will tell you all about it the day after."

"I daresay you wonder to find me in company with James and Reginald, sir," said Arthur, trying if he could get him to talk that way.

"Not I," said Silcote. "I am a perfectly resigned man. If you had been kicking against all sorts of pricks for forty years, you would find it uncommonly pleasant to get into that frame of mind. Bless you, the religionists have flourished on that secret for centuries."

"What secret, sir?"

"The secret of taking a man away from himself, and giving him peace in that way. Some of them have done it more or less viciously and artificially. These two good women have done it for me as well as any priest that ever was born. They have brought *me* back to the communion, a thing *you* never did. What fools you men-priests are! Not one of you seems to have the sense to see that in a perfect state the priests would all be *women*. You men-priests would be in a queer way without them; they are designed and made for the priesthood. They have quite enough intellect for the office without having too much. And a highly intellectual priest is a mistake; like yourself. And the women have faith, which more than three-quarters of you men-priests have not."

"You are none of you *quite* mad," said Kriegsthum once to Colonel Tom; "but are close upon it."

Arthur was deeply shocked. Yet his father's argument puzzled him somewhat. He as a priest had been a failure, and knew it. His father's argument, slightly developed, seemed to him to mean an extreme form of Romanism. Well, even the present state of his father was better than his old one. He changed the subject.

"My dear father, I will wait for explanations about, for instance, my new-found sister-in-law. But allow me to ask, just to start the conversation in a new channel, what on earth you are doing here?"

"My dear boy, let me first tell you

how profoundly I am pleased by meeting you again. I do not want to talk business to-day, and any explanations you may want you may get from Miss Lee."

"Ah!" thought Arthur, "so I will. But, sir, you have not told me what brings you here."

"Well, a variety of matters. The one which is foremost in my mind just now is to get hold of my sister, your aunt, and get reconciled with her and bring her to reason, for I fear she is going on badly."

"How so?" asked Arthur.

"From a frantic letter she has written to me, I fear that she is in the hands of scoundrels, and well-nigh desperate. Kriegsthum, her old courier, major-domo, go-between in all her idiotic schemings and plottings and follies, has got hold of her again, and he and Tom have drained her of all her money, and made her desperate, I doubt. My original object was a very different one: it may be carried out, and it may not. I wished to right the memory of my first wife. Whether I shall do so or not I cannot say. My first object now is to save my poor sister; it is quite possible that in doing the one thing I may do the other."

"I do not quite understand, sir."

"No, I suppose not," said Silcote gently. "I fear I have been a sad fool, and wasted a life. My dear Archy, I have one favour to ask you. Do not in any way mention to me at present a death which has recently taken place in our family. I am very sorry, but I cannot speak of it."

"I am loth to speak of it myself, sir," said Arthur.

"I see Reginald is in mourning," said Silcote. "How did he bear it?"

"He cried," said Arthur, "once when he heard of it, and once afterwards, James tells me, in the night for a short time."

"I scarcely did more myself, if as much. Remorse does not produce tears. Let us leave the subject."

"About my aunt, sir. What makes you think she is in these straits? Has she appeared to you?"

"Not at all. *Her* letter was only one in which she confessed a recent wrong towards me, prayed my forgiveness, and took farewell of me for ever. I should like to catch her at it," Silcote went on suddenly, and with energy. "I have had the bullying of her for forty years, and does she think I am going to give it up now? These two new ones," he continued, winking at Arthur, "won't stand it. You remember *that* for your soul's health and comfort."

"I will, sir," said Arthur solemnly. "You have had another letter about her, then?"

"Yes," said Silcote, "I have had a letter of nine closely-written pages; a letter which, following me to the continent, has cost me about nine shillings—from that cantankerous old busybody, Miss Raylock. She is dragging her old bones after Tom and your aunt to the war, and has got into your aunt's confidence. I am bound to say that she has written me a most kind, sensible, and womanly letter, on which I am going to act."

"She is capable of doing nothing else, sir."

"That woman has made thousands out of us, with her confounded novels. She has no powers of invention. She put *me* as the principal character in her first successful novel, and made her fortune. She has spent all her money in fancy cucumbers and geraniums, and now she is hunting my sister, for the mere purpose, I am perfectly certain, of putting her as leading character in a novel, and going to her grave with an extra thousand pounds in the Three per Cents. But she will be deceived."

"My aunt the Princess would make a good central figure in a novel, sir."

"No, sir," said the old man, shaking his head; "her folly is too incongruous; the ruck of commonplace fools who read novels will not have sufficient brains to appreciate the transcendental genius of *her* folly. Raylock will make a mess of her. She will be trying to find out motives for her conduct; and my sister hasn't got any."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE PRELIMINARIES TO THE TREATY OF TURIN.

"Now then, Mrs. Tom," cried Silcote after a long talk with Arthur, "dinner is ready. I can't live by talking nonsense to curly-headed youngsters, if you can. Arthur, my dear boy, take in Mrs. Tom."

"They have had their dinner, these people," said Mrs. Silcote, "and don't want any more. As for talking nonsense to curly-headed youngsters, you have been talking long enough with Mr. Arthur, and nonsense enough too, I don't doubt."

"That's a specimen," said Silcote, pointing with his finger at the radiantly happy, good-humoured, and kindly face of Mrs. Silcote,—"*that* is a specimen of the way they treat me. Go and take her arm, and take her in to dinner. When I was your age, *I* could eat two dinners. Miss Lee, your arm."

Arthur, who as yet knew practically nothing, went up to the woman whom his father had introduced to him as his sister-in-law: when he looked at her he said *sotto voce*, "By Jove!" She was probably the most remarkable woman he had ever seen. Tall, as tall as he, with grey hair, and a very beautiful face (described before), handsomely dressed, with every fold of gown or shawl in its right place, standing very calmly in a splendid attitude, and "taking him in, body and bones" (as he most vulgarly expressed it afterwards), with her great calm grey eyes. As he went up to her, it suddenly struck him as quite a new idea that this was James's mother, Mrs. Sugden, the woman who lived in the little white cottage at the edge of Boisey Hill. How she came to be his sister-in-law he did not inquire. His father was not likely to be wrong in a matter like this: that was the hencoop to which he clung in this wide weltering ocean of astonishment.

He took her in to dinner, and sat between her and Miss Lee. But this wonderful Sugden-Tom-Silcote

woman occupied his whole attention. "Heaven save me from Bedlam!" he said; "this is the woman who used to plant beans in a smock frock. This is the wife of the man that helped to fight the poachers on the very night that James was brought in wounded. Hang it, I can't remember it all."

He remembered, however, that on one occasion, the curate being absent, he had undertaken the care of the parish, just as he would have undertaken the siege of Sebastopol. And that at that time he had given this terrible lady in grey silk and white lace spiritual consolation, such as he had, and a shilling.

"Bless our family," he thought; "we shall fill Bedlam if we increase. Are you going to say anything to me?" he said suddenly to Mrs. Thomas.

"Why?" said she, calmly.

"Because I thought you were not," said Arthur.

"What shall I say to you?" said she, with perfect good humour.

"Explain matters, that is all; like a dear good soul as you look. My father's reticence is so exasperating."

Mrs. Thomas explained everything to him from beginning to end, while Miss Lee ate her dinner, drank her wine, folded her napkin, and put it through the ring: went on explaining, while she rose after having only interchanged a few commonplaces with Arthur, and left the room: went on still explaining until Miss Lee returned *tremendously* dressed, as far as extravagance went, but with wonderful quietness and good taste, with her bonnet on, ready for a promenade. The two boys had gone before, to see some regiments march out.

"I am going on the Boulevards," she said, in a cool and lofty manner. "You people want to stay and talk family matters, which are no concern of mine, and which bore me. The courier said there are three more regiments to march to-night: I hear a band playing, which must belong to one of them. I shall go and see them off."

"Are you going alone, my dear?" said Mrs. Thomas.

"Alone? certainly. I am used to

take care of myself, and perfectly able to do so." And with her splendid chin in the air, she certainly looked as if she was. There is no one more safe from insult than an imperially proud and handsome woman. Cads scarcely dare to look at her in the face, and the worse than cads know from their experience that the most they will get is furious scorn. No one knew this better than Miss Lee. She would have marched up coolly to the finest knot of dandies in Europe, and asked one of them to call her a cab; and have driven calmly off in it, with a cold bow of thanks.

"But the officers, my dear," once more interpellated Mrs. Tom.

"I shall probably try to get into conversation with some of them," said Miss Lee, with her bonnet-strings half concealing her beautiful proud chin in the air, "and consult them about the best way of getting as near the fight as possible. The King very likely does not go until to-morrow, and will probably review one of these regiments as they go; so I shall have a chance of seeing your fat hero. Well, good-bye. I shall be at home by dark, or soon after." And so she went.

Arthur still sat as if he had not heard her speak, sat for five minutes, and then rose and left the room.

Mrs. Thomas was a little indignant. "She gave him time and place in the most obvious manner," she said. "I never saw the thing done more openly in my life."

"I thought she wrapped it up pretty well," said Silcote.

"You thought," said Mrs. Thomas. "A deal you know about it. The way she did it was next thing to brazen."

"I hope he knows where to find her," said Silcote, drinking a glass of wine. "I'll be hanged if I should."

"It's lucky that your son is not quite such a stupid," said Mrs. Thomas. "She, with her marching regiments, and her King reviewing them as they passed the palace! Why, there!" she continued, warming, "as sure as ever you sit gandering in that chair, I could go at this moment, on my bare feet, and lay my

finger on that woman. She gave him time and place, I tell you, and I could lay my finger on her now."

"Could you indeed, my dear?" said Silcote. "I have no doubt you could. Still I think she wrapped it up pretty well. I know Turin, and she don't. I couldn't find her."

"I could," said Mrs. Tom; "I have only to go down into that street——"

"Without your shoes and stockings? You said you could find her barefooted."

"——and ask," said Mrs. Tom, scornfully disregarding him, "where the king was reviewing the soldiers. And I should get my answer, and there she'd be, and him with her. Don't tell me."

"I don't want to tell you, my dear. But surely this heat is unnecessary."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Tom. "She gave him time and place before my own eyes: and she was too bold—for him."

"It is all right, though, is it not?" said Silcote.

"Oh, it's all *right* enough," said Mrs. Tom. "But after the way he has served her, she had no business to give him time and place as she did. I wish it had been *me*." And she shook her head with deep meaning.

"Do you indeed, my dear? So you really wish that you had a chance at Archy? But you must reflect that you could not, under any circumstances, marry your brother-in-law; let me advise you to give up this newly-conceived passion for Arthur, and let him marry your cousin quickly. Two such dreadful tongues as yours and his would never have hit it off together, and more-over——"

"There," said Mrs. Tom, "one mustard seed of nonsense dropped in your way grows into a great tree of nonsense very soon. Do you know that you have to give an account of every idle word you speak? You run off into idle senseless *badinage* on the text of one single sentence or word. It is a silly habit."

"Yes, my dear," said Silcote. "As soon as you have done blowing me up, suppose we go and see the soldiers?"

She kissed him, and said, "You are

a good old man. I don't know how you ever got on without me."

"Very badly," said Silcote. "Come, let us jog out together and see this king and these soldiers, you and me."

And so this queer couple jogged out together to gaze and stare, like a couple of children, at the soldiers, the king, and everything else abnormal which came in their way. The courteous Italian crowd which made way for the strange pair only admired their *bizarre* beauty. Not one in the crowd dreamt that the life of a son and a husband was at stake, in that terrible hurly-burly so soon to begin to the east. And indeed they did not realize it themselves, any more than they realized how deeply they loved him; both believing that their love for him had been killed by [his misconduct. Poor fools!

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE KING COMES OUT TO MARSHAL THEM.

THEY were singing in the streets of Turin that afternoon. Groups of them were singing, war ballads, love ballads. Nay, not only were arm-in-arm groups singing of war, love, loyalty, of everything save law and divinity; but even solitary walkers piped up, quite unnoticed. Therefore why should not Arthur, with a good voice, not untrained by choir-masters, pipe up too? He did so, however. A spectacle and scandal amongst Oxford tutors and ex-proctors, had they only heard him; which they did not. An ex-Balliol tutor, singing out, clear and loud, in the streets of a foreign city, was a thing which no one was prepared for in 1859, and, to tell the truth, is scarcely prepared for now; yet he did, this Balliol man, at the top of his very excellent voice.

"I know the way she went
Past with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows,
And have left the daisies rosy."

The street was extremely crowded, but every one was nearly mad with good humour; and Arthur's handsome face

was so radiant, that innumerable people greeted him. "A glorious day for Italy, milord," said one. "Very much so indeed," replied Arthur. "We have the sympathies of England, if not her arms, on our side, sir," said another. "Our sympathies are in Italy while our arms are in Hindostan," replied Arthur; which was thought to be wonderfully neat and was bandied about: for it did not take much to please them *that day*. "Confound it," thought Arthur, "I am being too agreeable; I know I shall get myself kissed directly, and I hate it. But I can't help it."

All this time Miss Lee was sailing on before him, with her veil up, calmly, imperial, looking every one straight in the face, and speaking to any one who spoke to her. She attracted universal and respectful attention. Arthur was proud of her.

The great rendezvous was in the Grand Place. Along the street in which they were came a regiment of blue-coated, steel-helmeted, grey-trousered cavalry to join it. The enormously high-piled ornate houses were hung with the green, white, and red tricolours from paving to coping-stone, and the windows were thronged with frantic patriots, as were also the streets. It was a splendid and exciting sight; and, as they all went rushing along the narrow street in the rear of the regiment, Arthur's long dull days of sickness and loss of hope seemed indefinitely removed.

At last they came to the place of the spectacle. *Their* regiment was the last. Three regiments of cavalry and four of infantry were already drawn up; and there was the big-chested King himself; and there was Cavour, and there were Generals La Marmora, Fanti, Cialdini, —men whose names sound like the ringing of silver bells. Their regiment formed in, and the burly King began to move. Arthur perceived that Miss Lee had got an uncommonly good place, and then found himself face to face with Boginsky.

"A glorious day for Italy," said Boginsky.

"Threatens thunder!" said Arthur.

"And lightning," said Boginsky, who was in company with several "reds."

"How epigrammatic we all are!" said Arthur. "I myself have said the neatest thing to-day I have said for years. Why, this excitement would sharpen the wits of a mere horse," he continued artfully.

"Of a mere stupid horse indeed," replied the innocent Boginsky.

"Sharpen his wits so much that he lets the man get on his back. And now they both go away together to kill the stag. Will the man get off when the stag is dead, do you think?"

"The Emperor would never dare——" began Boginsky.

"Never for a moment," said Arthur; "no one ever dreamt that he would. He is at Genoa now, because he did not dare to keep away. He wants no more black cricket-balls studded with gun nipples, and percussion caps on them. I was not thinking of him."

Said Boginsky, "You puzzle me."

Arthur folded his arms, caught Boginsky's eye, and then looked steadily at the King of Sardinia, who was now within six yards of them. He took off his hat to the King; and as he went past Boginsky towards Miss Lee, he looked into that gentleman's face with a strong stare, which meant volumes. As he went he heard Boginsky gasp out,—

"He had better."

Delighted with the purely gratuitous mischief which he had made, Arthur got to the side of Miss Lee just as the King had caught sight of her. There was no doubt whatever of his Majesty's admiration, about which Miss Lee cared just absolutely nothing at all. She wanted a real good stare at the King, and she got one. If he liked the looks of her, it showed his good taste; in the perfect boldness of her perfect innocence it was perfectly indifferent whether he looked at her or not. *She* wanted to look at him, and the more he looked the more she saw.

Arthur, proudly laughing in his heart, whispered to her, "Take my arm," and she put her hand upon it. In one mo-

ment more, unseen of any one, his was upon hers, as it lay on her arm, and their two hands were tightly locked together. Not a word was spoken; what need for words, clumsy words, when their two hands told their tale so truly?

Silcote with Mrs. Tom went gandering about, staring at the soldiers and the shops, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. Silcote bought a large white umbrella lined with green, which took his fancy, and which he used as a pointer, to point out objects of interest

to Mrs. Tom; among other things, pointing out the King when his Majesty was not four yards from the ferule.

At last they got home, and heard that Miss Lee was home before them. Mrs. Thomas went to seek her, and soon returned.

"It's all right," she said; "I knew it would be. There, you needn't throw your umbrella across the room like a lunatic; though Heaven knows, my dear, that I am as glad as you are."

To be continued.

EARLY ENGLISH.

BY J. W. HALES, M.A., FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN an article that appeared in this Magazine in April last, a slight sketch was given of the history of the study of the English language—or rather of the neglect of it—down to the end of the last century. It was shown that, though a great literature had grown to adolescence and maturity, and though the country regarded this its noble offspring with much pride, little progress had been made in an enlightened investigation of the language in which it was expressed. That language was considered incapable of any thorough grammatical treatment. A rough adaptation to it of such grammatical outlines as were in vogue for the classical languages—these outlines themselves most meagre and unsatisfactory—was all that was given it—a few crumbs from the table of its superiors. No earnest, worthy attempt was made to discover its principles. Its general conduct—its external manners, so to speak—were observed, and the observations made were recorded, and styled rules. But the inner life of the language—the spirit that expressed itself in those external manners—this was not thought of. The classical Pharisee stood afar off from it—shrunk from contact with

so disorderly, indecorous, unmanageable a fellow—called him an "untaught knave, unmannerly, to bring a slovenly unhandsome corse betwixt the wind" and his nobility."

Happily, a time came when this Pharisee saw his error—when he no longer thanked God that he was not as other men, even as the Publican in the distance. He discovered that, for all the many differences that seemed to separate them, the Publican and he were brothers. And he abandoned his supercilious demeanour, recognised, and embraced him.

For some half-century ago there broke out as great a revolution in the world of languages as had convulsed the world of nations. The old *régime* was overthrown. The privileged class was abolished; claims that had long been suppressed won a hearing. Languages that had long held the seat of supremacy were ejected and dethroned. The rights of languages too were scrutinized. Then strange discoveries were made. Supposed aliens turned out to be near kinsmen; scorned inferiors were proved to be equals, or superiors.

With the rise of the science of Comparative Philology, by whose agency

this prodigious revolution was wrought, the study of language at last really commenced. The age of unsubstantial and unsubstantiated theory passed away. The age of induction dawned. Every language then at last acquired its proper dignity. Then at last vernaculars began to have a chance of having justice done them. We do not propose to trace here the history of this momentous advance. Enough now to say that Germany led the way, and that after a time England essayed in some sort to follow in Germany's steps. But England progressed very slowly. Even so late as 1835, a writer in the *Quarterly Review*—Mr. Garnett—finds it necessary to defend the new study. "We know," he writes, "that it is easy to sneer at such pursuits," (the study of German and Scandinavian dialects, for the sake of the light they throw "on the analogies of our own language and the principles of its grammar,") "and to ask, Who but a dull pedant can see any use in confronting obscure and antiquated English terms with equally obscure German ones, all which might, without any great injury, be consigned to utter oblivion? It would have been equally easy to ask fifty or sixty years ago—" and would at that time have sounded quite as plausible—What can be the use of collecting and comparing unsightly fragments of bone that have been mouldering in the earth for centuries? But now, after the brilliant discoveries of Cuvier and Buckland, no man could propose such a question without exposing himself to the laughter and contempt of every man of science. Sciologists are very apt to despise what they do not understand; but they who are properly qualified to appreciate the matter know that philology is neither a useless nor a trivial pursuit; that, when treated in an enlightened and philosophical spirit, it is worthy of all the exertions of the subtlest as well as the most comprehensive intellect." Then he replies to Dugald Stewart, who, "while combating the metaphysical conclusions of Horne Tooke, thought proper to speak somewhat slightly of etymological in-

"vestigations." Dugald Stewart had represented "the cultivation of this branch of knowledge as unfavourable to elegance of composition, refined taste, or enlargement of the mental faculties." He had maintained "that it is better in many cases to remain ignorant of the original meaning of words than to know it." He had described "philologists as a useful sort of inferior drudges, who may often furnish their betters with important data for illustrating the progress of laws, of arts, and of manners, or for tracing the migrations of mankind in ages of which we have no historical records." With such heresy—or such pestilent orthodoxy—prevalent in such high places as the Professor's chair, we are not surprised at the lament which the Reviewer subsequently pours forth. "Etymology and philology," he laments, "do not seem to thrive on British ground. We were indebted to a foreigner (Junius) for the first systematic and comprehensive work on the analogies of our tongue, and it is humiliating to think how little real improvement has been effected in the two centuries that have since elapsed. We have manifested the same supineness in other matters connected with our national literature. We have allowed a *Bavarian* to print the first edition of the Old Saxon evangelical harmony—the most precious monument of the kind, next to the Mæso-Gothic Gospels—from *English manuscripts*. In like manner, we are indebted to a *Dane* for the first printed text of Beowulf, the most remarkable production in the whole range of Anglo-Saxon literature; and we have to thank another Dane for our knowledge of the principles of Anglo-Saxon versification, and for the only grammar of that language which deserves the name. We have had, it is true, and still have men who pride themselves on their exploits in English philology, but the best among them are much on a par with persons who fancy they are penetrating into the inmost mysteries of geology while they are only gathering up the pebbles that lie on the

"earth's surface." In a note he excepts Conybeare, Kemble, and Thorpe from this censure. The influence, then, of the great revolution that has so mightily transformed and ennobled linguistic science, penetrated this country but slowly. The science among us is yet scarcely more than a generation old. Some of the great fathers of it are yet living amongst us. The Reviewer from whom we have quoted, and to whom the science owes vast obligations, rested from his labours but some six years ago.

But, undoubtedly, the progress made in the last thirty years has been considerable. The day, breaking when Garnett wrote, has brightened into a fair morning, which we hope may brighten on to a splendid noon. A more judicious, more thorough, more appreciative study of the English language has been fairly inaugurated. The old idols have tottered to their fall, and are falling; the old baseless traditions are being swept away.

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo."

Pre-eminent above all other workers of this welcome reformation must be mentioned the Philological Society. The papers read by its members—by Garnett, and Kemble, and Guest, and Latham—on the grammar, the origin, the affinities, the composition of the English language, have most especially furthered and promoted it. Streams descending from that source have visited and watered the valleys. Murray's Grammar, the old handbook, has been superseded—except in the dark places of the earth where the sound of the new philological Evangel has not yet been heard—by manuals of a higher type. The study of the English language has begun to occupy a worthier place in school education. Its utility, its independence, its dignity are being better recognised. It is no longer a sort of slave running by the chariot-wheels of the Latin conqueror. The rights and honours so long denied it are being conceded. The son, long disowned, is being at last admitted to his inheritance.

Of this most desirable progress in the

study of our mother-tongue there can be mentioned just now no better sign than the work that has lately issued from the Clarendon Press of Oxford, entitled "*Specimens of Early English.*" The editor, Mr. Morris, a well-known investigator of our language in its earlier stages, has done especial service and won especial fame in his explorations of our provincial dialects. The work just edited by him places the fruit of his researches within the reach of school-boys. It is not too much to say that its appearance marks an era in the history of English language hand-books. It consists of a series of extracts from the chief English authors A.D. 1250—1400, with grammatical introduction, notes, and glossary. The grammatical introduction deals with dialects too; the notes are verbal and dialectical. The text is taken from the best sources, and printed with the utmost fidelity; any variation from it, in the case of an unmistakeable error, is conscientiously recorded in a foot-note. In a word, the book is the latest and most popular result of that study of English, which, after so protracted a neglect, at last, as we have seen, some forty years ago received some acknowledgment. Nothing of the same kind has, so far as we know, ever before appeared. Many books of selections have appeared—to serve for reading lessons, as the countless "*Readers*;" or for elocution, as the numerous "*Speakers*;" or for mere amusement, as the "*Beauties*;" or for literary instruction, as the "*Collections*." But Mr. Morris's book is not of this description. Nor is it to be classed with the countless "*cram*" editions of particular passages of our literature that teem forth from our printing-presses in these days of competitive examinations. It is much more than these.

As has been said, it pays particular attention to the dialects of the pieces that compose it. On this subject Mr. Morris is to be heard with much attention. "*From historical testimony,*" he says, here following Dr. Guest, "*and an examination of the literary records of the thirteenth and fourteenth cen-*

“turies, we learn that the English speech
 “was represented by three principal dia-
 “lects:—1. The Northern dialect, spoken
 “throughout the Lowlands of Scotland,
 “Northumberland, Durham, and nearly
 “the whole of Yorkshire. Roughly
 “speaking, the Humber and Ouse
 “formed the southern boundary of this
 “area, while the Penine chain deter-
 “mined its limits to the west. 2. The
 “Midland dialect, spoken in the coun-
 “ties to the west of the Penine chain,
 “in the East Anglian counties, and in
 “the whole of the Midland district.
 “The Thames formed the southern
 “boundary of this region. 3. The
 “Southern dialect, spoken in all the
 “counties south of the Thames, in
 “Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and
 “portions of Herefordshire and Worces-
 “tershire.” To this day this triple
 division is clearly discernible. Educa-
 tion (which of course is carried on in
 and deals with the standard dialect),
 change of population, and other causes
 have to some extent modified it; but it
 is still clearly perceptible. The most care-
 less traveller cannot help recognising a
 likeness between the dialects of Wilts,
 Dorset, Somersetshire, and Devon; or
 between those of Staffordshire and War-
 wickshire; or between those of Durham,
 Cumberland, and Northumberland. Pro-
 bably few travellers give to any one of
 these classes, or to any individual be-
 longing to any one of them, the con-
 sideration it deserves. Yet many a
 one of them is an older and purer dialect
 than the traveller speaks himself; words
 which he sets down as vulgarisms are
 really more genuine than those he em-
 ploys. What he calls corruptions are
 in fact primitive forms. To all in whose
 minds the old fallacy still lurks that
 provincial English is a mere debasement
 of our standard English, caused by a
 lack of grammatical and other education,
 we strongly recommend the analyses of
 our country dialects that have of late
 years been made. In them will be
 found a proof that each despised *patois*
 is in itself a well-formed and complete
 language; and from the publications of
 the Early English Text Society, from

sundry publications of other antiquarian
 societies, from the selections gathered
 together in the work now before us, it
 will be seen that each of the three great
 dialects we have mentioned had once a
 flourishing literature of its own.

There can be no doubt that of these
 dialects at least two existed many cen-
 turies before the time which Mr. Mor-
 ris's specimens illustrate. Bede, indeed,
 writing in the early part of the eighth
 century, says nothing of them. He
 remarks that in his time there were as
 many languages spoken in Britain as
 there are books in the Pentateuch—to
 wit: English, British, Scottish, Pictish,
 and Latin, “which, by the study of the
 “Scriptures, has been made common to
 “all the other nations.” But, as Lap-
 penburg has observed, Bede is no great
 authority on matters relating to Wessex.
 However, it is possible that the differ-
 ence between the West Saxon and the
 Northumbrian (the Southern and North-
 ern) dialects was not so sharply marked
 in Bede's time as it afterwards became.
 The influence of the Danes, for instance,
 on the Northern dialect can scarcely
 have been so utterly trivial as some
 scholars have maintained. There is
 no doubt some truth in Wallingford's
 statement, that it was long felt in York-
 shire. In course of time there grew up
 a third dialect between the two already
 existing—between them both in geo-
 graphical position and in character.
 This intermediate dialect was in some
 respects a sort of compromise between
 the others. On the frontiers of the
 district where it prevailed it partook of
 the peculiarities of the conterminous
 dialects, but more particularly of those
 of its southern neighbour, inasmuch as
 the main part of the literary treasures
 of the whole country belonged to that
 neighbour. Thus, influenced and modi-
 fied, grew up and flourished the Mercian
 dialect. “It is a curious fact,” Dr. Guest
 observes, “that both our universities
 “are situated close to the boundary line
 “which separated Northern from South-
 “ern English; and I cannot help think-
 “ing that the jealousies of these two
 “races were consulted in fixing upon

“the sites. The histories of Cambridge and Oxford are filled with their feuds; and more than once has the king’s authority been interposed, to prevent the Northern men retiring, and forming within their own limits a university at Stamford or Northampton. The union of these two races at the university must have favoured the growth of any intermediate dialect; and to such a dialect the circumstances of the country during the ninth and tenth centuries appear to have given birth. While the North was sinking beneath its own feuds and the ravages of the Northman, the closest ties knit together the men of the Midland and the Southern counties; and this fellowship seems to have led among the former to a certain modification of the Northern dialect.” This third dialect, so formed, or at least so ripened and expanded, may in course of time have reacted on its prime influencers, the other two dialects. “There is no doubt,” says Mr. Morris, “that the Midland dialect exercised an influence upon the Southern dialect, wherever it happened to be geographically connected with it, just as the Northumbrian acted upon the adjacent Midland dialects; and this enables us to understand that admixture of grammatical forms which is to be found in some of our early English manuscripts.” It is perhaps impossible to discover precisely the mutual obligations of the Midland and Southern dialects, or of the Midland and Northern. There can be no doubt that our present standard English is mainly descended from the Midland dialect. The Southern or Wessex dialect has not retained the supremacy that it held in the time of Alfred; the sceptre has departed from it. It still rules within its native precincts, but it can no longer boast its ancient precedence. As the years rolled on, Northumbria too and Mercia cultivated literature. To the north of the Thames, far and wide, men thought and wrote; and of a fair mother as fair or fairer daughters were born. The twenty-six pieces that make up Mr. Morris’s “Specimens” re-

present all three literatures in pretty equal proportions. After the period exemplified by these “Specimens,” in the fifteenth century and in the beginning of the sixteenth, our present standard English came into being, and it, as we have said, is the development rather of the Midland than of either the Southern or Northern dialect. The dialect of Alfred became provincial; the intermediate dialect, the dialect of the universities and of London, acquired predominance. Of the pieces given by Mr. Morris, that by Robert Mannyng, of Brunne, may be said to contain the germ of our standard English. At this day a traveller in the Midland counties will be struck by the accuracy and correctness, as he might say, of the local dialect. “Dr. Johnson, exclaiming in praise of Lichfield,” was wont to boast that its inhabitants were “the most sober, decent people in England, the genteeldest in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English.” “I doubted,” says Boswell, “as to the last article of this eulogy; for they had several provincial sounds: as *there*, pronounced like *fear*” (he means with the foremost vowel in *there* pronounced like the diphthong in *fear*) “instead of like *fair*; *once* pronounced *woonse*, instead of *wunce* or *wonse*. Johnson himself never got entirely free of those provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, “‘Who’s for *poonsh*?’” But, in spite of the “doubts” of the invaluable gossip, Johnson’s patriotism was thoroughly justified in the laudation he pronounced on the English of his Staffordshire town.

It may be interesting to quote a few old notices of English dialects. That best known perhaps and most notable describes the lingual condition of England about the middle of the fourteenth century, about the time when Sir John Mandeville wrote his account of his travels, when “the Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman” was

being written, when Chaucer was a young man. It is given by Ranulph Higden, a monk of Saint Werberg's monastery at Chester, in his "Polychronicon," a chronicle in seven books, the first containing a description of all countries in general, and of Britain in particular, the remaining six a compendious civil history from the creation to his own time. This work, written in Latin, was translated into English some thirty years after its author's death. This translation, with a continuation, was printed by Caxton in 1482, afterwards reprinted by Wynken de Worde in 1495, and by "Peter Treveris, Southwarke," in 1527. We will quote from the 1527 edition of the translation. (Mr. Morris gives the passage from a MS. of Richard the Second's time): "As it is knowen howe many maner peple ben in this lland,"—some account of them has just been given,—“ther ben also mani langages and tonges. “Netheles Walsshmen and Scottes “that ben not medled with other nacyons kepe nyghe yet theyr fyrst langage and speche; but yet the Scottes that were somtyme confederate and dwelled with Pycetes drawe somewhat after theyr speche. But the Fleminges, that dwelle in the weste syde of Wales, haue left theyr straunge speche and spoken lyke the Saxons. Also Englysshmen, though they had fro the begynnyng iii maner speches, Southern, northern, and myddell speche in the myddel of the londe, as they come of thre maner people of Germania; netheles by comixyon & medlynge fyrste with Danes and afterwarde with Normans in many thynges the countree langage is appayred; for¹ some use straunge wlafllynge, chythryng, harryng, garryng, & grysbytynge . . . It semeth a grete wonder that Englysshe men haue so grete dyuersyte in theyr owne langage in sowne and in spekyng of it, whiche is all in one londe; and the langage of Normandy is comen out of another

“londe, and hath one maner sowne
“among all men that speketh it in
“Englonde. For a man of Kent,
“Southern, Western, and Northern men
“speken Frensshe all lyke in sowne
“and speche. But they cannot speke
“theyr Englysshe soo. . . . Also of the
“forsayde tonge whiche is departeth
“in thre is grete wonder. For men
“of the eest with the men of the west
“acorde better in sownyng of their
“speche than men of the north with
“men of the south. Therefore it is
“that men of Mercii that ben of myddell
“Englonde as it were parteners
“with the endes understande better the
“syde langages Northern and Southern
“than Northern and Southern understande
“eyther other. All the langages of the Northumbres and specyally at Yorke is so sharpe, slyttinge, frotyng, and unshape that we sothern men maye unneth understande the langage. I suppose the cause be that they be nyghe to the alyens that speke straungely. And also by cause that the kynges of Englonde abyde and dwelle more in the south countree than in the north countree. The cause why they abyde more in the southe countree is bycause that there is better corne lond, more people, moo noble Cytes, and moo prouffitable hauenes in the south countree than in the north.”

Caxton, writing a century after John de Trevisa's translation had appeared, is somewhat scandalized by the great variety of speech prevailing in England. In "The Boke of Eneydos," compyled by Virgyle, oute of Frensshe reduced in to Englysshe by me William Caxton, 1491," he says, the English spoken there differs from the English used and spoken when he was born, and remarks that Englishmen are born under the domination of the moon, which is "never stedfaste but ever waverynge. That comeyn Englysshe," he adds, "that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from another, insomoch that in my dayes happened that certayn marchauntes were in a shippe in Tamysse for to have sayled over the

¹ "Peregrinas [sic apud Gale] jam captant boatis et garritus."—Higden.

"see into Zelande, and for lacke of
 "wynde, thei taryed atte Forlond, and
 "wente to lande for to refreshe them.
 "And one of theym, named Sheffelde,
 "a mercer, cam into an hows and axed
 "for mete, and specyally he axyd after
 "eggys; and the goode wyf answerde
 "that she coude speke no Frenshe,
 "and the marchaunt was angry, for he
 "also coude speke no Frenshe, but
 "wolde have hadde eggys, and she
 "understoode hym not; and thenne at
 "laste another sayed that he wolde
 "have eyren. Then the good wyf sayed
 "that she understood hym wel. Loo,
 "what sholde a man in thyse dayes
 "now wryte, eggys or eyren? Cer-
 "taynly it is harde to playse every
 "man, bycause of dyversitie and
 "chaunge of langage."¹

Some hundred years after Caxton, Richard Verstegan in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Anti-quities concerning the most noble and renowned English nation, by the studie and travalle of R. V." (1605), after remarking on the varying and variety of the Teutonic language, adds: "This is a thing that easely may happen in so spatious a tounge as this, it beeing spoken in so many different countries and regions, when wee see that in some seuerall partes of England it self, both the names of things and pronountiations of woords are somewhat different, and that among the countrey people that never borrow any woords out of the Latin or French, and of this different pronountiation one example in steed of many shall suffice, as this, for pronouncing according as one would say at London, 'I would eat more cheese yf I had it,' the northern man saith, 'Ay sud eat mare cheese gin ay hadet,' and the western man saith, 'Chud eat more cheese an chad it.' Lo heer three different pronountiations in our own countrey in one thing, and heerof many the lyke examples might be alleaged."

He offers an explanation of these varieties—an explanation never properly

¹ See Halliwell's Dictionary. Preface.

depreciated, but in great favour and acceptance till very recent times indeed, probably indeed still deemed satisfactory by many a fairly-educated Englishman. "These differences in one same language," he says, "do comonly grow among the comon people, and sometymes upon the parents imitating the il pronountiation of their yong children, and of il pronountiation lastly ensuyeth il wryting. Other languages no doubt are subject onto the lyke, yea those three that are grown from the Latin, as the Italian, Spanish and French, which to auoyd other examples may appeer in the name of Latin, of Jacobus; which in Italian is grown to bee Giacomo, in Spanish, Diego, and in French, Jaques."

Some fifteen years after these observations of Verstegan were published, Alexander Gill, Milton's schoolmaster, in his "Logonomia Anglica" treats at some length of the same subject. Dr. Guest, in his valuable remarks on local dialects in his "History of English Rhythms," gives a full account of Gill's discussion of it. "This scholar divided our language into six dialects. Of these, two were the *common* and the *poetical*. The remaining four were the *Northern* and the *Eastern*, in which he seems to have included the *Essex* and the *Middlesex*; the *Southern*, which appears to have spread over the Southern counties east of Wiltshire; and finally the *Western*. To the men of the Midland counties he assigns no particular dialect, doubtless considering them as speaking that variety of English which he designated as the *common* dialect."

Imitations of our various dialects have appeared again and again in our literature—in Chaucer's "Reeve's Tale," in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," in "King Leare" (Act iv. Sc. 6), in Jonson's "Tale of the Tub," and in our own day, in Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," in Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," in countless novels. Nor, with Barnes and Waugh amongst us, can the vernacular poetry

of the provinces be pronounced extinct. In the course of the present century, numerous collections of provincial words have been made—by Wilbraham for Cheshire, Polwhele for Cornwall, Forby for Norfolk and Suffolk, Miss Baker for Northamptonshire, Cooper for Sussex, Willan and Hunter and Carr for Yorkshire, &c. And during the last thirty or forty years some attempt, as we have said, has been made to do something more than this—to study the grammatical life and structure of the provincial dialects. We hope the work we are now considering may succeed in disseminating some general knowledge of this subject. The subject is one of extreme importance and high interest to any student of the English language. These dialects represent to him older stages of that language. One of them—of these dialects so like, so different—

“*Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen, quales decet esse sororum,*”

has been preferred above the others—one of them has been crowned with glory and honour. Shakespeare and Milton have sung their immortal songs in it; a thousand colonies have spread it to the remotest corners of the earth. The empires of the future speak it. If any language ever becomes universal, it will be this one. Surely the sisters of this sovereign tongue deserve some attention. They, too, centuries ago, enjoyed their fame. They too wore crowns, and held courts. They too throbbed with high and noble emotions; and the sound of their voices was sweet, was terrible, was omnipotent in men's ears. The days of those glories have passed away. Lawgivers, orators, poets, now throng the court of their sister. Their palaces decay; their purple is faded; the jewels fall from their diadems; their voices are hoarse and broken. Let us visit them in their obscurity—these fallen goddesses. Let us think what a power they swayed once—whose rivals they were—what passion once thrilled and ennobled them.

Our ingenuous youth at our grammar

schools and our universities are expected to acquaint themselves with Greek dialects, to know something of the characteristics of Doric, Æolic, Ionian, Attic. Why are they excluded from all study of those of their mother-tongue? Why do we turn away with scorn from the provincial Muses of our own country? Why should our native prophets remain without honour? We trust that the dawn of a better order of things is at hand. A faithful study of our old literature—a reverent listening to the old voices that still echo in our rural districts—will certainly deepen that affection we bear to old England—will bind us more closely to our country. The true son is indifferent to no means of familiarizing himself more thoroughly with his father's history. Everything that illustrates that dear memory is dear. Every accent that yet lingers of that dear voice is piously cherished.

But Mr. Morris's book treats not only of the manner, but of the matter, of the old days—not only with grammar and dialect, but with literature. It gives by its extracts an excellent picture of our early English literature during a most important century and a half of its existence, from the time when English was again recovering, or beginning to recover, its place as the universal language of the country to the time when the “morning star” of English poetry sang—

“Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet
breath

Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still”—

from the time of the first cries of popular literature—from its stammering infancy in the reign of Henry the Third to the time of its splendid adolescence in the reign of Richard the Second—from the time of its early timorous flutterings, of tame paraphrases, and feeble allegories, to the time of the strong-winged flight of the noblest poem of chivalry.

The twelfth and thirteenth centuries

form a memorable epoch in the history of modern thought and literature. In them the darkness which, thickest in the seventh century, thinned somewhat in the tenth, still brooded over the face of Europe, began to scatter and disperse. The Night drew the folds of her garments round her, and prepared to give place to the Day. The golden-haired, bright-eyed Day was already appearing above the hills. The world's great age was beginning anew. The nations were awakening from their long slumber—awakening regenerate, with the old things passed away, and all things become new. The early Middle Ages witness a new creation. Chaos had reigned again; and now, again, Chaos was dethroned. The populations of Europe, after the long furious confusion of the Dark Ages, found themselves in new places, under new conditions, with new languages, with new characteristics, with new aims and ambitions. Presently they began to appreciate in some sense that learning and civilization their forefathers had overthrown. They felt the parchings of intellectual thirst. Philosophy found an eager hearing amongst them. Learning could claim its votaries; universities were founded. Crowds of students flocked to Paris, Bologna, Cambridge, Oxford. This advance, conspicuous in the twelfth, grew more and more vigorous and effectual in the thirteenth century. Preceding it, and contemporary with it, was the gradual growth of modern languages and literatures. The Roman languages at last grew articulate and clear-voiced. The new-born world composed songs for itself, and sang them. A bright, light-hearted, carolling literature arose in Southern France, the first-born literature of modern Europe. Provençal minstrelsy flowered and flourished from the middle of the twelfth century to the close of the thirteenth. The sound of it went forth into all the lands,—into Arragon, into Italy, into Germany, into Scotland, into England. About the same time sprang up Castilian and Portuguese poetries, but these remained of Peninsular rather than of

European name and influence. The Provençal voices were heard all over Western Europe, and stirred the heart of it. Soon arose singers in other countries, and amongst them in Tuscany. There arose the first great poet of modern times. Dante was born in 1265 (the year of our first Parliament). The "*Commedia Divina*" was commenced in 1304.

In England the literary cultivation of the native language had been retarded by exceptional difficulties. For some two centuries after the Norman Conquest the accepted language of literature was a foreign one. The native tongue was unheard at the Court, and in the halls of the nobles. It was the tongue of inferiors and menials.

Late in the fourteenth century it was still unfashionable. "Gentlemen's children," says Trevisa, in 1384, "are taught for to speak French from time that they are rocked in their cradle, and can speak and play with a child's brooch; and uplandish men will liken themselves to gentlemen, and strive with great business for to speak French for to be more told of." And then he quotes the famous proverb—"Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French." But, however unfashionable it might be, the great body of the nation, no doubt, clung to its mother-tongue; and, though for two centuries after the Conquest it could never boast of Norman patronage, yet it lived on vigorously among the native population. It had its cultivators in sundry monasteries, and in the districts remoter from Norman influence. It produced and nursed a literature of its own. It sang its songs in praise of its great King Alfred; it sang of its later hero, Hereward; it sang of its darling Robin Hood. Of these songs very few are now extant—none probably in their original shape. They have passed away with those who made, who sang, who heard them. In course of time the despised vernacular gained greater and greater importance and dignity. Its obstinate tenacity of existence conquered. It verified the old

praise conferred by a baffled enemy on Rome—

“Merses profundo ; pulchrior evenit.”

It at last overpowered the language of the conquerors, and reigned supreme with no divided empire.

Signs of this triumph are visible in no scanty measure in Henry the Third's reign. The rise of the middle class, with its towns and their commerce and rising importance, the concomitant growth of a spirit of liberty and independence, the fierce contests between the Normans themselves—between the King and his barons—in which the power of the people made them a sort of arbitrators, their augmented and augmenting importance on this account, the unity and community of interests that were gradually established and felt—which was afterwards expressed in the national wars of Edward the First, and still more vividly in those of Edward the Third—all these changes and advances combined to promote and dignify the English language in the thirteenth century. The first notes of a general, as opposed to a class literature, belong to the middle of that century ; as also the appearance of a form of the English language closely akin to that of the present day. The oldest English political ballad we possess (printed in Percy's “Reliques” and elsewhere) belongs to the year 1264—the year of the battle of Lewes. The light kindled then has never been put out.

The earliest piece given by Mr. Morris—a piece of a very different character from that old satire—a paraphrase of the Life of Joseph from “The Story of Genesis and Exodus,” belongs to about the same date. The following pieces trace the course of English literature for the next century and a half. They represent both our religious and our secular literature, which, as might be expected, were not so unequal either in quality or quantity as they are in our day. Of the six-and-twenty “Specimens,” about half are of a religious cast. Ten out of the first sixteen are so. These clerical pieces include para-

phrases of the Psalms and other Biblical books, sermons in prose and verse, the life of a saint (a specimen of a highly popular class of literature in all monastic times, Anglo-Saxon and other), some verses on Baptism, and an extract from the “Pricke of Conscience.” The secular catalogue is made up of romances, songs, political and erotic, chronicles, tales, travels. Robert of Gloucester, Minot, Mandeville, Trevisa, Chaucer, Gower, are all represented, so that an excellent notion may be gathered of the state of our literature during the generation preceding Chaucer and during Chaucer's lifetime. Names known to the reader from meagre handbooks are here attended by samples of their owners' works. He need no longer rest content with another traveller's report. He need no longer lie at the mercy of spies. He can visit the land in person. Who would be satisfied with reading his “Murray” who could see Italy with his own eyes ? Who would lie at the door and subsist on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, when he could sit by the rich man's side and feast with him ? Who would embrace a skeleton when he could take to his bosom a fair life-breathing form ? We devoutly hope that a time is coming when our old literature shall be more sincerely studied and read. “Outlines” are but a Lenten diet—unappetizing, insipid, indigestible. They are useful as guides and companions, are fair roads, but they are not the country that is to be seen. Of the mediæval country, with its romance, its superstitions, its faiths, its credulities, its humours, and fashions, Mr. Morris's “Specimens” give a faithful picture. We hope the picture will not want spectators.

We will conclude this paper by quoting, as a specimen of the “Specimens,” a piece of lyric poetry, a fourteenth-century love song. This song has been printed before, but it will probably be new to very many of our readers. And for the benefit of those who have not yet familiarized themselves with the older forms of our language,

we shall venture to quote it in a modernized dress :—

“ Between March and April,
When spray begins to spring,
The little fowl hath hiré¹ will
On hire lud² to sing.
I live in love-longing ;
For seemlokest³ of allé thyng
She may me blissé bring.
I am in her haundoun⁴—
A hendy⁵ hap I have y-hent,⁶
Ichot⁷ from heaven it is me sent.
From alle women my love is lent,
And light on Alysoun.

“ On hue her hair is fair enough,
Her brow brown, her eye black ;
With lovesome cheer she on me lough,
With middle small and well y-mak.
But⁸ she me will to hiré take
For to be her owen make ;⁹
Long to live I shall forsake,

- | | | |
|-------------|-----------|---------------|
| 1 Her. | 2 Song. | 3 Handsomest. |
| 4 Dominion. | 5 Lucky. | 6 Caught. |
| 7 I wot. | 8 Unless. | 9 Own mate. |

And fare¹⁰ fallen adown.
A hendy hap, &c

“ Nightés, when I wend and wake,
For thee my wonges¹¹ waxeth wan ;
Lady, all for thiné sake
Longing is y-lent me on.
In world is none so wyter¹² man,
But all her bounty¹³ tellé can ;
Her swyre¹⁴ is whiter than the swan,
And fairest may¹⁵ in town.
A hendy hap, &c.

“ I am for wooing all for weak ;
Weary, so water in wore ;¹⁶
Lest ane reavé¹⁷ me my make
I shall be yearned sore.
Better is Tholien¹⁸ while sore,
Than mournen evermore.
Fairest under gore,¹⁹
Hearken to my rouné.²⁰
A hendy hap, &c.”

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|------------|---------------|
| 10 Dead. | 11 Cheeks. | 12 Wise. |
| 13 Fr. Bonté. | 14 Neck. | 15 Maid. |
| 16 Were, pool. | 17 Rob. | 18 To suffer. |
| 19 Fairest one that wears dresses. | | |
| 20 Prayer, song. | | |

THE BATTLE OF BURKE'S MINORITY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 12, 1771.

In the arena of the House of Commons resistance is rarely exerted to excess. The preponderance of the majority once proved, the minority generally accept defeat with docility. The minority, however, are but men ; defeat is never pleasant : temptation occasionally arises, delay may procure what argument could not accomplish. This temptation is strongest when prorogation-tide approaches : in the dusk of the session, the season of Parliament drawing to a close, the loss of a day may involve the loss of the bill. By utter weariness the majority may be driven to yield that day ; and repeated divisions, upon reiterated motions for adjournment, are the instruments by which this weariness is produced.

Resistance in such a form has no intellectual dignity wherewith to commend itself : it is wholly physical. Consequently, this course is rarely adopted

against measures of signal importance, or when the House is thronged. Whatever be the result,—of the mode of gaining that result the minority have never reason to feel proud : certainly not while it is in action. A spectacle more singular than seemly is then presented by the House of Commons. Division rapidly succeeds division : every ten minutes the scanty gathering of members is dispersed into the lobbies ; and each proclamation of the dwindling numbers of the assembly is greeted with louder shouts. Passion heats ; order in conduct almost disappears, in debate almost entirely. Speeches are solely directed to the encouragement of ceaseless obstinacy : are declarations that divisions shall continue while there exists a leg to move. To such speeches, yells, groans, and delirious laughter form fitting response. And so the Commons go round and round, dancing out the

small hours, through each division lobby; made as much "like unto a wheel," as their enemies could desire. At last, the clear grave grey of dawn-light brings utter weariness to the body, if not conviction to the mind. Of what was "excellent sport, i' faith" at two o'clock—"would it were done" is felt at four.

The "Waterloo" among parliamentary battles of this kind was fought on the 12th of March, 1771. The game of obstinacy was then played out to the full. Delay solely for delay's sake, and annoyance only to annoy, were that day inflicted by Edmund Burke upon the House of Commons. Led by him, the minority did all their possible to obstruct the majority; and as their object was freedom of the press, we, at least, may pardon an obstinacy that seemed instinct with faction.

The year 1771 was central, it will be remembered, in the period of national unrest that preceded Pitt's supremacy. All classes of society then were aiming at mastery; but master there was none. Riots disclosed the power of the people, and libels of the press. The strength of Parliament was shown by arbitrary exertion of their privileges. The city of London addressed unconstitutional language to the sovereign; and he extended unconstitutional influence wherever he could reach. Everybody's hand was against everybody; but it was only to irritate. The Lords quarrelled with the Commons, and the Commons with the Lords, and both with the people. The King quarrelled with his Ministers, and would have quarrelled with his Parliament, had he not preferred to bribe it. One power alone maintained its ground, namely, the power of the pamphleteer; nor was that without trial. Printers were fined and imprisoned by the Lords: the Commons reprimanded and committed them to the Serjeant. The Crown gave to these proceedings both countenance and counsel. But it was in vain. The orders of Parliament were evaded: the laugh was turned against it; and laughter usually bespeaks the winning side.

The evening of 12th March, 1771,

was the climax of the struggle between Parliament and the press. The libeller, however, was not then selected for attack: it was only the mere publisher of parliamentary debates. And if popular feeling was too strong for Parliament, when the cause of literary decency was advocated, success was hardly to be anticipated in the case of a mere breach of privilege. Then, as now, publication of parliamentary debates was a direct infraction of the orders of both Houses; nor had the spirit of the rule, though departing, ceased to animate the letter. The efficacy of that order was this year, for the first time, openly tested. The magazines were commencing to print the debates, giving, without disguise, the names of the debaters. Nor was this after the session had concluded; the narrative of parliamentary transactions was made public, while the Houses were sitting. This was a signal proof of the audacity of the press. By stealth only, however, the reporter still exercised his calling: and to impose undue concealment on a harmless effort, often acts as a prompter to harmfulness. Undeserved obscurity tempts an undesirable publicity. Reports of the debates were accompanied often by most irregular comments: members were not only mentioned by name, but openly abused. And newspapers naturally attacked those that would naturally attack them. The two Onslows, for instance, the Colonel and George, were by family tradition specially bound to maintain the dignity of the Commons. They were son and nephew of the late Speaker: their very name is still redolent of a parliamentary savour. "Cocking George," "paltry, insignificant insects," and "scoundrels," the "greater and the lesser," were prefixes too commonly appended to their names. The Onslows not unnaturally did what they could in return. Early in this session of 1771, at their instigation, the Commons ordered two printers into custody. It was competent to the House to make the order; to enforce it, proved impossible. London sided with the printers; the messengers of Parliament were hustled away; they returned to Westminster empty-handed.

This sign of the times was, however, unheeded by the champions of privilege. On the 12th March, 1771, Colonel Onslow lodged a formal complaint against "the printed newspapers intituled" *The Morning* and *The St. James's Chronicle*, *The London Packet*, *The Whitehall Evening Post*, and *The General* and *The London Evening Post*, and against their printers and publishers, Woodfall, Baldwin, Evans, Bladon, T. Wright, and J. Miller. The charge was made with due formality. It was alleged that these newspapers contained the debates, and misrepresented the speeches of members of Parliament, "in contempt of" the orders, and in breach of the privilege of this House." Then followed the great battle of delay. The majority at the outset mustered 140, and the minority 43; these numbers dwindled to 72 and 10 during the twelve hours' struggle that ensued.

Lord North, then in the second year of office, led one party; and Edmund Burke the other. The side befitting the King's "own" Minister need not be stated. The fury of the two Onslows took, indeed, the matter out of his hands. North supplied the authority of Government: but they led the attack. And with them ranged Welbore Ellis, a veteran placeman; and also another placeman, not quite so old in office, bearing a name rather more celebrated, namely Mr. Charles Fox. He was then a member and a Lord of the Admiralty of two years' standing. He had, in body, barely attained the legal age of manhood: he certainly had not then reached full mental maturity. His impulsive nature, swayed by the arbitrary principles of his father, made him zealous for authority. He did not speak much; but he was diligent as division-teller. The party opposed to liberty thus included, by the accident of a year, this noble, still-loved man. Otherwise the roll of well-known names among the minority, would have been indeed preponderant.

There was their leader, Edmund Burke, foremost every way. His cousin William fought under him to

the last. So did Sir William Meredith, whose memory will live with the history of our religious liberty; and Governor Pownall, also, taught by the sound judgment that inclined him to the right view of the great question of that era. All these, indeed, having maintained the cause of freedom beyond the Atlantic, were not likely to forget the printer at their door: and in both cases they were content to play what seemed to be an utterly losing game. Colonel Barré, too, gave the help of his rude and ready tongue. And, thanks to the "Rolliad," we find among the rank and file a name not quite undistinguishable — Sir Joseph Mawbey's, who was coupled with Thrale in the representation of Southwark. He dealt somewhat in poetry, but more in pigs, a conjunction of aim that prompted that scoff of the satirist, that has given duration to the name of Mawbey. And one who, if he lives at all in our recollection, owes that life to the hiring writers he abused, appears in the characteristic attitude of a neutral: for

"To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him
a vote,"

seems on this occasion to have been unattainable by Burke. If, according to the receipt of epic poetry, description of a coming storm was ushered in by invocation to the genius of disorder, the invocation would be claimed by the demonic Wilkes: for the tumult was not only to his heart, but of his making. He it was, who incited the press to an open publication of parliamentary debates; and his influence was present during the evening of 12th March, 1771, though not his person, for that was under sentence of expulsion from the House of Commons.

Mischief was Wilkes's element; and nothing would have pleased him more than to hear Speaker Cust put the first question in that debate, for not less than forty motions were to spring out of that unpretending sentence, and forty-fold irritation to that impatient gentleman. The question first put was, "That the said paper, intituled *The Morning Chronicle*, Monday, March 4th, 1771,

"printed for W. Woodfall, be delivered "in at the table, and read." The House "divided," as the Journal tells us: "the Yeas went forth," and were 140 against 43.

Such was the commencement of the sport that Colonel Onslow had provided for the Commons. He undertook to bring before them "three brace of printers." His argument was, "that "it is nonsense to have rules, and not "to put them in force;" and, having got the newspaper read, he moved that Woodfall be summoned before the House. George Onslow seconded the motion; and a member spoke in its favour. Language used in parliament, he said, was constantly misrepresented by the magazines; though, with a mighty simplicity, he admitted that the reporters "often made "for him a better speech, than he could "have made for himself." The name of one so honest should survive—it was a Mr. Ongly. To him responded Mawbey, the poetic pig-dealer. In pleading, however, the counsel of moderation, his cockney tongue brought on him derision. He reverted incautiously to Colonel Onslow's metaphor, "the three brace of printers:" he desired to exhibit kindred humour; he begged the House to refrain from "hunting down the covey."—"Who ever heard of hunting partridges?" was Lord Strange's crushing retort. My lord was also strong for the dignity of the House.

The tactics of opposition being un-matured, Woodfall was ordered to the bar without opposition, and the summons of a second printer was proposed. The spirit of controversy here aroused itself. Sir H. Cavendish, our ear-witness, jots down on the paper in his hand, "very warm." And in answer to exclamations—"weary out the printers, weary out their pockets," "this is no trifling matter, it must and shall be punished," is heard a threat,—"I will divide the House on every one of these papers."

The idea is caught up by the minority: it is improved on by Colonel Barré. He proceeds to invent an amendment that to be appreciated requires explanation. The reporter to the *St. James's Chronicle*,

the culprit then in question, had sinned thus against propriety. In his narrative of a debate, he suggested that Mr. Dyson, Weymouth's representative, was "the d—n of this country." This stood for bigoted Conservative, or veteran placeman in the language of the day. So delicate an indication of dislike to Mr. Dyson was, however, somewhat veiled. The name of the borough was substituted for that of the member: "Jeremiah Weymouth" was declared to be England's curse. This feature in the libel was taken hold of by Barré. He advocated strict accuracy. It was not correct that that mis-statement should be entered on their proceedings: no member bore the name of Weymouth. So Barré clothed the point in parliamentary shape, and put into the Speaker's mouth a motion, "That Jeremiah Weymouth, "Esq., the d—n of this country, is not "a member of this House." The question was gravely argued. The Premier rose to reply. And to parry this formal absurdity another formality was used: the "previous question" was resorted to; and by a majority of 82 it was determined "That that question be not now put."

The Jeremiah Weymouth motion was thus warded off. But the joke was too good to let slip: the unwearied minority started another technical difficulty. Colonel Barré and Mr. Onslow rose together. "As being first in the Speaker's eye," Onslow claimed priority in debate. That Barré had stood up first was asserted by his party. With whom lay the right of speech was tenaciously disputed. The opportunity for vexation and delay was most acceptable. Motions and amendments were originated, some comic, some serious. Burke, with mock earnestness,—of course at length,—argued upon the point of "the Speaker's eye." It was, he said, a novel doctrine: he desired to be shown the passage in the Journals that contained those words, "the Speaker's eye." And, with that curious observance of order in disorder that marks the House of Commons its Journals were examined up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The appetite for "precedents" being thus satiated, the more common tactics of delay were persistently employed. These for a moment became exhausted, though the patience of the minority was not. The question from which the House had been severed by an interval of some hours' duration was replaced in the Speaker's mouth; and Mr. Baldwin's summons to the bar, as printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*, was finally moved and carried.

He was, however, but the second offender in the motion of complaint. Six hours had been spent. Only one of the three brace of printers was, to use Mawbey's phrase, "hunted down." Symptoms of distress arose: a member querulously remarked that it was half-past ten o'clock; that at the rate at which they were proceeding, it would take, at least, thirteen hours to procure the committal of the four remaining printers. This was much too feeble a remark to please any one. The House was still "very warm." A few quotations will show the state of the atmosphere. Mr. Onslow exclaimed, "Good God, Sir! let any one think of the language used in the newspapers, and say 'whether it is not high time for the House to interfere.'" Sir Wm. Meredith retorted, "So long as I have health and strength I will stay here to oppose 'this wretched proceeding.'" "I shall not be hindered from going on with 'these divisions because gentlemen call 'it a childish business,'" added Burke. "Constitutions are in such a case of 'little consideration; I am for going on 'till to-morrow night,'" asserts another member. Nor were these plucky declarations left unfulfilled. Both sides were properly obstinate. It took seven more motions and divisions to procure the summons of the printer who stood next upon the list of proscription.

Mr. Whitworth here distinguished himself by a successful sally upon the victorious majority. He claimed that if the printer did come before them, it should "be together with all his compositors, 'pressmen, correctors, blackers, and 'devils.'" The idea pleased Mr. Burke:

his fancy kindled at the absurdity. The printer's train suggested analogous illustration. "These are the fitting symbols 'of the printer's vocation,'" he said; "without his 'blackers and devils' a 'printer would be no more, than the 'Speaker would be without the mace, or 'a First Lord of the Treasury without 'his majority.'" To a polite ear one of the printer's satellites had a name quite intolerable. It was pleaded that the word "devil" should be omitted from the sentence. The proposal came from one of Burke's own band, but in vain. The devil might not be spared: "he 'is the most material personage in the 'whole business,'" was the leader's answer. Respect for the unseen world could not hold its ground in the House, nor could respect for the solemn record of its proceedings. The Speaker is plaintively appealed to: "Can, Sir, such a disgraceful motion as this be placed on our 'votes?" The Speaker makes plaintive reply, "This motion will go into the Journals. What will posterity say?" The motion has gone into the Journals; it certainly has a singular appearance on pages generally so solemn. The hope that the Speaker is not now as annoyed by this entry, as we have been amused, is all that is left to posterity to say.

The Journal dated March 12, 1771, has truly a singular aspect. The page contains, of course, those samples of an extra-parliamentary vocabulary. The words also, "the House divided," are repeated, time after time. The page is perfectly studded with the records of these divisions. The Yeas go forth—the Noes go forth:—it is being perpetually moved that "this House do now adjourn;" that "the said paper be not delivered in and read;" that "the question be now put:" and all these motions are as persistently negatived as they are affirmed. A review of that evening's debate suggests a rejoinder to Speaker Cust's interrogatory. Posterity must say for its own part, that, extraordinary as is the look of that Journal page, the conduct of the Speaker himself must have been still more extraordinary. He increased, rather than

dininished the indecorum of the scene. To be solemn, unbending, statuesque, is the demeanour that is expected of the occupant of the chair. But, and not once only, ejaculations such as these were heard issuing from beneath the canopy: "I am weary, sick, tired." "I am heartily tired of this business;"—cries only answered by Barré's ironical condolence, "I will have compassion on you, Sir; I will move the adjournment of the House." A very doubtful act of sympathy, that causes at least an half hour's further detention.

Even stoutest parliamentary "zealot-ers" must yield to utter weariness of body. Sir H. Cavendish, to whom we are indebted for an insight into this singular debate, went away before the close; and with his disappearance, disappears the scene. Unknown must remain the jests, threats of further resistance, and argumentative incoherencies that attended the conclusion. The Journal, however, reveals a continuance of divisions and motions, and that the game was carried on till the voters dwindled down to a majority of 72 and a minority of 10. After a struggle of twelve hours' duration, the last of the

six printers was ordered to attend the House, no one contradicting. Five o'clock had struck before the combatants separated.

Though beaten outwardly, the minority in reality were the victors. Burke stated, in justification of conduct that appeared so unjustifiable, that it was with deliberation that he "abandoned argument for adjournment:" that he had succeeded in his object; that those twenty-three divisions "will make gentlemen sick of the business." So it was. This stubborn opposition, this proof that coercion of the press should be "as troublesome as possible," was a lesson not thrown away. Though subjected to occasional exclusion, and much inconvenience, reporters were never again wholly debarred from exercise of their useful labours. And with the sense of power came the feeling of propriety. Touching this debate, as we have seen, Speaker Cust appeals for sympathy to a future age: Burke did the like; but it was in a tone of exultation. Experience teaches us to agree rather with Burke than Cust: "posterity" does "bless the pertinacity of that day."

REGINALD PALGRAVE.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER LI.

GERTRUDE THINKS HERSELF SUPERIOR TO
SIR DOUGLAS.

THERE is a grievous moment in the lives of many who love humbly and sincerely, and think little of themselves; a moment of strange contradiction of all the previous impressions of that love; a dethroning, as it were, of its object. No longer better, wiser, greater than all other mortal creatures: no longer the infallible guide, the crown and glory of

life: loved still, but loved in a different way. Something of splendour departed, we know not where: something of security vanished, we know not why: such is the change that comes at such times. It comes to men in the first consciousness of their over-estimation of some fair syren whose song has only lured them to the rocks and shoals of existence. It comes to women whose love has bordered on adoration, when they feel compelled to mingle *pity* with the regard they bestow on their husbands.

When Gertrude read—with strained

and amazed eyes—the letter put into her hands that morning, she pressed her lips to the signature with the kiss of passionate pity one bestows on a wounded child.

“Oh my poor Douglas! my husband!” was all she said. But in that one brief grieving sentence, they seemed to change positions for ever. He stood lower: she stood higher. Never could *she* have been so deceived! Never, though all the stars in heaven had seemed to shed their light on the deception, could *she* have accepted as against him the wretched forgery of proof he had accepted against *her*. Never!

Poor Douglas! Ay, poor indeed. Beggared of trust, and hope, and belief in human nature; for if he doubted *her*, in whom could he believe?

The sick pang at her heart increased. She rang, and ordered preparations for instant departure; and then she once more sat down to re-read the strange lines penned by that familiar hand. That hand which had clasped hers at the altar; which had detained her with its warm, gentle, almost trembling grasp, when first they stood together on the threshold of her new home at Glenrossie; detained her that he might murmur in her ear, before she entered, his hope that she would be always happy there; his wife, his own for evermore.

She was a girl then. She was a young matron now. If it was not for her handsome schoolboy, Neil, the years had flown so swiftly that it might seem but yesterday she blushed through that bridal hour of love, and heard that welcome HOME; that blessed sentence, spoken in music, since spoken by *his* voice.

And now, what had he written? How *could* he write so? Poor Douglas!

“Gertrude,” the letter said, “I am spared at least the anguish of explanation, by being enabled to enclose you these papers. Your own letter and” (there was a blur here, as though the name “Kenneth” had been begun and effaced) “*my nephew's*.”

“I endeavour to do you justice, and believe that his conduct at Naples and

many combining circumstances, made you think it best to reject him,—and accept me.

“I feel certain that no worldly calculations mingled with the arguments of others, or your own thoughts, when you so decided.

“You could not then perhaps test the strength or weakness of your heart. You mated your youth with my age: a gap of long years stretched between us!

“I have the less time remaining to suffer from the remembrance of my bitter loss.

“Whether my life of loneliness to come, shall be longer than I could desire, or brief as I wish, you will see me no more. I shall endeavour to devote myself to the service of my country, as in earlier days. Not in unmanly despair, but in submission to God, I trust to spend what measure of the future He may allot me.

“For you—you know me too well to doubt my desire that all this should pass without open scandal; and without that bitterness which assumes a right of vengeance for irreparable wrong.

“I am gone. I will not part you from your son. I have seen what that suffering is in other women; that tearing out of the heart by the roots. You will doubtless be much with your mother; but when Neil's holidays come, you will meet him at Glenrossie, and remain with him there. I shall see him—but not now. I make no condition; except that you avoid all explanation with him. Let him—at least in this his happy boyhood—know me *absent*, not *parted*, from home ties. Let all around you think the same.

“I have hesitated to add anything respecting the *cause* of our separation. I will only say that it is a dreary satisfaction to me to believe that, seeing what your first step towards sin has brought about, you will never take a second.

“In leaving you Neil, I leave a hostage against all possibility of actual dishonour.

“DOUGLAS ROSS.”

Then followed a very few hurried lines, apparently written after the letter

was concluded; the ink paler, the sentence blotted immediately after writing.

"Gertrude—I find it impossible to close this letter,—my last letter to my wife,—and not say——"

There the lines ended that were decipherable! Pore over them, and turn them which way she would, she could not make out more than the two words "selfish love." Selfish? was it his, was it Kenneth's? Was he relenting to her, even while he sealed her sentence of exile from his heart? Was there love in those blurred lines? love of which she was cheated, by their being so defaced? Or had some phrase of warning,—too severe, in his merciful view of her case,—occupied that last fraction of the fair white sheet of paper, so full of suppressed accusation and stifled regrets?

It was with a shudder that Gertrude thought of Kenneth, and gazed once more at his mad letter. Gazed, too, at the answer, so ingeniously fitted in with its mosaic of forgery! She could not doubt who had betrayed her to this misery. Alice! Alice, and (if it were possible to believe he were again within hail) James Frere! He had been convicted of forgery. He had etched and imitated for Dowager Lady Clochnaben in the early days of their intimacy, with a skill which had been the marvel of all who beheld it. She did not for one moment doubt what had happened: and, strange to say, the more she thought of it, the less miserable she felt. It was all so transparently clear. She had only to get to Douglas—(poor Douglas!)—and explain it, and say, "Half of this letter is indeed mine, but the other half is a forgery; how *could* you believe in it?" and then—then—she would be happier than ever! Happy, with the weight off her heart of all past partial concealments (all attempted for *his* sake—his own dear sake,—to save *him* pain); happy, with the embarrassment of Kenneth's presence removed for good; happy, *alone* in the lovely home of Glenrossie with her husband; without Alice,—cruel, cunning, cat-like Alice. Only her husband, and her boy, and her mother, and true friends.

CHAPTER LII.

ON WINGS OF HOPE, A JOURNEY.

EAGER, almost elate, dying to be in Sir Douglas's presence, in his kindly clasping arms, Gertrude tied her bonnet-strings with hurried, trembling fingers; and telling her maid that very important business had called Sir Douglas to London, and that she was to follow him with Lady Charlotte, sent that shrewd abigail to Glenrossie with the message, and continued her preparations, without a word to her mother of the dreadful letter, only that "important business" called them to town; and with an effort at gaiety, which even to that simple-minded parent, seemed strange and hysterical.

Then she suddenly bethought her of the *proof*—the easy proof of forgery, which lay in her desk at Glenrossie, the first rough copy of her letter to Kenneth—not meant, indeed, for a rough copy, but cast aside after writing it, as containing passages, reasonings with him, which were as well omitted. She *must* get that letter. The delay of getting that must be borne, and then she would set out for their London house, and see her husband. Lady Charlotte might wait for her in Edinburgh; it was needless fatigue for that fragile traveller to go to Glenrossie and back. Gertrude would go alone.

She did go alone. Pale and excited, she passed by the good old butler, who had already settled in his own mind that things looked "no canny" in his master's hurried departure. She asked for Neil as she flitted by, and was told he was out with the keeper; then, swift and noiseless as a ghost, she reached the door of her own bright morning-room and opened it wide. It was already occupied.

There in the sunshine—witch-like and spiteful—smiling a smile such as ought never to wreath a woman's lips, sat Alice Ross, curled up and lounging on the green ottoman, Kenneth's favourite resort. She did not immediately perceive Gertrude; she was smiling that

evil smile at the maid, who stood in her shawl and bonnet as she had arrived, nervously pinning and unpinning her large pebble brooch, and staring down at Miss Ross, who had just finished a sentence of which the word "packing" was all that reached Gertrude's ear.

The maid uttered an exclamation at sight of her lady, and curtsied; and Alice, startled into attention, rose, or rather leaped, with feline activity from her feline attitude of repose.

The pale mistress of Glenrossie Castle looked steadily at her false sister-in-law, on whose lips the odd smile still flickered with a baleful light, and who, having risen, continued mutely standing, neither bidding good-morrow, nor otherwise acknowledging her presence.

"This is *my* room," said Lady Ross, as, unable to restrain her impatience to possess herself of her letter, she advanced to the *eseritoire*.

The proud sentence of dismissal changed Alice's smile to a little audible laugh.

"True, but ye were not expected here," she said; with slow Scotch emphasis on the "*not*."

Then, as Gertrude feverishly searched, and searched in vain, for the purloined paper, and turned at last (paler than ever) to conscious "Ailie,"—convinced through whose misdoing it was no longer there—the half-sister of Sir Douglas with mocking bitterness added,—

"Kenneth's off for Edinburgh, like other folk. It's hard to be parted from what one loves."

There was a world of emphasis in the creature's last slow sentence.

"God forgive you, Alice Ross," said Gertrude; "Douglas never will, when he knows all."

"That will be very unchristian," said the imperturbed and imperturbable Ailie. And with a repetition of the audible little laugh, she tossed the ends of her boa together, and glided out of the room, and was down the corridor and up the stair and away to her own tower chamber, before the heavy shivering sigh from Gertrude's heart had died away in silence.

It was perhaps with a wistful excuse for the great and honest anxiety which weighed on his mind, that the old butler came to the door and knocked, though it stood still half open, inquiring doubtfully whether her "*Leddyship*" would not take some refreshment after her journey.

Gertrude did not at first hear or heed him. She stood with her eyes fixed on the *eseritoire*, and murmured to herself half aloud, "Oh! what shall I do?"

"Trust in God," said the old servant.

He had seen three generations now of this house, and considered himself as much a part of it as the very trees on whose rough branches, when Sir Douglas and Kenneth were boys, their cold step-mother had hung the two dogs.

Trust in God.

Then Gertrude looked up, and said gently, rather absently, "I am going to London. Tell Neil when he comes in."

"When will ye be back, my Leddy?"

The question nearly broke down her resolve to seem calm. She faltered out the words, "I expect we shall be back in a couple of days or so."

WE. The old man looked doubtfully and compassionately at her, and left the apartment. After a minute's pause Gertrude left it also. She looked back as she quitted it. That lovely room, with all its chosen treasures!

The sentence that spoke of her coming to it only as a visitor—that sentence in Sir Douglas's letter which bid her "meet Neil at Glenrossie during his holidays"—rose in her mind with spectral force. She chased it away, and smiled—a quivering, tender smile. Soon she would see that dear husband, and convince him! Soon all would be well again. They would yet chat and laugh together, by winter hearth and summer sunshine, in that room!

Eyes followed her as she departed: of keen, watchful Alice, peering from her tower; the eyes, faded, wrinkled, and kindly, of the aged butler, who had seen Old Sir Douglas a cradled child! The eyes of her maid, who, neither better nor worse than others of her class, had been listening to all sorts

of malevolent gossip and evil prophecy from Alice Ross, and had been prepared for thorough belief in that gossip, by inspection of Sir Douglas's letter before it even reached her lady's hand. For they all had an instinct that something unusual was going on. Why should Sir Douglas write, when in an hour or two her mistress would be home? Why should Lady Ross herself sit half the night before she went to Edinburgh, writing, and forgetting to undress—though her weary maid coughed and sighed, to remind her that she was waiting in the ante-room, the candles burning low, and yawns becoming more and more frequent? Why?

"Sir Douglas and milady were certainly going to part, only milady didn't wish it, because of her reputation; Mr. Kenneth was at the bottom of it all."

How very quickly did the household arrive at this portentous conclusion, which Sir Douglas imagined could be kept a secret from every one! A secret! You may keep a secret from your bosom friend; from your father confessor; but *not* from the man who stands behind your chair at dinner, or the female who "lays out" your dressing things at night. Your looks are their books; your thoughts their principal subject of speculation; your actions, in *esse* or *posse*, the main topic of their mutual discourse.

Neil dined and supped (most discontentedly) alone with Alice, whom he profoundly disliked, that day; and wondered with the keeper during the rest of his time, what ever could have happened to his father's hand?

And the old keeper shook his head solemnly, and repeated for the fiftieth time that it was "maist surprisin', for gude Sir Douglas hadna a gun oot wi' him the morn'." And [it was more surprising still that he had given no account of the accident to any one.

And so they all chatted, and wondered; while Gertrude travelled "on and on," like a princess in a fairy tale, till at length on the morrow the haven was reached, and she stood on the steps of her London home, and entered it.

Yes; Sir Douglas *had* arrived the previous day; he was out just then, but he was *there*; in their usual abode when in town.

And Gertrude also was there! She drew a long breath, a happy sigh; and pressed her mother's anxious little hand with a languid weary smile of joy.

She had only to wait for his coming in; and then all would be well.

Only to wait.

CHAPTER LIII.

WAITING FOR JOY.

GERTRUDE waited. At first patiently, pleasurably; her soft, glad eyes wandering over familiar objects; all diverse, but all covered by the misty cloud of her one thought.

Then she grew restless, and rose, and walked to and fro over the rich carpet, with that pain at the temples and in the knees which comes to nervous persons who have waited too long in anxiety and suspense.

Then she became exhausted and weary. All day long she had not broken her fast; she could not eat; something seemed to choke her in the attempt. She grew paler and paler, till at last Lady Charlotte's increasing alarm took the shape of words, which framed themselves into a little plaintive scolding.

"Now, Gertrude, I can see that whatever news Douglas has sent you, isn't pleasant news; and I don't want to interfere between man and wife, or ask what you don't offer to tell me, though I've been wondering all day what has happened; and whether he has put his money into a lottery, and lost it; or what; for I know nothing new has happened to Kenneth;—not that Douglas is a likely man to put into a lottery, but still, however superior he may be, he might choose the wrong number, you know, and draw a blank, and you would have to retrench. Indeed, I once knew a man (a very clever man, and a friend of your father's) who was quite ruined by putting into a lottery. He chose 503, and the winning number was 505—only two off!—so very distressing

and provoking ! However, he taught drawing afterwards, in crayons and pastel, and did pretty well, and people were very sorry for him. But what I wanted to say was this—that you really *must* eat something, if only a sandwich, or a biscuit ; for I am sure Douglas will be quite vexed when he comes in, to see you looking as you do. And you won't be able to talk matters over with him, or settle what should be done."

The last of these wandering sentences was the one that roused Gertrude. True, she would not be able to talk matters over, if she felt as faint and exhausted as she did then. She would take something. She rang, and ordered biscuits and wine, and smiled over them at her mother, who, still dissatisfied, pulled her ringlet, and even bit the end of it, (which she only did in great extremities,) saying, "I wish you would tell me, Gertrude : I do so hate mysteries."

"So do I, my little mother ; but this is Douglas's secret, not mine ;" and with a gentle embrace, Gertrude hushed the querulous little woman ; and then turning with a sigh to the window, "It is getting very late," she said, "Douglas must be dining at his club. Call me when he comes, and I will lie down on the sofa meanwhile."

The fatigue and agitation of the day, and the nourishment, light as it was, that Gertrude had taken, together with the increasing stillness and dimness of all things round her, soon lulled her senses into torpor, and suspense was lost in a deep, quiet sleep.

Lady Charlotte dozed a little too ; but her fatigue was less and her restlessness greater. She was extremely curious to know what had occurred, and was mentally taking an inventory of the objects in the room, with a view to a possible auction—if Sir Douglas had indeed ruined himself by staking his all on a lottery-ticket—when she heard the rapid wheels of his cab drive up to the house, saw him alight, and heard the door of the library open and swing to, as he entered that sanctum.

Lady Charlotte glanced towards her daughter, who was still sleeping pro-

foundly. It was a pity to wake her. She would go down herself and see Sir Douglas, and he could come by and by to Gertrude.

In pursuance of this resolve, she went gently down the broad staircase, somewhat haunted by recollections of days when Eusebia used to sail down them, dressed in very full dress for the opera, outshining her hostess and sister-in-law alike in the multiplicity of her gowns and of her conquests, and preceding Gertrude, more simply attired, and leaning in dull domesticity on her husband's arm.

"And now only suppose he is ruined ; it will be worse even than Kenneth !" thought the bewildered mother, as she pushed the heavy green baize door forward, and came into Sir Douglas's presence.

"Oh, dear !" was all she said when she saw him ; and she stood for a moment extremely frightened and perplexed, pulling her long curl to a straight line in her agitation.

For it seemed to her that if ever she saw the image of a ruined man, she saw it now !

The table was loaded with parcels, with parchments, with letters ; a hatcase and a swordcase were at one end, and an open paper, looking very like a deed, or a lease, or a will, by the heavy silver inkstand at the other.

Sir Douglas himself, pale as death, except one bright scarlet spot at his cheekbone,—with a grieved, determined look on his mouth which she had never seen there before,—was apparently giving final directions, to his man of business ; and as that person bowed and retired, he turned, with what seemed to poor Lady Charlotte a most haughty and angry stare, to see who was intruding upon him at this other entrance.

Her alarm increased, when with a sudden fire in his eyes (looking, she thought, "so like Kenneth !") he recognised her, and without further welcome than "Good God, Lady Charlotte !" motioned her, as it were, to leave him.

Lady Charlotte had a little access of peevish courage at that moment, for she thought, if this was the mood of her

daughter's husband, he might disturb and alarm his wife beyond measure. He might really make her quite ill after all her fatigue. Her poor tired Gertrude! It would be very unfair!

Lady Charlotte was a weak woman, but what strength she had, lay in love for her daughter; and though rather afraid of Sir Douglas at all times, she was least afraid when it was a question of Gertrude's well-being. Like the lady in the old ballad, who saw the armed ghost:—

“Love conquered fear”—

even in her. She was, besides, rather angry with her stately son-in-law for being “ruined,” (which was her *idée fixe* for the hour,) so she said very bravely, “I do hope, Sir Douglas, before you go up to Gertrude—whatever you have to tell her——”

But Sir Douglas did not wait for the end of the sentence. He said, in a sort of hoarse whisper, “Is she *here*?”

“Of course she is here. Good gracious, you might be sure she would come directly; and what I wanted to beg——”

Again Sir Douglas interrupted. He advanced a few steps, and stood close to Lady Charlotte, looking down on her, as she afterwards expressed it, “most frightfully,” while the hot spot vanished out of his cheek, and even his lips grew ashy pale.

“You have come to plead for her?” he said, in a low, strange tone. “Do not attempt it. It would be utterly in vain. My resolves are taken. Tell Gertrude—tell Lady Ross—that all is over for ever between us. She may rouse me to wrath, she may rouse me to *madness*” (and he struck his breast wildly with his clenched hand as he spoke), “but the lost love, and the vanished trust, she will never raise to life again while *my* life lasts. Make no scandal of lamenting here, among servants and inferiors. Take her away. Do not speak. I will hear nothing. Do not write. I will read no letter that alludes to her. So far as lies in my power her very name (and, thank

God, it is not a common one) shall never be uttered before me again.”

He paused, and leaned his hand on the table among those scattered papers, to which Lady Charlotte's terrified and bewildered eyes mechanically followed. Then he resumed, in a stern, unnaturally quiet tone.

“All my arrangements are made. This house will be sold as soon as they can conveniently be carried out. I leave it in a few minutes for ever. I have spoken to—to your daughter—about Neil's holidays at Glenrossie. She will have told you. There is war now threatening for England; and chances——” (of death in battle for men desirous to die—was the thought; but he did not give it utterance). He broke suddenly off. “I must wish you farewell, Lady Charlotte! I wish you farewell!”

Whether he vanished, or leaped out of the window, or went through one of the library doors like any other mortal Christian man, Lady Charlotte could never have told to her dying day. Gasping with terror and surprise far too real and intense for the little bursts of weeping in the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which were the ordinary safety-valves of her emotion; dimly comprehending that it was a dreadful quarrel between him and Gertrude—not “ruin” of fortune, or rash speculation, that caused this bewildering outburst—the poor little woman tottered away, and crept back up the handsome staircase, desecrated by memories of Eusebia's triumphs, as far as the first landing. There she sat down to consider what she could possibly do next. Was she to wake Gertrude only to tell her all this? Her tired Gertrude, who lay slumbering so softly? Surely not! She must think; she must reflect; she could not yet even re-enter the drawing-room. She “didn't know what on earth to do.” So Lady Charlotte sat on the landing in the half-lit house, leaning on a great roll of carpeting which was deposited there, “the family being out of town.” And the under-housemaid passing that way saw the

lady sitting thus strangely on the stairs; and not knowing what else to say, asked "if she would like some tea?" And Lady Charlotte, in an abstracted and despairing sort of way, replied, "Oh! dear no; never again—*never!*" And the under-housemaid told the housekeeper; and the two or three servants at the town-house came to quite as rapid a conclusion as the servants at Glenrossie. "Sir Douglas had come up to London in *such* a fluster; and had gone away without even saying good-bye to my lady, though she was in the drawing-room; and my lady's mother had been seen sitting on the landing of the stairs, and had said she never would drink tea again!"

What *could* that mean but family disruption, separation, perhaps divorce?

And all this while Gertrude slumbered on. Oh! how tranquil, and peaceful, and child-like, were those slumbers! No warning dream mingled with their stillness. She heard no sound of the rushing train speeding along blank lines, and under dull echoing tunnels, in the pale moonlight, to reach the great sea-port of England. No echo of the beating ocean plashing and heaving under the dark steamer, whose powerful revolving machinery was to carry away that grieving, angry heart; that deceived husband! She saw no visions of her Douglas sitting alone on the dim deck, leaning over the ship's side—

"Watching the waves that fled before his face"—

and seeing nothing there but his own sorrow.

She slept:—as children sleep, through a thunder-storm, or with death busy in the house; all outward things sealed from her perceptions; gently barred and shuttered out,—even as the common light was barred, by the closing against it of her smooth white eyelids.

And long after her mother had crept from the landing, up the second short flight of bare uncarpeted steps, into the room she had left, she still slept on!

And Lady Charlotte watched her

with fear and trembling; wondering what she should do, and how comport herself, when Gertrude should open those serene orbs and ask if Douglas had yet returned?

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW JOY VANISHED.

THAT moment came. The sweet eyes slowly lifted their long curtaining lashes, with the transient bewilderment in them, of one who has slept in a strange place; and then the sweet lips smiled, and with a look of rest and refreshment in her countenance, she sat up and spoke the dreaded words:—"My darling mother, how fagged you look: is it very late? *Is Douglas come in?*"

In a moment more she had started to her feet; for Lady Charlotte looked vaguely at her, trembling excessively, without attempting to answer the question.

"Mother, dearest mother, he *is* come, and you have seen him. My foolish Douglas! Where is he? Did he frighten you? Oh! it is all so base and bad, I wanted to wait till I had seen him, till all was well again, before you were pained by knowing! Where is he?" and she passed swiftly to the door as if to go to him.

Lady Charlotte flung her arms round her daughter.

"My darling Gertie, you must take patience; you must, indeed: he wasn't fit to be spoken to: he wasn't really quite in his right mind; he was raving."

"Mother—do not detain me—I *must* see my husband! I had rather he struck me dead than not attempt to meet him now and try to convince him of the truth. I know him! I know him! I know his inmost soul. He will hear *me*, if he will hear no one else. You don't know what has happened."

"Gertrude, my love, my dearest,—it is of no use—you—you can't see him—he is gone!"

"Gone where? Gone,—rather than meet me! Gone back to Scotland?"

"Oh! dear me, I'm sure I don't know where he is gone, or what he is at! He was quite as wild as Kenneth at Naples, only not so rude, (but much more dreadful!) and he said all sorts of shocking things about wrath, and madness, and not trusting, and never seeing you again; and, that he wouldn't hear me speak of you,—and wouldn't read anything written about you,—and that your name should never be uttered before him as long as he lived!"

"And you let me sleep on!"

Lady Charlotte scarcely heard this exclamation, but continued hurriedly—

"And he said this house was to be sold; and that all his arrangements were made (whatever that might mean), and that he had told you already about Glenrossie and Neil—and——"

"Oh, mother! oh, mother! oh, mother!" burst from Gertrude in such increasingly wild, hysterical, ascending tones, as thrilled through poor Lady Charlotte's very marrow.

"You let me sleep on? How could you let me sleep on? You have destroyed me! How could you? how *could* you? Oh, God!" and she vehemently disengaged herself from Lady Charlotte's clinging embrace.

Then Gertrude had to bear what many persons in days of affliction have to bear,—namely, that in the midst of their greatest anguish, some lesser anguish from one they love or are bound to consider, breaks in, and claims their attention from their own misery.

For Lady Charlotte, thunderstruck at the tone of bitter reproach, and the gesture that accompanied it, from her ever-loving daughter, burst into tears on her own account; and kept sobbing out,—

"Oh! dear! oh! good gracious, Gertrude! that I should ever live to hear you speak to me in such a voice as that! your own mother! Oh dear me! If your poor father could have lived to hear such a thing? It isn't my fault that you've married such a violent man; all such violent men they are! Kenneth isn't a bit worse in reality than Douglas; and Neil—yes, even dear Neil *has* his

tempers! And I did mean to wake you as you bid me; but he alarmed me so, and went away at last like—like—like a flash of lightning from the sky! And after all he may come back again, just as oddly; and you shouldn't speak to me in that way! Oh! dear! Oh dear me! Oh!"

"No; I ought not. You must forgive me, little mother; don't cry any more—don't; it bewilders me! You do not know what has happened."

"Well, what *has* happened?" said Lady Charlotte, drying her tears, but still questioning in rather a peevish, querulous manner. "You ought to have told me before. I ought to have known. I told you this afternoon that you had better tell me."

And she gave two or three final little sobs, and then withdrew the lace handkerchief and listened.

"Douglas has been led to believe that I am false at heart—and for Kenneth!" said Gertrude in a low sad voice, not unmixed with scorn.

"And how dare he believe any such thing? Now that is the man you thought so clever, Gertie; and so superior; and you *would* marry him; and I told you not to spoil him, and you *did* spoil him. Nothing spoils a man like making him think that he is always in the right; for then he thinks himself of course in the right when he is entirely in the wrong; and if I were you, instead of grieving——"

"Oh, mother, have pity on me. Have patience with me. If Douglas and I are really parted, I shall die of grief. I can't live if he thinks ill of me! I can't live if I do not see him. Where is he gone? Did he say where?"

"No, Gertie! He said in his wild way (just like Kenneth), that he was 'gone for ever!' But he can't go for ever; it's all nonsense; and a man *can't* leave home for ever all of a sudden in that sort of way; I dare say he only wanted to frighten me. I *was* very much frightened. Now, my darling Gertie," she added impatiently, "don't stand looking as if you were nothing

but a stone image; pray don't! Shall I ask the housekeeper if *she* knows where he is gone? Only you know of course she'll guess there's a quarrel."

"Oh! what does that signify? what does anything signify but seeing him? Let me only see him—and then—come what come may!"

So saying, Gertrude flung herself on a seat, and covered her face with her hand; and her mother rang the bell in the second drawing-room, and summoned the housekeeper to the library.

The lamps were extinguished there, and the papers and packages cleared away. Nothing was visible when the housekeeper entered, and set her solitary candle on the high black marble mantelpiece, but a little ghastly litter, like a gleaned field by moonlight.

Lady Charlotte felt exceedingly embarrassed; it was so difficult to tell the servant that her daughter did not know where her husband was. At last she framed her question; with considerable circumlocution, and not without allusion to Sir Douglas's "hasty temper."

The housekeeper's own temper did not seem to be in a very favourable state, for she answered rather tartly that she "didn't know nothing," except that Sir Douglas had told her her services were not required after her month was up, "which was sudden enough, considering;" but as she understood the house was to be sold, there was no help for that. And as to where he was gone, she didn't know that, either, for *certain*, but he had been at the Horse Guards, "unceasing," the last two days, his man said; and she understood from the same authority, that he was "proceedin' to the seat of war," which Lady Charlotte knew as well as she did was "somewheres in the Crimera." He was gone by express train that evening, and she hoped my lady would not be offended, but she had orders to show the house for selling or letting as soon as it could be got ready, and it must be left empty.

All in a very curt, abrupt, displeased manner, as became a housekeeper who comprehended that her "services were

no longer required," because her master had quarrelled with his wife.

Lady Charlotte returned to Gertrude. She stammered out the evil news, looking fearfully in her daughter's face, as if expecting further reproaches.

But Gertrude only gave a low moan, and then, kissing her cheek, bade her go to rest.

"And you, child? and you, my Gertie?"

"I will come when I have written to Lorimer Boyd at Vienna."

CHAPTER LV.

LORIMER BOYD.

WHEN Lorimer Boyd got that letter, he behaved exactly like Sir Patrick Spens in the old Scotch ballad, when the King sends him the commission that drowns him and his companions (ships being as ill-built apparently in those days as in our own).

"The first line that Sir Patrick read

A loud laugh laughèd he.

The second line that Sir Patrick read

The tear blinded his 'ee."

Yes, Lorimer Boyd laughed hysterically, like a foolish school-girl. Here was this woman, this angel (for though he never breathed it to mortal man, that was Lorimer's private estimation of Gertrude Skifton), not only not valued to the extent of her deserts, but actually thrown off, discarded, suspected, contemned, by the man who had had the supreme good fortune to win her affections and marry her. Do hearts go blind, like eyes? and can they be couched, as of a cataract,—of that hard horny veil which grows and grows between them and the clear light of Heaven, obscuring all judgment, and makes them walk to the pit and the precipice as though they were following the open road of natural life?

That Douglas should behave thus! DOUGLAS!

But what was the use of pondering and pausing over that? Did not the letter tell him that it was so; and did

not that letter—from her for whom Lorimer could have died—beseech his intervention, in order to communicate the real facts—to him for whom Gertrude would have died; and so set all well again between that blind heart, and the heart that was beating and bleeding for grief, in that fair woman's bosom?

In one thing more Lorimer copied the conduct of gallant Sir Patrick Spens. He instantly set about the task proposed to him, whether his own suffering might be involved in it or not.

While Gertrude was yet anxiously hoping a reply to her letter—promising that Lorimer would write those explanations to Sir Douglas which she had failed to make—Lorimer himself stood before her!

In her surprise, in her thankful gladness, to see him—bitter as it was to be better believed by her old tried friend than by her husband—she extended both hands eagerly towards him, and with a little sharp cry burst into tears.

The pulse in Lorimer's brain and heart throbbed loud and hard. Her tears thrilled through him. Sudden memories of her grievous weeping by the dead father she had so loved, when he had been so kind to, came over him. Tears shed in girlhood, when she was *free*—free to marry whom she pleased, Lorimer himself, or any other man.

He stood mute, gazing at her; and then gave a hurried, hesitating greeting, a little more formal than usual. His longing was so great to take her madly in his arms, that he dared not touch her hand.

"Your letter—surprised me," he said in a thick suffocated voice, as he sat down.

"Yes," she said faintly, in reply.

"I am here to do your bidding. I have leave from my post, in spite of this busy, warlike, threatening time. I shall be in London quite long enough to get Douglas's reply."

"Yes."

"I would go to him, if you wished it."

She shook her head.

"It would be pleasanter—less painful, I mean—to *him*, to read a letter than to

be spoken to—on such a subject—even by—so good and true a friend as you have always been to both of us."

She spoke with increasing agitation at every word; pausing; looking down.

Then suddenly those unequalled eyes looked up and met his own.

"Oh! Lorimer Boyd, I feel so ashamed! And yet, you know—you *know*, I ought not. You know how I have loved my husband from first to last. From the days when he was a mere heroic vision, whom *you* taught me to admire, to the days when I knew him—and he loved me!"

True. Yes. No doubt, Lorimer himself had turned the young girl's fancy to the ideal of love and bravery he had described to her. *He* had taught her (even while listening to his faithful, ungainly self) to picture the stately Highland boy sighing in his alien home, petting and caressing first his brother and then his brother's son; the youth beloved and admired; the soldier of after-life, treading fields of glory where battles were lost and won.

Lorimer himself had taught her to love Douglas! Would he unteach her now, if that were possible? No. The double faith to both was well kept; though neither could ever know the cost. Blind-hearted friend—sweet dream of perfect womanhood—come together again, and be happy once more, if the old true comrade through life can serve you to that end.

Every day to Lady Charlotte's little decorated drawing-room—every evening, and most mornings, came the familiar step and welcome face. He soothed and occupied those feverish hours of Gertrude's. He read to her. Ah! how his voice, deep, sweet, and melodious, reading passages from favourite authors, reminded *her*, also, of the first sorrow of her life, the illness and death of her father! How thankful she had felt to him then; how thankful she felt to him now. How her heart went out to him, the day Neil went back to Eton, and she saw the tears stand in his eyes, holding the unconscious boy's hand in his own; looking at the fair open brow

and candid eyes, shadowed by the dark clustering curls, so like her Douglas! Yes, Boyd was a *real* friend, and would help her if he could.

If he could.

But the day came when, from the hard 'camp-life of mismanaged preparations for war in far distant Crimea, a brief stern letter arrived from Sir Douglas Ross to Lorimer Boyd, returning him his own, and stating that he had perceived, on glancing at the first few lines, that his old friend and companion had touched on a topic of which no man could be the judge but himself, and which neither man nor woman should ever moot with him again. That he besought him—by all the tender regard they had had for each other from boyhood till the present hour—not to break friendship by recurring to it in any way or at any time. That occasional letters from Boyd should be the greatest comfort he could hope for on this side the grave, but if that one forbidden subject were alluded to, Sir Douglas would not read them.

And so the dream of hope ended! And all the comfort Lorimer could give, was that, being innocent, the day would surely come when Gertrude would be cleared. That there was nothing so suicidal as hypocrisy, or so short-lived as the bubble blown by lying lips to glitter with many changing colours in the light of day. Lorimer built on some catastrophe to Frere and Alice more than on any effort of Gertrude's; but all trace of Frere was lost again; and what consolation could Gertrude receive from such dreams, when at any moment the precious life might be risked and lost—dearer than her own? Her Douglas dying—if he died—far away and unreconciled, was the haunting thought, the worm that gnawed her heart away.

Every day she pined more and more, and altered more and more in looks; in-somuch that she herself, one twilight evening, passing by her own bust executed by Macdonald of Rome, and lit at that moment by the soft misty glow which marks the impeded sunset of a

London drawing-room, paused, and sighed, and said to herself, "Was I ever like that?"

The deep-lidded, calm eyes—which no modern sculptor ever has given with such life-like grace and truth—the gentle youthful smile of the mouth—all seemed to mock her with their beauty, and, as the brief rose-tint vanished from the marble in the deepening grey of evening, to say to her, "Pine and fade, pine and fade, for love and joy are gone for ever!"

CHAPTER LVI.

A SEPARATED WIFE.

If the thought of distant Douglas was the worm that gnawed the heart of Gertrude, the worm that gnawed Lady Charlotte was what she termed "her daughter's position."

For it had flown like wild-fire round the town, first in Edinburgh, and then in London, that young Lady Ross and her elderly husband had separated. "A most shocking story, my dear," with many shakes of the head.

"All the accidents were against her," her complaining parent declared.

Even an event which at first sight seemed a relief, the departure of Kenneth and Eusebia, had an evil result. For neither did that erratic couple depart together. Eusebia, after the most violent and frantic denunciations of Gertrude, whom she had accused of first seducing Kenneth from her, and then getting his uncle to forbid him the house,—declared that she neither could nor would live at Torrieburn. She would return to Spain; she would be free.

Packing therefore into their multifarious cases all the glittering jewels (paid and unpaid) which she had accumulated since her marriage; all the flashing fans, and fringed skirts, and black and white blonde, and Parisian patterns, which formed her study from morning to night; she set forth, as the housekeeper expressed it, "without saying with your leave or by your leave."

She never even inquired what was to become of Effie, or offered to say farewell to Kenneth.

But the latter, enraged more than grieved at her conduct, and doubly enraged at finding that by a singular coincidence Monzies of Craigievar had also chosen this especial time for a foreign tour, resolved to quit a scene so bitter to him as Torrieburn had become, and also to betake himself to Granada, whether for vengeance or reunion he himself could not have told.

Pale Effie, with her large loving eyes, entreated to go with him, but in vain. He would return for her. She must be patient. She must go and stay a little while with his mother. She must be a good girl: he couldn't be troubled with her just then.

With all these arrangements or disarrangements, Gertrude had certainly nothing to do; but the world told a very different story. She was a wily, profligate woman; her husband had renounced her; she had broken Eusebia's heart, and divided Kenneth and his once attached uncle for ever. Most of the ladies had "foreseen what it must come to." They could not think of leaving their cards at the house. They wondered Lady Charlotte should venture to force her daughter on society. They really pitied her for being Lady Ross's mother; they believed she had been a decently conducted wife herself, though an utter idiot, and of course quite an unfit guide for a person of young Lady Ross's propensities.

Some of them *did* hear that Sir Douglas was taking proceedings for a divorce, but the difficulty was that he did not wish to ruin the young man Kenneth Ross, who, indeed, had been "more sinned against than sinning," and that there was very great reluctance on the part of certain witnesses to come forward.

Sir Douglas's sister, for instance, was a very strict, pious, and modest young person, and she had openly declared she would sooner die than be questioned and cross-questioned in a court of justice.

It was a lamentable business altogether, and quite disgraceful.

Lady Charlotte, on the other hand, thought her poor Gertrude abominably ill-used in not being worshipped as a saint, and shrined as a martyr; besides being asked out every evening by the *crème de la crème* of society. She was for ever wailing and lamenting about some call not made, some card not sent in, some rudeness offered, or supposed to be offered. She thought the Queen ought personally to interfere for the protection of her daughter. She worried poor Gertrude to death by little whimpers and petitions to "go this once, just to show you are asked," when some more than usually important occasion arose. To all pleadings that it was distasteful, unnecessary, and that even were all other circumstances happy, the absence of the soldier-husband, in a life of privation and danger, was surely excuse enough for not mingling with general society,—Lady Charlotte had her counter-arguments. It would not have signified "if nothing had happened—if nothing had been said;" "it was not for gaiety," it was to uphold her; and she *ought* to consider that it wasn't only herself, it was Lady Charlotte,—it was the family that had to bear the disgrace.

When Mrs. Cregan endeavoured to console her by saying, "I don't believe any one of these women believe a single word of the stories against Lady Ross, or think the least ill of her in their secret hearts, but I *do* believe there are plenty of them who are delighted to *pretend* that they think ill of her," poor Lady Charlotte confusedly declared that *that* was exactly what pained her. "I wouldn't mind if Gertrude was *really* bad; I mean I should think it quite fair, though of course I suppose I should be vexed, being my own child. But when I *know* her to be so good, and they are all so violent and unreasonable—the Rosses of Glenrossie—I do really think the Queen ought to do something, and you see she does nothing, and there is no justice anywhere. I declare I think the people that abuse Gertrude

ought to be punished. I know the tradesmen can't say things, and why should ladies? I mean that they can prosecute each other (tradesmen), because I had once a butcher who prosecuted the miller who served Mr. Skifton's father with flour: he prosecuted for being called 'a false-weighted rascal;' and I should like to know if that is as bad as the things they say of Gertrude? And there is my cousin, Lady Clochnaben; but I've written to Lorimer about *that*. It is too bad—really too bad—and enough to break one's heart."

Mrs. Cregan sighed compassionately. "Well," she said, "I love my own girl as dearly, I think, as mother can love a child. But I declare that if I knew her to be virtuous, I should care no more for the insolence and slanders of these jealous, worldly, scandal-loving women than I should care for the hail that pattered down on the skylight of the house she was living in."

"Ah! Mrs. Cregan, but you haven't been tried, and you don't know what it is! So proud as I was of my Gertie! But I've written to Lorimer about the Clochnabens; that's one comfort."

It seemed a very slender comfort, for Lady Charlotte continued to apply her handkerchief to her eyes, and murmur to herself; but she had a strong and not misplaced confidence that Lorimer would rebuke his mother for "speaking ill of Gertrude, and refusing to call, and all that."

"I shouldn't wonder if he *made* her call—spiteful and bitter as she is, all because dear Gertie once said to her, 'This is worse than rude, it is cruel,' when she snubbed Mrs. Ross-Heaton! I hope he'll make her call."

Poor Lady Charlotte! why it should be a satisfaction to compel a visit from one "spiteful and bitter," and unwilling, let the great world of mysteries declare!

But Lorimer had written, sternly and somewhat too contemptuously on the subject, to his mother.

His mother did not answer him. The answer, such as it was, came from "the earl," and was worthy of the hand that penned it.

CHAPTER LVII.

SITTING IN JUDGMENT.

"MY DEAR LORIMER,—My mother put your letter into my hands. I don't often write, but as she has requested me to do so on this—I must say disgraceful—business, I do so, and add my own opinion.

"You will bear in mind the *point de départ* whence she views this affair; (very different from your own *manière de voir*). She considers Lady Ross an artful woman, who, after encouraging and having a *liaison* with a great blackguard (Kenneth Ross), and God knows how many more besides, inveigles you yourself into a similar situation. You were in and out of Lady Charlotte's house like a tame dog when last you were in England; and though, from the bad company Lady Ross has kept generally both at Naples and in Scotland, a *liaison* and intimacy with *you* would rather raise her character than injure it, in the estimation of the world; and though I presume you will insist that the lady has not infringed the seventh commandment, yet my mother feels she has a legitimate right to be astonished at your proposing a visit from *her* under the circumstances.

"She has never doubted but that your remaining unmarried is consequent on some former disappointment with regard to this woman; whose not very prudent sayings, both to and of my mother, are probably unknown to you. My mother has nothing to go upon, to believe in the absence of her criminality; and she considers your own real happiness (which could only be consulted by marriage) marred by this entanglement. She now puts it to you: Do you, in proposing this concession of a visit to Lady Ross,—intend to marry? You cannot expect her to call while *your own* intimacy in that quarter subsists. You do not, for your own character's sake, contemplate, *if* you marry, continuing to see Lady Ross? Still less I presume of exacting from your future wife that *she* should visit her? No girl

worthy your seeking would accept you on such terms. The world would not understand it. *I* would not.

"My mother's calling, of course, would be an *éclatant* testimony in Lady Ross's favour, and she has no objection to fulfil your object. But we both feel that had there been no intimacy between you and Lady R., you never could have wished any female members of your family to continue her acquaintance. You would make no excuses for her: you would simply think what THE WORLD thinks; and the opinion of the world is what you have chiefly to bear in mind. Society will of course place her higher the day after LADY CLOCHNABEN has called, than she has stood since her separation from her husband; but my mother will be more easily placated and managed, if she thinks, for the attainment of the object you have in view, you don't go beyond what is absolutely required. None of us would approve of that. The world would not. If she calls *once*, she considers that will be sufficient.

"I won't give way to the apprehension that my letter can annoy you, or that there is anything in it distasteful to you to read. I hope you consider me a privileged person.

"Where my mother gets all the gossip from about Lady R.; I can't guess. Mother H. I should think: only I doubt her being so well informed.

"Do not think me *pédant*, or dry; I enter, on the contrary, into your present feelings, but I think a year hence you will change your views as to the propriety of the step which my mother is ready to take, *on the express understanding already set forth in my letter*; and I think you have (or rather Lady Ross has) no right not to be satisfied with the conditions. You have nothing to answer for, if her character is tainted. The evil was done before *your* time.

"I once more assure you I have no intention to hurt your feelings by these observations. I speak my mind as a looker-on, and as a man who has been, many years since, himself on the verge of making irrecoverable sacrifices, and who now only feels thankful that he was *suffered to escape*.

"Your affectionate Brother,
"CLOCHNABEN."

That Lorimer read this letter through without grinding it under his heel like Kenneth, speaks much for his natural or acquired patience.

To be continued.

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LONG HOLIDAYS.

BY J. GOODALL.

In this second half of the nineteenth century the English paterfamilias in the middle ranks of society is forcibly reminded, several times in each year, that school holidays have been largely increased since the days when he was numbered among the tribe depicted as—

... "The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school."

Shakespeare's character of the school-boy, though doubtless a faithful word-

picture for his time, and for long succeeding generations of English youth, has ceased to be true of the alert youngsters to be seen everywhere, now-a-days, going blithesomely to school, jocund, brisk and gay as larks. Why should they now be sad? They are all mere half-timers for work, in comparison with their predecessors on the same well-worn benches. The hours are now so brief when they

"Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty,"

as merely to form a sort of interlude between their manifold and all-engrossing sports.

Schoolmasters have been silent pioneers in the great short-time movement, of which, in recent years, the surgings and reverberations have made so great a stir in all departments of the world of industry. And they have enjoyed two large advantages over their followers in the curtailment of working time. They have had no formidable array of employers or capitalists to stem the tide of their exactions: the boys (to a man) are all on their side. With such odds in their favour they have felt strong enough to slight the occasional protests of dissentient fathers, and to close their ears to the repinings of disconsolate mothers, who pathetically, but vainly, deplore "the dreadfully long holidays." Female suffrage, with dual voting for ladies, would speedily bring about more work and less idle time for school-boys.

Schools for all sorts and conditions of boys, except those for whom parliamentary subsidies are voted, seem to be rapidly drifting into a system of holidays after the model of Eton. But Eton holidays are condemned as excessive even by Eton masters; and the Royal Commissioners prove their full concurrence in the objection, by their 63d Recommendation, "That no extension of the holidays should be ever allowed, except in obedience to Royal Command."

The Commissioners were too loyal to propose a limitation that would trench on the Queen's prerogative. But for this restraint they must have suggested that royal marriages have ceased, in recent years, to be events of so much rarity, or high national importance, as to warrant the giving, in celebration of them, an extra week's holiday to Eton boys. Had the late Joseph Hume (of strictly-economic memory) been a member of the Commission, he would not have overlooked the pecuniary aspects of the question. An extra week's holiday for 850 Eton boys, whose expenses in a school year of thirty-six weeks

amount to an average of not less than 180*l.* each, or 5*l.* per boy per week, involves mulcting the parents in an aggregate sum of over 5,000*l.* (including school and home expenses), besides the loss of education.

The cost of education, like that of a host of other necessities and luxuries, has in these latter days been very sensibly augmented. This fact is exhibited in a strong light when we contrast the time consumed in a school and college course in the Victorian era with the shorter period which formerly sufficed for the same purpose. It takes longer time by at least two years to pass through the English Public Schools and Universities than in the latter years of George the Third's reign. (Report of Public Schools Commission, 1864, vol. ii. p. 540, Winchester, Dr. Moberly's evidence.) Lord Westbury, who was born in 1800, passed to Oxford in his early teens, and took his B.A. degree with all but the highest honours when under the age of eighteen.

If we go still further into the past, we find that education in the Public Schools usually ended with a boy's fifteenth or sixteenth year—frequently earlier still. Thus, Milton passed from St. Paul's School to Cambridge (1624) at the commencement of his sixteenth year. Andrew Marvell entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in his fourteenth year (1633); and notwithstanding a considerable break in his stay there, he took his B.A. degree at the age of eighteen. Addison passed from the Charterhouse to Oxford (1687) at the age of fifteen; at seventeen he became a demy of Magdalen; before twenty-one he had taken his M.A. degree. But, in the reign of Queen Victoria, the great public schools keep their pupils till the end of their eighteenth or nineteenth year. The attainments of the great mass of those who, at that age, pass to Oxford and Cambridge, are found to be so low that their first two years at the Universities have to be given up to mere school-work—work proper for the upper forms of a large school.

"The point which is now reached by

"boys at the age of twenty, ought to be reached at seventeen. . . ."

"Many boys come to the University from school knowing next to nothing." . . . "A valuable year or two is wasted at school." (Replies by Rev. W. Hedley, late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford, and Public Examiner, in Report of Public Schools Commission, 1864, vol. ii. pp. 16, 17.)

"The University course of teaching is much hampered by the crude state of the men subjected to it, and by the necessity of supplementing the shortcomings of school education." . . . "The length and cost of education have been steadily growing for a long time." (Rev. G. W. Kitchin, M.A. Junior Censor of Christ Church, Oxford, *ibid.* pp. 11—13.)

"The education generally given at schools does *not* give a satisfactory grounding in those subjects which form the especial studies of this University, and the large majority of young men who enter College show a very superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek, while of English Literature, English History, and English Composition they are deplorably ignorant. For eighteen years I have found employment in Cambridge in supplementing as a private tutor the deficiencies of school education, and in teaching the simplest rudiments of Arithmetic, Algebra, and elementary Mathematics, and in preparing in Latin and Greek candidates for the previous examination. The greater part of my pupils are from public schools, and I cannot but think that I teach them nothing but what they ought to have been thoroughly taught at school." (Rev. W. H. Girdlestone, M.A. Christ's College, Cambridge, *ibid.* p. 30.)

"It follows that, with the great mass of men, school education—and that education which barely enables them at last to construe a Latin and Greek book, poet and orator, chosen by themselves; to master three books of Euclid, and solve a problem in quadratic equations—is prolonged to

"the age of twenty or twenty-one." (Report, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.)

The shorter holidays, and longer days of work, in earlier times, bore fruit in an earlier completion of the school and college course. In Dean Colet's ordinances for the government of St. Paul's School, the holidays were limited to one month in the year; and the hours for daily attendance were fixed at from seven to eleven in the morning, and from one to five in the afternoon. The Merchant Taylors' statutes adopt the same hours for daily work, and allow twenty working days in the year for holiday. The Shrewsbury School statutes, imitated from Dean Colet's model, give somewhat more vacation, with an average of ten hours per diem for work. The other public schools similarly restricted holiday to four or five weeks in the year, and exacted eight or nine hours of daily work in school. At the present time, school-work fills an average of about five hours daily, and the periodical vacations and numerous special holidays reach an aggregate from three to four times greater than in the pristine period of English public school education. The day, the week, the year of school work, have all been shortened: the cost of schooling has undergone a contrary process. As mediæval Jews clipped and sweated the coinage of the realm, making each golden angel yield a tribute, so now are the golden hours or school-life clipped and curtailed to increase the leisure of instructors of middle-class youth.

No one wishes to restore the severe régime of Dean Colet and his brother founders of the great public schools. No one desires to see boys compelled to carry candles to school, to light them at their early morning tasks, as in days still well remembered by many a surviving Pauline. But there is a wide-spread and growing conviction that schoolmasters have gone too far in their curtailment of time for work. Schooling fills up more years in a boy's life, and indeed trenches well into early manhood, while it is a moot point whether scholarship has advanced.

Vacation consumes sixteen or more weeks out of the fifty-two, and the remaining thirty-six weeks, spent at school, are laid under heavy contribution for holidays and half-holidays on multifarious occasions.

If the questionable privilege of unlimited holiday were a fashion peculiar to schools for the highest ranks of society, the evil result would be of comparatively little moment. Boys of the aristocratic class have ample resources for the profitable disposal of long vacations. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage covers barely as much ground as the travels accomplished in two or three summer excursions of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby boys of the present day. The "grand tour," which formed the climax of an English gentleman's education in the last century, was certainly less extensive than the foreign travel of which the scions of opulent families now have experience before commencing their University career. It is quite a common-place occurrence for fourth and fifth-form boys to traverse France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy in their summer vacations. Youths under eighteen are often met with who have visited all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Some few of that age have sailed on the Nile, scaled the Pyramids, and from their giddy height looked down with Napoleon's witnesses, the forty silent centuries; have glanced at the Red Sea and Bosphorus, and fished the Scandinavian lakes and rivers. Even Niagara Falls, the prairies, and the cities of mushroom growth, a thousand miles inland from the American seaboard, are now easily comprised in a vacation-tour of six weeks' duration. The giant Steam, in alliance with the magician Gold; hotels afloat, yet fraught with all the luxuries of palatial homes; ubiquitous express trains, —such are the ways and means where, with youths in their teens now visit the scenes of history, chivalry, fable, and poetry, or of the marvellous achievements of enterprise and energy in a nation not yet a century old.

For boys blessed with the gift of

fortune, whose position in life is secured in advance for them, and calls for no exertion on their part, no better substitutes for interrupted book-work could be found than foreign travel in summer, and, in the winter, social intercourse with the highest society within reach of their ancestral halls. But long holidays, which are appropriate to the case of the favoured few, are ill-fitted to the circumstances of the masses. These latter have no facilities for field-sports in the murky weather comprised in the long Christmas and Easter holidays. Foreign travel in summer is a luxury beyond their most ardent hopes. Many of them—

"Long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the
air,"—

pass through their school-boy days without once visiting the coast or the country. The City of London School, and others attended by children of the trading and the less wealthy professional classes, afford abundant samples of boys after this type. For such boys a long term of enforced idleness each year is a serious injury, and leads to a pernicious distaste for intellectual effort. Light reading of the most trashy character is the mental pabulum to which such boys betake themselves.

The pupils of a day-school have not the same need for long holidays as boys living away from home. If the Eton, Harrow, Shrewsbury, or Winchester boy has long holidays, he is, at any rate, absent from his family and home throughout the school-terms. Not so the boy at the City of London or the Dulwich Schools, who returns once or twice each day to his home, and has only five whole days of schooling in each week. Yet Dulwich boys (to quote an example) cannot make more than one hundred and seventy-five complete days of schooling, even if they miss no single holiday when the school is opened. Their holidays, half-holidays, and Sundays amount to a hundred and ninety days in the year. More work and less play is clearly needed here; but the practice

of the great public schools is copied without regard to the widely differing circumstances and prospects of the pupils. Boys whose destination is the desk, the warehouse, the shop, or one of the infinite variety of industrial pursuits, cannot afford to spend a large section of the year in mere pastime or listless idleness. The masters of these metropolitan and suburban day-schools have not the same need of long vacations that can be pleaded for their fellow-workers in boarding-schools. An Eton, or Rugby, or Harrow master is more or less engaged with his pupils from early morning till late at night, and even his Sundays are not days of rest. Yet the Head-Master of Eton holds that such duties, filling ten or twelve hours every day, involve no severe mental labour. The masters in large day-schools have only half as many hours of work each day, and no Sunday work. Yet four months out of the twelve are claimed by the masters of middle-class day-schools as indispensable to the recruiting of their exhausted energies. If this claim be just, it follows that Eton and Rugby masters, who work twice as long, should get eight instead of four months' vacation. It is only in England that such a claim is set up. Schools of similar character in Scotland, Prussia, and other countries where education is best attended to, give less holiday by six or eight weeks in the year. One conspicuous result of the shorter holidays in Scotland is the frequent success of Scotch boys in competition against the ablest youths from the English public schools. In schools aided by Government grants, the number of complete days' work in the year is frequently two hundred and twenty or two hundred and thirty, and that, too, without including the Sundays, which also are working days in most instances for both teachers and scholars. Few teachers in middle-class day-schools have so heavy a day's work as the certificated master of a school under Government inspection, who, in addition to his six hours of real hard work at methodical oral teaching, has one and a half or two

more hours occupied in the private instruction of his pupil-teachers, and the keeping of an elaborate set of school-registers. Other odd duties often fall to him, and his Sunday work is no sinecure.

Enough has been stated to show that the interests of middle-class boys attending the town and suburban day-schools, demand a substantial increase in the days for work. The practice of the earlier part of this century, still observed by many excellent schools, should be re-established—namely, a total of two months, or, at the utmost, ten weeks. Shorter vacations might carry with them the compensation of diminished daily tasks for evening hours at home. Many a parent would be glad to see his children relieved of part at least of the drudgery imposed upon them in the shape of excessive evening work. More work should be performed at school; less at the domestic hearth.

An exhaustive scrutiny of a well-kept set of school registers would exhibit, for every boy in the long-holiday-giving schools, a total attendance in the year so small, that it would startle even the school authorities themselves. Besides their regular stated holidays—usually about seven weeks in summer (July to September), five at Christmas, twelve days or a fortnight at Easter, several days in Lent, as many or more days at Whitsuntide, sometimes a week or more after Speech-day—special holidays are sometimes given in celebration of births, marriages, and christenings in the families of masters. Successes attained in examinations by present and former pupils, whether at the Universities or at the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, are also held to be fit occasions for special holidays. So also is the presence of distinguished guests on Speech-day. A few years ago the summer holidays of a large London school, already ample enough, were increased by two weeks, because a prince and princess, and half a dozen bishops, graced by their presence the achievements of Speech-day. Such practices are only maintainable on the ground

that school education is a bad thing, and therefore on any pretext the boys should be benefited by having less of it. The logical sequence is that the greatest benefit would be conferred on the boys by closing the schools altogether, and making each year of boyhood an entire long holiday. A day-school yields only five short days per week for work. Deduct its holidays of 7 weeks in summer, 5 at Christmas, 3 for Lent, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and 2 more for its sundry special holidays, or 17 in all, and there remain only 35 weeks of 5 days each, or a total of 175 days for work, against 190 days for holidays and Sundays. In other words, each period of 100 days is composed of 48 only for work, and 52 for rest and play; or, the year is divided into 25 complete weeks for work, and 27 for rest and play. It may be urged that even in holidays some school work is given to the boys to prepare. But book-work, which infringes on play-time, finds few willing votaries among schoolboys. The advantages of sports have been so greatly extolled in this age of "muscular Christianity," that boys have come to look upon study as of secondary importance, and to give their whole hearts to games. In the case of many boys, cricket consumes in summer-time as many hours per week as lessons. Athletic sports have their uses, but they may be easily abused. In such pastimes, duly regulated, boys mutually give and take a valuable part of education. Mind, however, is the superior of muscle: Apollo held higher rank than Hercules. The subjects of instruction are more numerous than formerly. In a competition for Indian or Civil Service appointments, failure in French and fractions cannot be condoned by skill in flat-race or adroitness at foils; high-leap is not yet an admissible alternative for Higher Mathematics; jumping in sacks is no set-off against halting in Science; good hurdle-racing does not excuse bad answers in History; the first place in long-leap is not a make-weight for limping Latin; the consolation race has no counterpart in

Woolwich or Sandhurst examinations. If anything beyond a mere smattering of many subjects, without thoroughness in one, is to be attained, the days for work should outnumber those for rest and play by a substantial majority.

Excessive holidays are given in most of the richly-endowed schools. Dulwich College gives six weeks more than the City of London School, and five more weeks than the London University College School—the two latter leaning more on fees, and less on endowment, than Alleyne's foundation. Parents often complain that even Christ's Hospital has greatly enlarged its vacation in recent years. But here again is a better case for abundant holiday than, for example, the Dulwich College Lower School, where less than half the 365 days of the year are given to work. The Charity Commissioners might render good service to education by requiring from all endowed schools, in addition to their usual yearly financial statement, a return from the school registers of the number of attendances made by each boy in the twelve months.

Schools which give 4 months' holiday in the year, yield only 8 months in the year for work. Schools which give a total of 2 months' holiday in the year yield 10 months of work. It requires 10 years of 8 months each, to afford as much schooling as 8 years of 10 months each. So that a boy entering school at the age of 7, must now remain till 17 in order to get as much schooling as fell to the lot of his predecessors on the same benches between the ages of 7 and 15. In other words, two years more of idle time are now-a-days thrust upon boys of the middle and lower middle classes, in deference to the practice of Eton. Schoolmasters have not, in England, the skins of Ethiops, nor the leopard's spots which resist all mild detergent processes. They are open to conviction. If they are wilfully deaf to reasonable remonstrance, let parents address themselves to the governing bodies of those schools in which holiday exceeds the requirements or the necessities of the pupils in attendance.

THE ABBOT'S WAY.

NEXT to its verdant freshness, which, we are told, we owe to that moist climate of which we are not seldom tempted to complain, the greatest charm of our English landscape is its extraordinary variety. Within a narrow compass, and on a small scale, our island contains almost every kind of scenery of which the temperate zone is capable,—mountain and valley, hill and dale, fen and forest, park and garden, cliff and sand, form an inexhaustible succession of beauty, varied by just that amount of plainness and sterility which seems best calculated to enhance its effect.

This charm of variety, which properly belongs to the whole country, is now and then repeated, in an inferior degree, in the general aspect of a single county; indeed, I do not believe that any county, either in England or Scotland, is entirely without it, though some possess it to a far greater degree than others; and in none is this more conspicuously the case than in the county of Somerset.

First there is the great background, or landward portion of the county; which consists of a large undulating tract of country, well-wooded, fertile, and highly cultivated, abounding, as such tracts of country are wont to do, in parks and gardens, and pleasant country-houses. Then, stretching towards the Bristol Channel, the N.W. boundary of the county, we find two ranges of hills, the Mendips and the Quantocks; the former barren of trees, rugged, and precipitous, cleft by the deep defile of Cheddar Cliffs, and dipping into the sea at Brean Down to reappear in the islands of the Steep and Flat Holmes half way across towards Wales; the latter of soft and rounded outline, wearing on their sides a rich mantle of purple heath and golden gorse, whilst their innermost recesses are green with woods, and musical with the never-ceasing ripple of countless springs and rivulets.

Between these two ranges of hills lies a broad tract of perfectly flat country, stretching inland many a mile from the Bristol Channel to the foot of Glastonbury Tor. There is another smaller range, the Polden Hills, which juts out, like a peninsula, into the centre of this plain, whose flat expanse, viewed from the Roman road which is carried along the crest of these Polden Hills, looks like the uncovered basin of some huge lake, or inland sea, with here and there an island or two, of greater or less size, rising abruptly out of it. And there is little doubt that there was a time, long, long ago, when the thick turbid waters of the "Severn Sea,"—Tennyson's "yellow sea,"—as tawny as a lion's mane, covered nearly the whole tract that lies between the Quantocks and the Mendips; and, if we may trust the old legend, it must have been over this plain that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions came sailing to Glastonbury, when they landed at the foot of the Tor—once the mysterious Isle of Avalon—and their leader planted the magic thorn, whose offshoots, to this very day, persist in bursting into leaf and trying to blossom at Christmas. Even now, the rivers which fall into the Bristol Channel between the Quantocks and the Mendips are carefully embanked for many miles; and, not two hundred years ago, when an unusually high tide made a breach in the sea-wall at Huntspill, the waves once more rolled triumphantly across the plain to Glastonbury, where, for many years, a stone was to be seen at the foot of the tower of one of the churches, which was set to mark the utmost limit to which the waters reached.

Almost all the land of which this great plain is composed has been long ago drained and enclosed, and converted from waste land into flourishing pastures, in which are situated the dairy farms where most of the so-called Cheddar

cheese is made. Much as the value of the land and the prosperity of its inhabitants have been augmented by these improvements, those of them that have been carried out in recent years were generally received, when first proposed and set on foot, with the most violent opposition. The discontented traversed the country in bands, expressing in threatening words and gestures their anger at the enclosure of the waste, and singing rude songs, of which there was one with the refrain :—

“Let Zadgemoor bide as a be.”

The land must have been partially drained a long while before it was enclosed. It is intersected by a multitude of ditches, and also by several large dykes, called in the dialect of the country “rhines” or “rheens.” My readers will no doubt remember that it was on the banks of one of these “rhines” that the issue of the battle of Sedgemoor was decided. About two-thirds of the plain is composed of these rich pasture-lands, the home of some of the most prosperous farmers to be found in all England; the remaining third, though not without a value of its own, is as conspicuous for its barrenness as the rest is for its fertility, and yet it is concerning this barren tract that I wish to awaken your attention, and excite your interest.

If you have ever travelled by the Somerset Central Railway from High-bridge to Glastonbury, you must have passed through it, wondering, perhaps, to be carried for miles through such a desolate waste, resembling a miniature Irish bog, set in the midst of English cultivation and prosperity.

This curious tract is generally known by the name of “The Turf Moor,” just as the fertile plain above described is called “The Marsh.” If you would see it to advantage you must not approach it from the railway, but come down into it from the Polden Hills, along whose base it lies, stretching towards the Mendips in rich bands of colour, chocolate and brown and dark green in the foreground, and deep purple and iris

blue beyond. The view is bounded by the Mendip Hills, whose naked sides are beautiful in the distance with every variety of tint and hue that light and shade, falling on scanty herbage and broken masses of grey rock, can produce.

From the old Roman road already spoken of a multitude of lanes, all more or less steep and narrow, lead down into the moor. Choosing one of these, you make your way between mossy, violet-scented banks, overshadowed by elm-trees, or surmounted by high, irregular, hawthorn hedges, past orchards, and pastures, and gardens, until suddenly and abruptly all these things cease: you reach the bottom of the hill, and you find yourself on the very edge of a brown, level waste of heather and fern and fir-trees, and dark, conical stacks of turf, where there are no elms and no hedge-rows, and where never a violet grows; where the sides of the ditches which border the road are of the deepest chocolate colour; where the houses are mere cabins, because the ground is so soft and unsteady that it will not bear the weight of a second story; and where, in seasonable weather, you may meet almost all the inhabitants of the district out of doors; all, from the eldest to the youngest, somehow or other engaged in the business of getting turf, their brown faces wearing, for the most part, a singular air of contentment and satisfaction with their peculiar mode of life.

The Turf Moor has, however, undergone many changes within the last fifteen or twenty years. Roads have multiplied, churches and chapels have been built, and schools established; and by intercourse with their neighbours the moor-folk have gradually become much less rough and uncivilized, and, in general, much more like other people, than they once were. In places, too, where all the turf has been dug out, the land has been brought into cultivation, and patches of poor-looking pasturage and scanty crops are to be seen, encroaching upon the barren moor to such an extent that it is impossible not to suspect that the time may be slowly but surely approaching when the whole tract will lose its wild

character, and become tame and agricultural.

That day, however, must be yet far off. Although the great-grandfathers of the present generation would, no doubt, hardly believe their eyes if they could see the advances that civilization has already made even in the turbaries; still, compared with the social standard of the day, they are yet wild enough to contrast strongly with the prosperous agricultural villages that cluster round Polden Hill. They have still a flora of their own, including, I have heard, many rare plants that grow nowhere else in England; rare birds still make the moors their occasional haunt in the winter; and their inhabitants are still almost a distinct race, with customs and traditions of their own, obstinately attached to their native place, and loving, with all their hearts, the out-of-door freedom and independence that they enjoy.

But it is not to talk of botany or ornithology, or even to introduce you to the brown, picturesque inhabitants, that I have led you into the Turf Moor, and wearied you, it may be, with this long attempt to give you an exact idea of its locality, lying in the midst of the agricultural districts of Somersetshire, like a gipsy child found asleep in the house of a prosperous farmer.

I have done so in the hope that my description may enable you to realize the situation, and to go back in imagination into the distant past, to the times when the wild, half-inundated moors and marshes of Somerset must have been an inviolable retreat, an impregnable refuge for many a generation of hunted fugitives; to the unknown time, in short, when human hands made, and human feet used to tread, the curious buried pathway that I am about to describe to you.

It is now some years ago that I first heard a clergyman, living on the borders of the Turf Moor, mention the "Abbot's Way." This name, he said, was given to a road or pathway which was said to extend for several miles below the surface of the Moor. Since that time

I have often heard the Abbot's Way spoken of; but, although the tradition of its existence was familiar to many people, no one appeared to know anything further about it, nor to be able to tell why the Way, if indeed it really existed, should be called the Abbot's.

Had it been made, hundreds of years ago, by the orders of some Abbot of Glastonbury? Or was it the legacy of yet earlier ages which the Abbey took upon itself the task of keeping in repair? Or, again, is the name simply a result of the habit of associating every relic of the past, whose history is at all mysterious or obscure, with the great abbey that once dominated the whole district?

These questions still remain unanswered, although the buried road itself has been laid open to the light of day.

About three years ago a gentleman who is the owner of some land in the Turf Moor, and who was then engaged in writing a short paper on the geological peculiarities of the neighbourhood, determined to investigate the old tradition of a buried road, and to ascertain for himself whether such a road existed, and what it was like.

He began by making inquiries amongst the turf-cutters employed on his own ground, whether they had ever "heard tell" of the Abbot's Way, and, if so, whether they knew in what direction it lay.

They at once declared that they were perfectly well acquainted with the situation of the buried road, as they frequently struck into it with their spades in digging for turf; and, upon this information, he set some of them to work to dig for it, desiring them to lay some yards of the Abbot's Way open for him to see.

The popular traditions, as well as the turf-cutters consulted on the subject, all agreed in describing the road as a *wooden* one, but the accounts were so vague that it was impossible to form any clear idea of the kind of road that it was supposed to be. When it was actually, for twenty yards or so, uncovered to his view, this gentleman was not only sur-

prised, but far more interested than he had expected to be.

It lies about six feet below the present surface, and may be described, for want of a better comparison, as a miniature example of the log roads, composed of the trunks of trees, which are common, at the present day, in America.

The Abbot's Way is composed, not of the trunks of trees, but of birchen poles, three feet long, split, and laid close together, and fastened at intervals with pegs about twelve inches long. Whether the poles are also fastened in any way with thongs I am not able to say. In describing the road I wish to describe only what I have myself seen, and I did not observe anything of the kind.

Owing, I suppose, to the antiseptic properties of the peat in which it has for centuries lain buried, the wood is in a wonderful state of preservation, although so soft and spongy as to be easily cut with a spade. The delicate silvery bark is still visible on the pieces that are used as pegs.

On asking the turf-cutters, and other inhabitants of the Moor, what they supposed to be the general direction of the Abbot's Way, a variety of answers were received. Some affirmed that the road was to be traced right through the moor, from the Glastonbury or landward edge of it to the sea-coast; others, on the contrary, held that the so-called "Way" was, in truth, a network of several pathways, leading from one to another of those points in the Moor that are drier than the rest, and always above water during inundations. These are sandbanks, and they are always chosen for the site of the better sort of dwellings that are to be found in the Moor; and it is against these sandbanks that most of the trunks of trees, generally oak, that are often found in the peat, are imbedded.

Another suggestion sometimes made about the Abbot's Way is that it was used by the Glastonbury monks as a means of access to the little chapels and churches which it was their duty to serve; a suggestion which can only be

admitted if we renounce the idea, which involuntarily suggests itself to our minds, that this buried pathway, lying many feet below the soil trodden by the present generation, is far older than mediæval, perhaps even than Saxon times.

But it is the province of the present writer, not to offer conjectures, but, by describing accurately what appears to be a very curious relic of antiquity, to provide food for the conjectures of others.

I do not know whether, by those who understand such matters, it would be considered worth while to uncover a much longer portion of the Abbot's Way than the few yards that have been already laid open, in the hope of wringing from the silent pathway some note of the generations that once trod it. Once, in the turbaries, near Edington Burtle, at what depth below the surface we are not told, nor whether at all in the vicinity of the Abbot's Way, a square box, or coffer, of maple wood, was found, scooped within into an oval shape, and containing, as I find from a paper in a volume of the "Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archaeological Society," for the year 1854, a torque, evidently from its size and lightness intended for the neck of a woman, two armlets, with finger rings of the same pattern, several other rings, one of them supposed to be of the same pattern as the Irish *jogh-draoch*, or chain-ring of divination, and, lastly, several knives and celts.

Of all these articles there are drawings in the *Archæological Journal*, but the writer of the paper has not described with the accuracy that might be wished the exact situation of the coffer when found.

Some Druidical priestess, the writer suggests, traversing the moor in a boat, may have "lost" the coffer. It is impossible not to wish that we could know whether the nineteenth century turf-cutters who "found" it, found it anywhere near the buried "Way." The ancient Britons, we know, baffled, for a time, their Roman invaders by retiring

into impenetrable morasses, pathless, except to themselves. Was the British "Norma" the owner of the weird trinkets, suggesting all sorts of mysterious associations with spells, and prophecies, and wonder-working power, traversing the moor, not by water, but by the secret path, spread like a piece of wooden matting on the soft and yielding surface of the moor, upon which it floated, somewhat on the principle of George Stephenson's railway across Chat Moss?

But, alas! although British remains have been not unfrequently found in these districts, their discovery has never been, in any way, connected with the buried road. I should have no excuse for my mention of them, except that this slight sketch, by which I wish to introduce you to the locality of the "Abbot's Way," would not be complete without it.

It was, perhaps, unlikely, that by a lucky chance any interesting relic of bygone humanity should be found in the very few yards of the "Abbot's Way" that have been uncovered. There was nothing lying on its surface except the *débris* of reeds, and the roots of plants looking like turf in process of formation; and amongst these *débris*, handfuls of hazel-nuts, as brown as bog oak from their long repose in their peaty bed, but in a wonderful state of preservation. Some have found relics of the hazel-bushes on which they

grew, such as twigs and leaves, all browned to the same dark chocolate colour. When I was present only nuts were found, but this was some time after the place had been exposed to the open air. The small brown nuts had evidently been buried when they were about half ripe, and it is a curious coincidence that similar nuts, in exactly the same stage of growth, are found in the submarine forest which stretches out into the Bristol Channel, and is supposed, if I am not mistaken, to be a continuation of the Turf Moor, once, no doubt, itself a forest also. The bare trunks of the trees may be seen at low water protruding from the thick mud which covers the bed of the great estuary of the Severn, and it is, I believe, deep in the mud and *débris* surrounding these barren trunks that the hazel-nuts have been found. Similar nuts have been found on the coast of Cornwall, and also, I am told, in the North of France, and it is chiefly on the presence of these half-ripe hazel-nuts on the surface of the Abbot's Way that some have built the conjecture that the Way itself belongs to pre-historic times, times when those naked trunks bore boughs and leaves, and the Turf Moor was not.

This paper has been written in the hope of obtaining wider notice, both from the educated public generally, and more particularly from those whose special studies qualify them, in a special manner, to throw light upon the subject.

WAR AND PROGRESS.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

At the time this article was commenced war between France and Germany seemed to be a mere question of weeks, if not of days. Even now, though the Conference has averted the immediate danger of war, yet the danger seems only adjourned, not dispelled. It is clear that at one moment we were on

the eve of an European contest. If the French Government had insisted on the annexation of the Duchy of Luxemburg, or if that of Prussia had rejected all idea of conceding the fortress, war would have been inevitable. It is not my purpose to express any opinion as to the merits or demerits of the French or

Prussian positions. Which of the two powers was most in the right, or, more correctly speaking, least in the wrong, is a question I leave to others to decide. All I wish to point out is the exact character of the issue which was all but plunging—which, even yet, may still plunge—Europe into the horrors of war. The subject-matter in dispute belonged to the category of infinitesimal quantities. With the exception of a few superannuated believers in the defunct science of strategy, no rational person ever supposed for a moment that the possession of the citadel of Luxemburg was of vital importance to either France or Germany. If the Emperor Napoleon desired to seize the left bank of the Rhine, or to march on Berlin, he most assuredly would not be deterred by the consideration that a few thousand Prussian troops were locked up in Luxemburg; if King William I. determined to occupy Paris, and restore Alsace to the Fatherland, he would not surrender his project in deference to the presence of a French garrison in this contested stronghold. It is even more absurd to suppose that the acquisition of the two hundred and odd thousand Luxemburgers could be essential to the dignity or safety of great empires like France or Germany. Probably, if by some strange convulsion of nature, the Grand Duchy, fortress and all, could vanish from the face of the earth, there are not a thousand square miles in Europe which would be less keenly missed than the area in question. I quite admit that very grave and weighty interests were more or less directly involved in the settlement of this controversy. But the actual issue was one of abstract honour. In the whole history of the dynastic wars which desolated Europe for centuries, I doubt if you would find one undertaken on so small and insignificant a pretext as that which all but furnished a *casus belli* between the two chief branches of the Latin and Teuton races.

And what is more noteworthy still, the danger to peace did not arise from the ambitions of despotic sovereigns, or

the jealousies of rival dynasties. No candid observer can suppose that either Napoleon III. or his Prussian Majesty was desirous of war personally. They both are men who, either from years or failing health, are no longer in the prime of life; they are neither of them men with whom war is a passion; they have both the most powerful and obvious motives for desiring the continuance of peace, in order to consolidate the enterprises their lives have been spent in prosecuting, with a more or less successful result. Nor has it ever been even surmised that there existed between the two sovereigns any of those private animosities which influence crowned equally with uncrowned heads. On the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that the personal relations between the Courts of Potsdam and the Tuileries have been exceptionally amicable. If the question of peace or war was one which the two sovereigns or their respective Governments could decide without any reference to anything except their own wishes, there can be no reasonable doubt that peace would be preserved. The one real danger of war arose, and still arises, from the popular feeling in favour of war which exists throughout the two countries. Accepting this view of mine—a view whose truth will, I believe, be acknowledged by every one at all acquainted with French and German feeling—I am forced to this conclusion: that the two most civilized and cultivated nations of the Continent were within an ace of going to war, only the other day, on a question of as little practical importance—and that is saying a good deal—as any of those concerning which tens of thousands of human lives have been sacrificed in the semi-barbarous times.

This conclusion leads me to the reflection—which recent events must have forced ere now on the minds of most thinking men—whether progress and war are so antagonistic as we used to imagine. In the days that preceded 1848, it used to be almost an axiom of tuition that the spread of enlightenment and commerce and civilization were in

themselves fatal to the existence of war, in much the same way as the free introduction of fresh air is fatal to the prevalence of noxious odours. To have denied that civilization exercised a pacific influence over mankind would then have been esteemed as gross a heresy as to assert that education did not elevate the moral character. Nor was this dogma merely an article of abstract faith. Twenty years ago people really did believe that the era of war, if not over, was approaching its termination. In those days, when the marvels of steam and electricity were still novelties among us, we were prone perhaps to exaggerate the immediate effect of their influence. Certainly the last thought which suggested itself to ordinary people was, that these very agencies would be employed to render the destruction of human life by war more easy of accomplishment, more wholesale, and more speedy. It seems too, now, as if we used to over-calculate, or, at all events, to mis-estimate, the power of popular education. That the schoolmaster was abroad was the stock platitude of the hour; and few of us doubted but the first mission of the schoolmaster would be to convince mankind of the absurdity, uselessness, and wickedness of war. High as our expectations were of the ensuing triumphs of industry and culture, it can hardly be said that in the main they have not been realized. Within the last quarter of a century we have certainly made more progress in general education and material prosperity than we had done since the close of Marlborough's wars. All through Europe, too, public opinion has grown in power and authority. Whatever may be the changes in individual forms of government, it cannot be doubted that in any European country the public commands far more of hearing than it did in the period which terminated with the Congress of Vienna. Yet in spite of these two unquestionable facts, that civilization has made rapid progress, and that the popular element is every day becoming more influential in the direction of public affairs, we have the still more

indubitable fact that wars, far from ceasing to exist, have been unusually frequent, and that every nation in Europe is exhausting its strength and impoverishing its resources in the attempt to raise its military power to a pitch never even contemplated in the old time—so near in distance, so far away in recollection.

I know that there is a school of thinkers who attribute this contest between the tendency of the age and the spirit of progress simply and solely to the existence of the French empire under Napoleon III. This solution—much in favour as it is with men whose opinions I respect—always reminds me of the Hindoo theory to account for the earth being supported in mid-space, that it stands upon the back of a tortoise. Imperialism may be the parent of the war fever which has sprung up together with our modern progress; but then Imperialism itself is the product and offspring of that very progress, to whose essence and spirit all war is supposed *ex hypothesi* to be antagonistic. Moreover, even if we regard Caesarism as the incarnation of all evil, it is very difficult to see how in any sense, except the broad one that all sin is connected with every other, it can be held responsible for the majority of the wars that of late have marked the era of progress. It was not Caesarism which gave birth to the civil war in America, or induced Germany to attack Denmark, or sowed lifelong enmity between Austria and Italy, or split up Germany into two hostile camps. And, most assuredly, if the impending war be averted, it certainly will be due to the power that Caesarism confers on the French Government of disregarding for a time the voice of public opinion in France.

I think, therefore, that all people who are content to look at facts, and then ground their theories upon them—a converse process to that adopted by *doctrinaires* of every persuasion—cannot avoid the confession that progress, in our modern sense of the term, is not directly antagonistic to war. On the contrary, I incline to the opinion,

that popular governments, based, as all governments must be increasingly, on democratic principles, are quite as prone to war as despotic or oligarchic ones,—possibly more so. I can remember having learned as a child the song of Blenheim, and having it impressed upon my youthful mind that the burden of "But 'twas a famous victory," conveyed the truth that there would be no fighting if people only were taught to think what they were asked to fight for. Mature experience, however, has not confirmed my belief in the truth of this moral. No doubt it is very easy to discourse about the absurdity of all war; to ask what possible satisfaction Jack White can derive from the fact that Jean Leblanc, whom he has never seen or heard of, is cut to pieces by a shell; to dilate upon the monstrosity of poor Müller being crippled for life, of his cottage being burnt down, his children being turned upon the streets, in vindication of the claim of the high and mighty House of Pumpernickel to the disputed sovereignty of the State of Lilliput. These, or similar sarcasms, have been uttered concerning every war that has ever yet been fought since men ceased to look on fighting as the normal condition of the human race; and yet I cannot discover that they ever prevented the occurrence of a single conflict. I am driven to the conclusion that there is some flaw in the logical force of this reasoning. In the first place the "*Cui bono?*" argument is eminently unsatisfactory. If men are only to be interested in what immediately and tangibly concerns their own position or prospects or fortunes, we find that the vast majority of human actions cannot be rationally accounted for. We assume that every man, worthy of the name, must care for the prosperity of his own country. Yet, if you look at the matter philosophically, what conceivable practical difference does it make to my daily life or comfort that marshes are drained in Essex, or rich harvests grown in Kent, or new factories established in Lancashire? In

a very vague and indirect way the general prosperity of the country may be thought to improve my individual fortunes; but this improvement, if tested by a utilitarian or money standard, is too small in value to influence a rational man's thoughts, still less his actions. I should have been deemed a fool, as well as a brute, if, at the time of the Cotton Famine, I had said it was a matter of absolute indifference to me whether the mills stopped work or not. Yet I cannot see that my own personal commerce or comfort was affected in the remotest degree by the suspension of a trade with which, as with the persons concerned in which, I am not even remotely connected. If I were asked why I cared about the matter at all, I could only answer in the style of the grandfather in the song I have spoken of, "But 'twas a great calamity." The same remark applies to the discoveries of science. Speaking of myself, as a representative of the great public, as M. or N. of the Catechism, as a Signor "*Nossuno Nome*" of the great life-drama, what possible difference does it make to me whether Le Verrier does or does not discover a planet; whether Darwin does or does not put forth the theory of natural selection? In fact, if we once lay down the rule, that nobody who has nothing to get by it can reasonably make sacrifices for war, we are driven logically to the startling conclusion, that nobody ought to take an interest in anything which does not somehow touch his own bodily comforts or enjoyments.

Moreover, I am seriously afraid that, as men grow more and more intelligent, they learn to appreciate less highly the absolute and immediate disadvantages of war. In spite of all the popular commonplaces on the subject, it is very hard to specify how ninety-nine persons out of a hundred are materially affected by the fact, that the armies of their country are fighting in a foreign country. In any war, one of the combatants, if not each of them, expects that the contest will be waged in his enemy's terri-

tures, not in his own; and the result is, that the apprehension of war being brought home to their own dwellings cannot influence both parties alike. The inventions of modern science and the increasing division of labour have rendered war far less onerous to communities, taken as wholes, than it was in past days; and the tendency to diminish the horrors of war, and to exempt private persons from its sufferings, which forms one of the most marked triumphs of modern progress, renders the idea of war far less appalling to the nations of Europe than it used to be. Then, too, I think I am not committing myself to a paradox when I assert that the spread of education, the growth of popular intelligence, tend, *in the first instance*, to increase the risk of war. All the wars of the last half-century have been mainly carried on for an idea. Neither love of plunder nor greed of territory has led to their inception; but the desire either to promote or check the growth of some abstract principle. And the more intelligent a nation becomes, the larger is the number of its citizens who can realize an idea, or become enthusiastic in its defence or attack. It is common enough to treat patriotism as an instinct of humanity, but I doubt the truth of the assertion. Savage and barbarous nations hardly possess the instinct at all; the most highly cultivated ones possess it in the most developed form. The truth is, that patriotism, in our modern sense of the term, presupposes intelligence. In America the war passion seized upon the whole people to an extent never witnessed in the world before, because everybody well nigh understood more or less of the cause for which, rightly or wrongly, North and South were fighting. But, as a matter of fact, not of sentiment, what interest would our own agricultural population feel in a war carried on for an idea? No doubt if the French were to invade England, that great multitude of whom John Cross, with his nine children and his eight shillings a week, may be taken as a type, would exhibit a very distinct, if a low,

form of patriotism. They are intelligent enough to dislike a foreigner, and to feel that being ordered about by men who could not speak the English tongue was a personal pain and humiliation. But does any one suppose John Cross and his fellow Dorsetshire hinds would feel personally aggrieved if they learnt that Spain had conquered Gibraltar, or that England was powerless to protect India against the advance of Russia? Imperial supremacy, national influence, and popular greatness are to them terms conveying as little meaning as the differential calculus or the conservation of forces. But, on the other hand, any educated Englishman must feel that the power and grandeur and empire of his country are to him among his most cherished personal possessions. I can understand thinkers like Mr. Goldwin Smith arguing that the greatness of our empire does not add to our real strength, and that in the interests of right and equity we should abandon our transmarine territories. But even the most ardent disciple of this self-denying ordinance would admit, if he were honest, that the sacrifice he proposed to make was to him a very real one. I should think, from what I have seen, that the Dutch of the present day were individually as rich, happy, and prosperous as the average of Englishmen, and far more so than their ancestors were in the bygone time of Holland's greatness. But yet what Englishman would not allow that to see his country reduced to the political and national insignificance of Holland would be a calamity he would feel as a private and peculiar grief? The more cultivated we grow, the more we value our position as part and parcel of that grand entity which we call a nation. When we have, as ere long I trust we may have, common schools where all Englishmen can read and write, and know something of England's history, then the passion of the British Empire will, I believe, become as universal amongst Englishmen as the fervour of the Union is to the citizens of the United States. Our capacity for patriotism I believe to be immense.

In our present state of national culture we should rise like one man to repel any attack upon English soil; and as our views grow wider with education, we shall extend the same passion over a larger area, and apply it to a greater variety of subjects. I speak of Englishmen, because to us they afford the best illustration of my theory; but its application I take to be universal. What I have said is true not only of Britons, but in a more or less marked degree of Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians,—of every nation, in fact, rising in prosperity, growing in culture. And if my view be correct, it is, to say the least, doubtful whether the spread of material prosperity, the growth of mental culture, with their consequent development and extension of the patriotic passion, are in themselves favourable to the maintenance of peace. Increased intercommunication between nations augments the number of questions on which their prejudices or principles are likely to differ; and the wider diffusion of national sentiment renders it more probable that these differences will commend themselves to the national instinct as matters worth insisting on at all costs and all hazards.

Thus I am apparently landed at the melancholy conclusion that progress promotes war, which is destructive of progress,—that in fact humanity is condemned to tread a vicious circle, by which the very efforts it makes towards its own elevation bring it back to barbarism. My escape from this dilemma consists in the belief that the gradual result of civilization, in the highest meaning of the term, will be first to modify, and then to change, the whole character of the instinct we call patriotism, for want of a better word. Patriotism is not an absolute and positive virtue like temperance, but a relative one like loyalty. Dr. Johnson defines a patriot as a man whose ruling passion is love of his country; and if this definition be correct, it follows that patriotism may be either a merit or a fault, according as the love evoked by the passion be wise or unwise. Put in this form, the statement sounds like a truism; yet

the truth is constantly disregarded, if not denied, in current language and literature. Possibly from our insular position, and our isolation from the wider currents of European thought, we carry our worship of patriotism as an abstract virtue somewhat higher than other countries, just as to my mind we exaggerate the positive merit of domestic virtues. Still in every land there is a general coincidence of opinion to the effect that anybody who loves his own country has fulfilled the whole duty of man. Now I have not the faintest wish to decry the virtue of patriotism. For many generations, possibly for many centuries to come, it will, I believe, be the highest form of self-abnegation of which the bulk of mankind can be capable. To love the community of which by chance you are a member better than your own individual care, safety, comfort; to make the welfare of the unknown millions who speak your language, and belong to your own race, the object of your efforts and exertions; to place the honour, happiness, and prosperity of the section of the human race to which you belong above all personal and private considerations—this is surely one of the noblest of human efforts. All I contend for is, that it is not *the* noblest. No man who is not devoid of the ordinary instincts of mankind, can deny that he felt a sympathy with Roebuck when he said that his one rule in life was to think what was good for England; or with the Americans, when they wrote upon their banners, "The Union: right or wrong, it must be preserved;" or with M. Thiers, when he declared the other day that to him France was everything; and yet no thinking man can help feeling that, in these and the hundred similar outbursts of patriotic zeal which each country treasures up amidst its annals, there is an element of selfishness.

Patriotism, too, by its very essence, changes in character with the changes of time. In the days of the old Italian republics, a Florentine who had not been ready to espouse the cause of his state against Pisa or Venice would

have been deemed by the highest intellects of the day degraded and disgraced. Yet now, any Florentine who joined in a foray against Pisa would be deemed, even by the most ignorant of Tuscan peasants, a scoundrel worthy of the gallows. In the same way, but a few hundred years ago every brave and honest and unselfish man who lived north of the Tweed would have been fighting on the side of Bruce and Wallace against England; and now, if a Scotchman proposed to levy war against England, he would be set down by his own countrymen as a traitor or a lunatic. Yet Scotchmen are not less patriotic now than they were in the days of Bannockburn; they would die, they have died, as readily for Great Britain as they ever died for Scotland; the only difference is, that their idea of patriotism is enlarged and exalted. Is it a heresy to imagine that some day or other the time may come—nay, can already be seen slowly advancing—when patriotism shall extend over a yet larger area than that occupied by one country or one single race? At the time of the German War of Independence, Goethe was called upon to write patriotic songs stirring up the nation against France; but, in spite of taunts and entreaties, the old poet-philosopher declined to respond to the appeal. "No one," he said, "loves the Germans more than I do; but then I do not hate the French." Perhaps hereafter this sentiment may not be thought as monstrous as it was at the time of utterance,—as it would be thought even now, under like circumstances. Possibly men may learn that, because you love your own people, it does not follow that you hate all others.

Nobody can study the course of events without seeing that the tendency of the age is to frame nations into larger communities. The days of small states are numbered; and the number of distinct nationalities throughout Europe is being diminished by a sort of Darwinian principle of selection. The strong nationalities are absorbing the weak into themselves. Much of suffering and

hardship attends this process of amalgamation. Nations, like men, die painfully; and every nation has a right to maintain its own vitality. Poland and Ireland and Denmark and Portugal may struggle hard to preserve their distinct place amidst the nations of Europe; and no wise man could state with absolute certainty that no one of them could succeed in its attempt; but in the mass they must succumb, in accordance with the law that the greater must swallow up the less. I quite admit that this absorption of the little by the big is not an unmixed gain to the world at large. There are arts, graces, studies, and even virtues which flourish more rapidly and more profusely in the confined atmosphere of small states than in the larger life of great populous communities. Things were, doubtless, possible under the Heptarchy—and those not evil things—which are no longer possible in England; and yet the absorption of the Heptarchy has profited Englishmen. And so I think in the long run Europe will be happier when her territory is divided—as it probably will be before long—into far fewer kingdoms than occupy it at present.

A change, however, in the political or economical conditions of the world might, I think, retard, if not suspend, the operation of the forces which visibly and directly tend to diminish the European constituency. I rely far more on the operation of the silent and involuntary causes which, in my judgment, are gradually bringing the constituents to feel that they are united with each other by common ties. The advantages of steam have been so dinned into our ears, so thrust down our throats, so pressed upon our remembrance in season and out of season, that we are inclined to ignore them altogether. Yet patriotism, in its low parochial sense of a passionate unreasoning preference for every custom, institution, interest of your country, as opposed to all others, received, I think, with many other bad things, its death-blow when steam was first invented. There is a story told that once, when Charles Lamb was

abusing somebody or other, he was asked if he knew the person he was attacking: "Know him?" was the answer; "of course I do not; if I did, I should be sure to like him." And this story seems to me, like many of Elia's sayings, to have contained within it the germ of a very serious truth. The great reason why nations dislike one another, as they do most cordially, far worse than governments or dynasties ever can do, is because they are so ignorant of each other. It has been my lot to live a good deal in foreign countries; and the one chief lesson I have learnt is, that one nation is very like every other. After all, as Sam Slick says, there is a great deal that is human about man; and men are very much alike, whatever may be their language, or race, or creed, or colour. Virtues and vices, cleverness and folly, honesty and dishonesty, industry and indolence, seem to me much more equally distributed about the world than patriotic admirers of different and rival countries would be disposed to allow. Of course, neither I, nor any rational person, would assume that there is no marked difference between Englishmen and Russians, or between Chinese and Malays, or between American negroes and Hottentot bushmen. Each of these races occupies very distinct and definite stages in civilization, and cannot either judge or be judged according to a common standard. All I assert is, that between different nations the points of resemblance are more marked than the points of dissimilitude, and that therefore the effect of more intimate acquaintance between nations is inevitably to weaken the patriotic conviction, that all goodness and virtue and honesty are reserved to one particular branch of God's creation. At the time when the prejudice against the Free Northern States was at its height in this country, an English nobleman, with that sublime *naïveté* which characterises his class, remarked to an American diplomatist who told me the story, "I cannot understand how it is, but all Englishmen who have lived

"across the Atlantic seem to be fond of Americans." The plain truth is that, if you are gifted with the average amount of good sense and kindly feeling, you can hardly live long amidst a foreign nation without learning to look upon them as friends. Thus, if my view is right, the mere fact of one nation being brought into constant contact with another, forming with it ties of friendship, commerce, and marriage, removes the distinctions between the two countries, widens the area owned by their respective patriotisms, and thereby lessens the risk of war. To take a very simple and familiar instance: what reasonable man can doubt that the danger of war between France and England is far less now than it was five-and-twenty years ago? The political conditions of the two countries are, to say the least, not so favourable to peace as they were in the days when a constitutional monarch—the Napoleon of peace—sat on the throne of France. But, within the last quarter of a century, railways, excursion trains, treaties of commerce, cheap postage, increased knowledge of modern languages, have made Englishmen and Frenchmen so much more intimate with each other, that the provocation required to produce war on either side must be infinitely greater now than it would have been at the time of the Syrian difficulty.

Thus, to my mind, the way in which progress ultimately works towards the promotion of peace is by a gradual assimilation of one nation to another. I am speaking, be it always understood, of remote tendencies, not of operations whose progress can be distinctly discovered from year to year, or even perhaps from century to century. Within any given period, no matter of how long duration, no cool-headed man would reckon on the world beholding one European nation; but in the course of modern times it is probable we shall have a Latin and a Teutonic and a Slavonian people, comprising within themselves the different branches of those races, now divided by diversities of language, and history, and insti-

tutions. Just as Italy has swallowed up the republics, and France has absorbed Burgundy and Navarre, so in the course of time Italy and Spain may become part and parcel of one great Latin people. No doubt, at this moment, Spaniards and Italians would regard the idea of sacrificing their separate nationality with the same horror as, centuries ago, Florentines and Venetians would have regarded the prospect of being merged in an Italian kingdom. And there is no doubt that, in all such absorptions, there is something lost to the world in the decay and disappearance of individual languages, and literatures, and traditions. But of this, I think, we may be sure, that in the long run the principle of selection holds good with regard to races and peoples, and that the one most fitted to live does live, to the exclusion of those less worthy. An Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, may be the staunchest of patriots, and yet may look forward without alarm to the possibility of a far distant future, when England, and France, and Germany shall be nothing more than geographical expressions. The principle of nationalities, of which we hear so much now-a-days, cannot be regarded as a permanent resting-place for humanity, but only as a temporary arrangement good for our age, but not for all ages to come. "Qui veut le fin," says the French proverb, "veut les moyens;" and any one who holds that a united brotherhood is the ideal state of mankind cannot shrink with horror at the bare notion that in the course of time his own section of humanity may be absorbed in a larger polity. This doctrine, at any rate, is not a novel one, but as old as the creed first taught eighteen centuries ago. Of all the varied faiths the world has known, Christianity is the one in which patriotism holds the least important and conspicuous place, just as Judaism, the faith of the "chosen people," is based upon the principle of patriotism in its narrowest form. In fact, from one point of view Christianity may be

regarded as a protest against the conception which underlay all the Mosaic religion, that the interest of the children of Israel superseded all claims of the outer world. When the Gospel was first preached to the Gentiles, the truth was asserted that the bonds which unite all mankind together are stronger and holier than those which unite together the members of each human brotherhood. To develop in practice this theory of Christianity as opposed to Judaism, is, to my mind, the especial work which progress, in our modern use of the word, has to perform.

It seems to me that there are indications of this work making way. The masses of different nations are obviously beginning to learn that they have common interests, which exist independently of their respective nationalities. During the recent strikes, to quote one example, the French and English tailors have come, it is said, to an agreement to assist each other's cause by refusing to take work from London and Paris houses respectively. I am not saying whether this course of action is wise, or just, or otherwise. The mere possibility of its adoption shows how far we have got on towards Internationalism when French and English workmen recognise the fact, that their interests are identical, not antagonistic. When the Republic was started in 1848, the first use almost the French "ouvriers" made of their liberty was to drive away the British mechanics domiciled in France; and, brutal as the act was, it can hardly be said to be inconsistent with the protective theories on which all Continental Governments of the day were based. That what one country gained another lost, was the fundamental principle of all protection; and Free Trade, amidst its many blessings to humanity, has conferred none greater than the shock it has given to this evil, and almost universal superstition. Five-and-twenty years ago the idea that anything which took work away from the looms of Lyons could fail to benefit Spitalfields and Coventry would

have been regarded, by the working-classes themselves, as an obvious absurdity. Now—slowly indeed, but still, I think, surely—the conviction is gaining ground, that the cause of labour is one on which French and English workmen are common allies, not hereditary enemies.

So, after like fashion, I see a consolidating tendency—to coin a new phrase—in the peace addresses which different bodies of the French and German communities have addressed to each other when war between these two countries appeared imminent. I do not exaggerate the *actual* importance of these addresses. When Mr. Pease and his Quaker friends went to Russia before the outbreak of the Crimean War, their peace manifesto represented the sentiments of a small and insignificant minority; and I doubt very much whether the stilted proclamations of the Parisian students and Proletarians would have done much in themselves to bring about a peaceful solution of the Luxemburg question. If war should come to pass, Frenchmen and Germans will hate each other for the time; and the natural patriotic instincts of each race will overpower the feeble resistance of the friends of humanity. But still there is something gained by the mere recognition of the truth that Frenchmen and Germans have higher and wider duties towards each other than those which pertain to them as members of the Latin and Teutonic races. The Utopias of one age become the truths of succeeding generations; and so I cannot regard it as absurd to imagine that the day may come when a war between European nations may appear as monstrous and wicked to the world, as a war between Wessex and Mercia would appear to Englishmen of our own time and country. I may add, that the idea of settling international difficulties by means of congresses and conferences, of which, from whatever motives, the Emperor Napoleon has been the chief advo-

cate—the doctrines of a brotherhood of humanity so popular amongst the advanced thinkers of the Continent—are also indications of the tendency to substitute for patriotism a larger and more comprehensive principle of human action.

In so short a space as these limits assign to me, it is impossible to discuss so great a question with any fulness. I trust, however, I have made plain the general purport of my theory. To recapitulate it very briefly, I may say that, in my judgment, the direct and primary effect of material and mental progress is to strengthen the patriotic instincts of mankind, and thereby to render wars certainly not less, possibly even more, probable. But the indirect and secondary effect of this progress I hold to be the substitution of a general for a local patriotism; and the consequent effectuation of a state of things under which war would become impossible. I quite admit that this process is one of very slow and tardy growth. I think it possible that not only existing nations, but even the order of things to which existing nations belong, may live out their appointed time before peace becomes the permanent condition of humanity. Nor am I sanguine enough to hope that speculations of this kind will have any practical bearing either in our time or for a long, long time to come. But I do think that those who believe with me in the gradual advancement of the human race need not despair, because, in spite of the progress we have made in many ways, the war spirit remains as powerful as ever. “*Ma la cosa va*”—such were the last words almost of Count Cavour, when he lay dying with his great work only half accomplished; and so, after all, the most earnest workers in the cause of humanity must be content to remember with him that, in spite of all, “things are still moving,”—moving progress-wards, and therefore peace-wards.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1867.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE eighth meeting of the National Rifle Association will commence in a few days, on Wimbledon Common, under the presidency of Earl Spencer, who has succeeded Lord Elcho as chairman of the Council. Lord Elcho has held that office since the autumn of 1859, when the Association was founded; and his retirement from the chief place of the Council marks an epoch in the history of the Association, and affords an opportunity for reviewing the proceedings of this society during the past seven years.

These seven years have been years of progress and success, and Lord Elcho hands over the Association in most excellent order. The financial condition of the Association is sound, and the influence which it exercises is immense. It is no exaggeration to say that the permanence of the Volunteer force depends more upon the action of the National Rifle Association than upon any other single cause, the Government Capitation Grant alone excepted. To prove that these years have been years of much anxiety and downright labour, as well as of prosperity, we have only to remember that during this time the entire system of rifle-shooting with which we are so familiar has been originated, gradually built up, elaborated little by little, and brought to its present

satisfactory condition. It cannot be denied that we owe this national achievement most of all to "the great Association, which, under the guidance of Lord Elcho, has in seven years converted the people of this country into a nation of marksmen." Nor must we forget that, while we owe this satisfactory state of things to the National Rifle Association, the Association owes a very large share of its marked success to the sound judgment, courteous bearing, and devoted labours of Lord Elcho. The chairman of the National Rifle Association is the unofficial head of the entire Volunteer force, and exerts an influence upon the members of that force second only—if indeed at all inferior—to that of the Inspector-General and of the Secretary for War. Lord Elcho has long been regarded by the Volunteers of the country as one to whom they might appeal—with a certainty of being listened to—upon any question directly or indirectly bearing upon the welfare of that service. If Mr. Hare's scheme or Mr. Stuart Mill's plan for the representation of minorities had existed for the last seven years, under which electors would be able to vote for any person they might select throughout the land, there can be but little doubt that, sinking politics and creeds, the Volunteers would have sent Lord Elcho to Parliament

as the proud representative of 180,000 able-bodied men, of all ranks, schools and classes, who have, without reference to political opinions, enrolled themselves as the defenders of their country. Lord Elcho has in reality been the representative of the Volunteers in the House of Commons. To him we owe the Volunteer Commission of 1863; and to him, through that Commission, we owe the Capitation Grant, but for which the numbers must have diminished. While this paper was being written, Lord Elcho was urging upon Sir J. Pakington the necessity for a still further grant. At the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, which took place a few weeks ago in Willis's Rooms, and from which Lord Elcho modestly absented himself, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge spoke the feeling of all Volunteers when he said that "Lord Elcho had on all occasions shown a vast amount of zeal, energy, and anxiety to place the Association on a high and distinguished footing, and that he had promoted it to a degree which few men would have had either the ability or the power to accomplish." All Volunteers were glad to learn that Lord Elcho will still remain on the Council of the National Rifle Association, of which he was the first chairman, the ablest counsellor, and for the interests of which he has proved himself the most indefatigable worker.

GENERAL HISTORY OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The Volunteer movement originated in a feeling, which was spread throughout the country, of serious danger from foreign invasion. It was generally believed that, as the feeling of apprehension as to national security diminished, the vitality of the Volunteer force would lessen, the numbers decrease, decay gradually creep in, until, after the lapse of a very few years—five, or seven, or ten—the whole force would disappear, and the Volunteer movement would for the second time in the present century become merely "a historical fact." Happily, the result has completely falsified this

somewhat natural and very general belief. The numbers have increased annually; the efficiency has become greater from year to year. The feeling which undoubtedly gave rise to the force can claim no share in having produced this unexpected growth. It may arise partly from the exercise, pleasant companionship, occasional visits for drill to pleasant country places, or open ground near some town of note; but it hardly admits of a doubt that it is mainly due to the encouragement of rifle-shooting which has been fostered by the National Rifle Association, together with the affiliated county associations. What our universities are to the educational system of the country, that is the National Rifle Association to our system of home-defence. As our boys leave their tutors, grammar schools, and public schools, in order to compete for the high distinctions and solid honours of our universities, in like manner do the heroes of local rifle meetings, the selected marksmen of companies, battalions, and counties, mingle at Wimbledon, and there compete for the valuable prizes and high distinctions which can alone be obtained at the great annual gathering of riflemen which takes place under the management of the National Rifle Association. Education, however crippled, would certainly go on if our universities were abolished; but, if the National Rifle Association were allowed to fall to pieces, the lesser shooting organizations, and probably the Volunteer force itself, would be involved in ruin.

The National Rifle Association was established at a meeting held in London, with Lord Elcho in the chair, on the 16th of November, 1859. The idea of the Association was first set on foot by some Volunteers at Hythe, with Earl Spencer at their head; while the Council of the London Rifle Brigade may lay claim to having been the first to announce an annual competition upon a large scale. The Hythe Committee and the London Committee were happily united at Spencer House in October, 1859; the preliminary meetings were held at the same house,

and Lord Spencer from the first took a most active part in the work. Thus united, and having been strengthened from various parts of the kingdom, the Association was fairly launched, with Mr. Sidney Herbert as President, and Lord Elcho as Chairman, on the date above mentioned. The National Rifle Association, appealing as it does "to that "healthy manly spirit of rivalry and "competition which is characteristic of "Englishmen, and which is the life and "soul of all our sports," directly fosters the education of every rifleman throughout the land. It is useless for a man to compete at Wimbledon unless he has had considerable practice, and met with great success in his own village or district. The Londoners are beginning to take keen interest in the competitions at Wimbledon; but the interest shown in the provinces is far more significant even than the increase of spectators to see the shooting. Edinburgh, Manchester and Liverpool have newspaper correspondents on the ground throughout the meeting, while the results of the chief competitions are telegraphed from day to day. The senior wrangler of the year is the winner of the Queen's Prize of 250*l.* and the Gold Medal of the National Rifle Association. In 1865, Private Sharman, of the 4th West York Rifles, won this coveted distinction. As a matter of course, he was chaired and cheered; his health was heartily drunk by all his friends; he was photographed, lionized, and finally received his prize from noble, if not royal, fair hands, the band playing, "See, the Conquering Hero comes!" But, bewildered as Mr. Sharman must have been by his hearty reception on the scene of his victory, he must have been still more astonished at the remarkable demonstration which awaited him on his return to Halifax. Here he was received in state by the town-officials, and conducted in procession, as the man whom his townsmen wished to honour, through the principal streets. There were many thousands to see the champion—the crowd, we are told, being greatly in excess of that which filled the streets on the occasion

of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Halifax.

In 1859 Volunteering was new, rifle-shooting almost unknown. The Council had not only to draw up the rules and regulations, but had themselves everything to learn. Discussion, of course, arose as to the rifles to be used, the form of target at which to fire, the best distances, the number of shots, the proper position in which to shoot, the system under which the firing was to be conducted, together with the nature and value of the prizes. It is hard now to estimate the difficulty of the task which these gentlemen had undertaken; the success which has attended their efforts sufficiently shows the wisdom of their management. Support was warmly given to them on all sides. The Queen, Prince Albert, and Duke of Cambridge not only presented valuable prizes to be annually competed for, but consented to inaugurate the meeting. The Queen herself fired the first shot on the opening day. Addresses were presented and answered; and, in spite of mud, of wet, and difficulty, the first meeting of the National Rifle Association was auspiciously commenced in brilliant sunshine by the highest in the realm.

The meetings for shooting have been held every year, beginning with 1860. The following are the numbers and values of the prizes which the Council have been able to offer for competition:—

Year	Prizes.	Value.
1860	67	£2238
1861	93	3026
1862	104	3334
1863	333	4386
1864	627	5918
1865	580	7590
1866	835	8884

The prize-list for 1867 shows a still further increase. While the *number* of prizes has been increased twelvefold, their *value* has been only quadrupled. This arose from the wish of the competitors themselves, who constantly urged upon the Council to distribute the money at their disposal over as wide an area as possible. The competitors come

from every part of the kingdom, and are taken from every class; hence to very many it is of urgent importance that they should if possible not only win honour and distinction, but also sufficient money to defray their unavoidable expenses. It is far better to give ten prizes of 5*l.* than one of 50*l.*, and this policy has been adopted in all the preliminary stages, and for all prizes where it can be put into operation.

During these years a corresponding increase has taken place in the prizes offered by the county associations which are in connexion with the National Rifle Association. The prize list of the parent association being added to these, we find the amounts were,—

£14,000 in 1862.
14,907 in 1863.
15,976 in 1864.
18,751 in 1865.
23,177 in 1866.

If the Council were to call for returns of all the prizes given at company, battalion, county, and private matches, and also at the great simultaneous matches, we should perhaps find that the sum reached 100,000*l.* If this is the case, the person most sceptical as to the national advantage of the Volunteer movement would be convinced that it is of some importance. If its supporters furnish so large a sum of money to be contended for annually, *they* at any rate are in earnest in their belief that rifle-shooting exercises an important influence upon Volunteering, and therefore upon national defence.

The competitors for the Queen's prizes and for all the other prizes, exclusive of the shooting for sweepstakes and pool, have been as follows:—

Year.	Queen's.	All Entries.
1860	291	1314
1861	601	3785
1862	914	4544
1863	1145	7603
1864	1792	11644
1865	2000	10963
1866	2190	17213

It will be observed that the total numbers have increased every year, except in 1865. The decrease then was owing to the general election in that year. It will generally be found that the men

who have taken most keenly to Volunteering are amongst the most busy and active men, often the most influential, in their respective localities. The idlers of society find Volunteering far too energetic an amusement. Shooting takes a great deal more time than they can possibly afford from their listless and useless lives. Hence, as might be expected, nearly all Volunteers are actively employed in some profession, business, or trade. Polling clerks, canvassers, agents, seconders, proposers, candidates, and returning officers, were unable to put in their usual appearance at Wimbledon. The entries, the visitors, the members, and consequently the income, were all materially affected by the general election, which, luckily for the National Rifle Association, has taken place only once since it has been in existence. Lord Elcho was himself called away from Wimbledon to defend his seat from an unexpected attack.

The competitors for the Queen's Prize cannot increase as rapidly as the competitors for the open prizes, to whose numbers there is no practical limit except that of time and targets. Only two representatives from each company may shoot for the Queen's Prize, and the whole of the competitors for the Queen's Prize are picked representative shots, men chosen simply for their shooting powers. All are chiefs in their own restricted shooting quarters—all may be said to have graduated with honours. Every city and town sends up its known champions, while scores of unheard-of villages send up their latent heroes, and often not without success. The village of Wem would never perhaps have been heard of out of Shropshire, if Sergeant Roberts, who won the Queen's Prize in 1863, had not rescued it from its obscurity. Few Englishmen, at any rate, had heard of Kingussie, whence hails modest young Cameron, who gave his name to the meeting of last year.

SHOOTING STATISTICS.

It is almost as difficult to compare the shooting of one year with another as it is to compare two boats' crews the

one of which is rowing with the tide and the other against it. The weather influences the firing more perhaps than it is possible to make fair allowance for; therefore the following figures are but the rough results, and do not profess to do more than let our readers see what constitutes average shooting.

Enfield Shooting: the Queen's Prize.—These records begin from 1864, in which year the size of the targets was altered:—

1864. Three men made 47 marks; one made 46 marks; four made 45 marks; and twenty-two who made only 40 marks won prizes.

1865. Two made 47; eight made 45; and several prize-winners only made 39.

1866. Two made 48; one made 47; eight made 46; six made 45; and no less than 43 men who made the excellent score of 41 marks were excluded from taking prizes. Both in 1864 and 1865 these men would have been high in the prize list.

There are three degrees of scoring. A hit counts 2, if not in the centre, which reckons 3, or in the bull's-eye, for which 4 is scored; so that to make 45 marks a man must average every shot in the centre, as all fire 15 rounds. The average shooting is much the same from year to year; more men made in 1864 the score of 13 at 200 yards, 11 at 500 yards, and 8 at 600 yards than any other numbers. In 1865 these became 13 at 200, 10 at 500, 8 at 600; while in 1866 there was an improvement to 14 at 200, 11 at 500, 9 at 600 yards.

In 1864 there were 1,792 competitors, of whom no fewer than 1,398 made either 11, 12, 13, 14, or 15 marks at 900; 837 made 9, 10, 11, 12, or 13 marks at 500; and 695 made 6, 7, 8, 9, or 10 at 600 yards. And we find from year to year much about the same average, 1866 being, taken altogether, very nearly a mark in advance of 1864 or 1861.

This is, then, something very near the average shooting of picked shots with the Enfield rifle; and, low as it

may seem, it is better than perhaps can be made by any body of armed men with the Government rifle with which they are armed.

Small-bore Shooting.—The great shooting reputation which this country has made for itself at very long distances has been made by the men who are known as the "small-bore men," who shoot with delicate rifles, not in any way adapted for military purposes, but which are admirably suited for target-shooting. These men usually appear at the firing-point with a servant to assist in the multifarious occupations with which they have to prepare for the great trials of brains and skill. For they have to shoot more with their brains, availing themselves of their vast experience, than with their rifles, which will do simply whatever their masters enable them to do. When a really skilled shot of this kind misses the bull's-eye, or is out of the centre at any rate, he can almost invariably assign a sufficient reason for his failure. The servant assists in carrying the precious rifle, the carefully-weighed charges of powder, the mechanically-fitting bullet and cleaning-rod, their Ross, Burrow, or Steward telescope, the all-important waterproof bed on which to lie down, the portable gunsmith's shop, with every variety of instrument that accident may call into use, and, although last, by no means least, a box containing many sights, of various forms and patterns and sizes, which these skilled and highly-trained men adapt to their rifles under the very varying circumstances of wind and light, as quickly and readily as a veteran fisherman varies his mode of attack when anxious to secure a victim whose weight and pluck will prove worthy of the angler's skill. Dr. Cotton's quaint lines upon the equipment necessary for an angler, in which he enumerates no less than fourteen things as essential, and says—

"See that all things be right,
For 'twould be a spite
To want tools when a man goes a-fishing,"
might easily be altered into a de-

scription of the correct equipment for a Wimbledon small-bore man. It was such a one who, seeing a young urchin about to take up the precious rifle on which all his hopes depended, exclaimed, "Take care, you scoundrel, where are you going? You might just as well take one's watch and hurl it to the ground. Begone, sir!"

On one occasion there were twenty prizes given to be shot for by these men at 500 yards, and every prize-winner scored twenty marks, which is the highest that can be made in five shots. Each man hit a mark two feet square every shot.

International and other Matches.—There are two International Matches. One is contested by twenty volunteers, who shoot for a challenge trophy, value 100*l.*, which was collected by a committee with Colonel the Hon. C. Lindsay at its head, who worked as hard for this object as he has for the St. George's Vase, an important Volunteer prize, with which Colonel Lindsay's name will ever be connected. The other is for "The Elcho Shield," a noble work of art of enormous value, presented for challenge competition by the nobleman whose name it bears.

The Volunteer Match has been shot three years—

1864. England, 1016 marks; Scotland, 724 marks.

1865. Scotland, 1047 marks; England, 1029 marks; Ireland, 909 marks.

1866. England, 1070 marks; Scotland, 1059 marks.

The Elcho Shield has been shot for five years—

1862. England, 890 marks; Scotland, 724 marks.

1863. England, 1032 marks; Scotland, 999 marks.

1864. Scotland, 967 marks; England, 50 marks.

1865. England, 1053 marks; Scotland, 1051 marks; Ireland, 935 marks.

1866. Scotland, 1170 marks; England, 1121 marks; Ireland, 1039 marks.

Thus England has won three times and Scotland twice.

In 1865 the excitement was immense, owing to a difference which arose as to one shot. The correspondence that took place between the Earl of Ducie and Mr. Horatio Ross, as captains of the respective teams, was a model for all great opposing leaders. The decision was rightly given in favour of the Saxons; and Mr. Ross, in right courteous language, congratulated the rival chief upon his hard-fought, bloodless victory, who in his turn thought such a defeat as his friends the Scots had sustained was nearly as honourable as victory. This incident furnished one of the Wimbledon camp poets with a subject on which to exercise his fervid gift. The shield now hangs in the Parliament House in Edinburgh in charge of the Lord Provost of that City. The shooting in 1866, as will be seen from the above score, was excellent. Ireland has made an excellent start, and bids fair to win the shield ere many years are past.

The Lords and Commons match attracts many of the "Upper Ten Thousand" to the ground, and causes much pleasant excitement. The late Jules Gérard, the Lion-killer as he was commonly called, was at Wimbledon in 1862, and was gratified and astonished at the completeness of the arrangements and the skill of the Volunteers. "But," to use his own words, "what impressed me most during the meeting was the match between the Members of the House of Lords and those of the House of Commons. It mattered little, to my thinking, in which camp victory remained; the importance of the fact entirely consists in the example set in such high quarters. In truth, but for the difference in the weapons made use of, we might have thought that we were living in the good old times, when our knightly ancestors stood, lances in rest, in the lists. With such examples before them there is no fear but that the young students of your universities will become men; no fear but that the noble love of arms will spread to all classes of society."

Many mammas, papas, sisters, brothers and cousins of every degree rush down to the meeting on the day set apart for the Public Schools matches. Thanks to good training and much practice, Harrow seems to have very nearly a monopoly of the shield. Rugby and Eton have each held it for one year. Harrow has won it four times.

MISCELLANEOUS STATISTICS.

Visitors to Wimbledon.—The visitors to the camp have steadily increased, and doubtless will continue to do so—

Year.	Persons.	Carriages.	Horses.
1863	15,295	610	701
1864	22,253	658	596
1865	21,839	573	492
1866	38,034	685	565

On the day of the review, 1861, no fewer than 13,165 persons paid for entrance, and the total receipts for that day amounted to 1,456*l*. The smallest receipts from visitors were on two wet days in 1862, 9*l*. 1*s*. and 9*l*. 2*s*. respectively. "A wild and beautiful common, with picturesque encampments decked out with flags, and full of life and animation, might well, with the additional attraction of Volunteer bands, bring idlers from the noise of London to spend a few hours in such a scene, even if they took no interest in the rifle contests that were going on around them." Let us recommend this passage to attention against the meeting now so near.

Members of the Association.—The following list exhibits the gradual increase of members:—

1860	there were	1,387	members.
1861	"	1,431	"
1862	"	1,827	"
1863	"	2,612	"
1864	"	2,887	"
1865	"	2,876	"
1866	"	2,946	"

The Association receives less support than it ought to receive from the public who are outside the pale of the Volunteer world. "A Cup presented by the Peace Society to be shot for by Volunteers" would be a most appropriate prize, and could hardly be objected

to by the most earnest supporter or the largest contributor to the funds of the sister society. The Peace Society has been stronger since the Volunteer movement has rendered peace more secure.

Income.—The Income includes all the sums that have been placed at the disposal of the Council for distribution, and all receipts from every source.

1860	£8,452
1861	18,043
1862	9,808
1863	12,054
1864	16,183
1865	15,544
1866	17,273

The Association has 8,371*l*. 4*s*. 7*d*. of available capital.

COUNTY AND COLONIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

One of the first steps taken by the Council to strengthen their position and extend their influence throughout the country, was to endeavour to get the counties to form Rifle Associations. There are now forty-one counties which are in direct connexion with the National Rifle Association. They contribute to the funds of the parent association, and each receives annually a bronze medal, which is given to the county champion, who by virtue of that position is entitled to compete for the Prince of Wales's prize of 100*l*. together with twenty prizes of 5*l*. There are sixteen colonies in connexion with the National Rifle Association, on the same footing as the counties; and stray champions have appeared from Australia and India, but have not yet succeeded in carrying off the Prince's prize. The colonies in which rifle associations have been founded, are: Cape of Good Hope; Frontenac (Canada); Hong Kong; New Brunswick; New South Wales; New Zealand; Nova Scotia; Prince Edward Island; Queensland; South Australia; Upper Canada; Victoria; Yokohama, together with Calcutta, Western and Northern India. Thus we find that the influence of the National Rifle Association is not even confined to this country, but assists to educate our colonists in the art of self-defence. The colonial

military question is daily increasing in importance, and quickly ripening for decision : before very long some settlement must be made. And, as the tendency seems towards letting the colonies provide for their own defence, it is of the utmost importance that due encouragement should be given to all colonists who are willing to enrol themselves, and learn to defend their adopted country. The large colonies must, in the natural course of things, become ere long connected with the mother country simply as having sprung from her, and as still speaking her language.

THE ANNUAL CAMP AT WIMBLEDON.

In 1861 Lord Radstock and a very small detachment of the Victoria Rifles encamped throughout the meeting. In 1862 there were 674 men in camp, of whom 212 were volunteers. The weather was wet and boisterous, the working of the camp was not perfect, and the campers had to rough it a little. But from first to last, when it blew or rained, as when the sun was bright and cheery, all went merrily and cheerfully to work, and gloried in being the Mark Tapleys of Wimbledon. That year the Victorians in particular acted like old campaigners. They cleared the ground for their camp, pitched their own tents, managed their own commissariat and cooking, and hospitably dispensed the excellent results thereof to their less-experienced brothers in arms. Some idea of the amount of downright campaigning which they had to undergo may be formed from the following announcement, which is authentic :—

“Imposing ceremonial. Grand dinner to ladies and soldiers of all ranks in camp, at Victoria Crescent, at 8.30 punctually. Visitors are requested to provide themselves with a knife and fork before coming ; otherwise they will have to rely entirely upon their own fingers.

“MENU.

“Potages des herbes du commun.
Potages des remains d'aujourd'hui.
Potages de Wimbledon.
Baron de Boeuf . . . Roti.
Ditto. Bouilli.
Mouton. Roti.
Ditto. Bouilli.”

We know out of how little a Frenchman can send up an excellent dinner. But the Victorian *chef* puts Soyer and all cooks of his class quite into the shade ; and the dinner which was made from the above *carte*, washed down, as it was, with champagne and moselle, with champagne cup and moselle cup, together with a hearty welcome, was pronounced to be “very good.”

The fable runs thus : A Victorian was cold and shivering outside his tent. Setting fire accidentally to a piece of furze, he found that furze when burning sent out heat which warmed the cold Victorian. With the wisdom with which he was endowed he farther discovered that, if one bit of burning furze gave out heat enough to warm one cold Victorian, six pieces would give comfort to six Victorians ; and thus by continued inference arose the great institution of the *camp fires*. Of these the *Times* says :—

“The aspect of the camp is very remarkable when the business of the day is over. Instead of the incessant bustle in and out of tents, and the perpetual cracking of rifles in the distance, scarcely a person is seen moving about ; and as darkness falls, and lights illuminate the temporary homes of the Volunteers, uncouth figures and grotesque attitudes are reflected on the canvas, as if the residents were playing with a series of magic lanterns. . . . The scene is certainly a remarkable one. In the centre of the group rose a huge pile of blazing furze, distributing smoke and sparks to all the perverse people who would insist on crowding about it on the wrong side. Sitting, kneeling, crouching, and standing round the blaze there was a motley parliament.”

Mrs. Brown came down to see the camp, and she wrote the following account of her visit :—

“I says, says I, to Mrs. Gamp, on Tuesday last I says,
‘I never se’ed a Rifle Camp, in all my blessed days.’
Says Mrs. Gamp, ‘Such hignorance ought never for to be,
Let’s take the opportunity of Wimbleding to see.’
Which Mrs. Gamp, she says to me, she says, ‘Well, Mrs. Brown,
This here’s the very weather for a-going out of town.’
So cons’quently we went out, with our Sunday umberellas

And bran new bonnets for to charm these martial Rifle fellers.
 We started off at two o'clock, with baskets brim with cheer,
 Of rum and gin, and bread and cheese, and sandwiches and beer.
 We found the Camp by riding up from Putney in a shay,
 For which we had a most excruciating fare to pay.
 'Good gracious me,' says Mrs. G—, 'if these things keep a-whizzing,
 I fear that we, before the night, will both be brought in missing.'
 And after that, we goes across to the Victoria Camp,
 And Mrs. B—, she says to me, 'Why bless me, Mrs. Gamp,
 I wonder how these Volunteers can ever go to sleep
 When all about their precious forms them dratted earwigs creep.'
 The weather was most awful hot, as hot as oysters scalloped,
 When we saw the Highland Laddies dance; and goodness! how they walloped,
 They turned and twiddled with their toes, around, and high and higher,
 When all at once there rose a screech, most awful, 'twas 'a fire!'
 Then came a most terrific rush, which carried me away,
 I bawled and cried for Mrs. Gamp, but where she was—can't say.
 I found myself all fuddled up, and stuck all round with burrs,
 A-sticking head straight downwards in a prickly bush of furze."

Mrs. Brown recovered, and sent this account of her visit to the *Earwig*, which is edited, written, and published by members of the Victoria Rifles. The *Earwig* was first published in 1864, as "a paper containing neither Politics, Literature, Science, nor Art." Its circulation is large; its profits, if we are to judge by the liberality of the proprietors, must be enormous—for we find, in 1866, in the prize list, "The *Earwig* Prize," value 20%, an inkstand in silver and blue enamel, representing an earwig: 2d prize, a pin, also representing an earwig. This variegated annual is printed in large type, on excellent paper, and is sufficiently amusing to ensure a good sale. The following coat-of-arms and crest have been discovered by one of the advertising heraldic stationers as undoubtedly pertaining by right to the *Earwig* :—

"Arms, Quarterly: 1st Quarterly, 1 and 4 England; 2 Scotland; 3 Ireland. 2d, Vert powdered of bullets, argent a bugle of the second (for Rifle Corps). 2d, Azure, a long and short Enfield Rifle salterwise argent (for Rifle Schools). 4th, Gules, 3 scimeters proper, barwise (for Middlesex).

"Over all, a bend argent, charged with 3 earwigs proper (for earwigs being *over all* at Wimbledon)."

In 1863, there were 1,100 men in camp, of whom 686 were Volunteers. An old woman was standing very near to the partially open door of the Secretary's tent, into which she peeped; and, although the Secretary was washing, she was lost in such admiration as to call out to another middle-aged woman who was near to her, "Well, I do declare; they call this soldiering, but only do, dear, just come and look in at this 'ere tent. Why, I do declare if there isn't a bed, and a parlour, and a lady's boudaw and drawing-room all together. Well, I do declare it's beautiful, it really is now." And the Secretary's tent really is worth seeing. All the comforts of a gentleman's room with all the taste and richness of a lady's room are there combined. The curtained bed, and boarded floor, with its thick Brussels carpet, certainly deprive camp life of all hardness and inconvenience, provided only that the tent is waterproof, and that the wind does not blow it down. The Council also fit up every year a superb club-tent. If you have seen a comfortable club-room in town, you need no description of the National Rifle Association Club-tent, the sole difference being that the one is a tent and has a piano in it. In this club-tent, one night in 1864, Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) gave a concert for the entertainment of the Volunteers in camp. Here, too, the Moray Minstrels, through the kindness of Captain Lewis, of the Artists Rifle Volunteers, have on three occasions given concerts.

In 1864, 1374 encamped, of whom 734 were Volunteers; and in this year for the first time the Victoria Rifles were joined by the London Scottish, the London Rifle Brigade, and the 1st Middlesex Artillery. Many a pleasant

hour was spent among these hospitable tents by the numerous friends who visited them.¹ The bagpipes of the London Scottish, it is true, were a cause of terror at first to the weaker-minded. So, at least, reports the *Earwig*:

"Last evening a sudden and violent illness seized the members of the Victoria Camp, and caused great anxiety to their worthy and much respected surgeon. On mature inquiry, it was found to arise from the effect of the playing of the bagpipes in the Scottish camp; on the cessation of the noise the symptoms of the illness decreased, and the members gradually recovered."

The cure was perfected by the exquisite fiddling of M. Sainton, who with Madame Sainton-Dolby came down to soothe the troubled mind of all those who had suffered from the harmonious tones which came from the tent of the Laird of Avoch, who commanded the Northern camp.

In this year occurred the only fatal accident which has happened since these great meetings commenced. The total list of casualties since 1860 is as follows: One soldier accidentally shot (he lingered for weeks, but eventually died from the wound); one soldier lost an eye; one man lost a toe, shot off by himself; a few markers more or less hurt from the splashes of lead from the bullets, but none seriously; and one lady was most seriously cut with a piece of metal from a mortar which burst on the occa-

¹ The regimental camps vie with each other in friendly rivalry in their almost unbounded hospitality; open tent is ever the order of the day and night. To make their guests eat and drink seems the perpetual duty of those in camp. The London Scottish in *their* camp annually entertain Lord and Lady Elcho and the Staff of the Association. After dinner they have out their pipes, and then follow reels and flings. No sooner does Lady Elcho express a wish to leave than, as if by magic, a procession is immediately formed; the senior officer offers his arm to the chieftainess, while some score of Highlanders form up in file, half preceding, half following, her whom they delight to escort, and whom the whole regiment adores. Each man carries a lamp; and the procession moves off to the inspiriting strains of the piper who heads it, conducting Lady Elcho to her temporary home, when the men respectfully salute, and Lady Elcho retires.

sion of a grand display of fireworks. Everybody who took an interest in that young lady—and all who were on the ground were interested in her, from the fortitude and patience which she showed through her long and trying illness—was glad to hear that, when she was, a short time ago, happily married, the Council made her a life-member of the Association, and presented her with the ladies' National Rifle Association Badge.

When it is remembered that there have now from first to last been thirteen weeks of shooting of eight hours each day, that there have been about 60,000 direct entries, exclusive of the shooting for which competitors do not enter their names, and for which if we add an average of 50,000 a year we shall not add one too many; when, in short, we remember that there have been between 300,000 and 400,000 entries of one kind and another, and that more than 100,000 visitors have been on the ground during the firing, we can only congratulate the Council, the competitors, and the visitors, on the wonderful exemption from accidents that they have enjoyed.

In 1864 His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales opened the Association tramway, which conveys competitors from one firing point to another. This tramway is horsed and worked by the military train, and runs frequently throughout the day.

The *Owl*, which made a most successful *débat* in the season of 1864, generously gave a prize, which was shot for under special and unique regulations, as set forth in the following proclamation:—

"Owl Shooting Extraordinary.

Oh Yes! O Yes!!

Take notice all,

A Prize of £50 has been given by the venerable owls of the *Owl* newspaper, to be competed for on such terms as the Council may fix. Out of consideration for the generous but benighted donors, the competition shall take place in the dark, at 200 yards. Lights, called Owl's Eyes, will be substituted for Bull's Eyes.

CONDITIONS :—

Each competitor shall pay one shilling per shot, and if the competitors do not appear in great numbers—

‘The moping owl will to the moon complain.’

The prize, which shall be in the form of a beautiful silver owl, shall be adjudged to the competitor who shall by the end of the meeting have made the greatest number of owl's eyes; that is, who shall have oftenest knocked out the owl's eyes.

Every precaution has been taken to guard against accidents.”

The silver owl was won by Mr. Martin Smith, who fired ten shots, making four owl's eyes. Forty men in all shot for this prize.

The Sunday in camp is, unfortunately, one of noise and bustle, owing to the thousands of people who come from London to see the camp. Throughout the week the papers have long accounts of the proceedings, and naturally those who cannot get away from business on the weekdays are glad to avail themselves of the Sunday to go and visit that which excites so much attention. An impressive Church Parade takes place on the Sunday, at which all in camp attend. The sermons at the Morning Service have been preached by the Archbishop of York, Bishop of London, Revs. Mr. Farrar and Ball. The Afternoon Service has usually been conducted by the indefatigable Vicar of Wimbledon, the Rev. H. Haggarth. Collections are made for the poor of the parish.

In 1865 there were 1,623 in camp, 765 being Volunteers; in 1866, this had increased to 1,292 Volunteers, with a total of 2,151 in camp. Those who are in camp thoroughly enjoy the fortnight. The air is pure and good, the scenery beautiful, the occupation pleasant; all seem in a good humour from first to last, and the camp presents scenes of festivity and enjoyment not often witnessed in our stay-at-home and uncertain climate. The camp is increasing, and this year gives promise of a still further accession to the numbers. As the Duke of Cambridge wisely pointed out at the recent meeting of the

Association in London, larger numbers require stricter discipline and more stringent regulations. Between 2,000 and 3,000 men can be brought together in camp only if under direct rule and authority. The sanitary arrangements have greatly increased in magnitude, and the expense of camping will consequently be slightly increased. The Council have recently issued certain rules with reference to the conduct of their camp, which seem to us to be essential. By these rules they retain the entire control of all in camp; but care must be taken, and doubtless will be taken, that the happy freedom which has been heretofore enjoyed shall be no further interfered with than is absolutely necessary. The Council are right in having a complete understanding with those who voluntarily place themselves under their orders; and the campers may rest satisfied that all pleasant gatherings of the previous years will still go on, and that no unnecessary strictness will ever reign where Lord Spencerrules, and Lady Spencer exercises her pleasant sway. But, while the camp is under military order, it must never become a camp for military instruction or parade. Shooting, shooting, shooting, is the chief work of the National Rifle Association; the camp has been formed for the convenience of those who come to shoot; and resistance must ever be offered to those who would change the pleasant shooting-quarters of the National Rifle Association into either an Aldershot or a Cremorne.

The commissariat arrangements are upon a very large scale, and have been most successfully managed for the last four years, by the Messrs. Jennison, of Manchester, who bring with them from Lancashire their entire staff, and all “their stuff,” as the Lancastrians style edibles and potables. Their wood, their carts, their horses, their men and women (numbering more than a hundred), their beer, meat, milk, and, in short, everything that enters into the construction of their building, or tenants them when constructed, comes from Lancashire.

Enough, perhaps, has been written to convince all who care to read that the National Rifle Association is worthy of support. It has accomplished for Britain what but for it would never have been done. To this Association we owe the perfection to which our rifles have been brought; to the annual trials held of rifles by the Council, we owe the improvements that have been made in the Whitworth; these trials set to work the fertile brains of our inventors, and actually produced the small-bores of Henry, of Rigby, and of Metford; and the way has been paved for the introduction of the breech-loader. The influence which the National Rifle Association has in the rifle world is best proved by General Peel's recent act, by which has perhaps for ever been destroyed much of the red tape of the War Office. That most bold Secretary for War, in selecting a Military Committee, whose duty is to report on the breech-loading rifles which are now competing for the high prize of being selected as the British service arm, has placed on the Committee the best shot of the country, Mr. Edward Ross, and Earl Spencer as Chairman of the National Rifle Association.

The offices of the Association are, moreover, the central offices for the transaction of most of the unofficial business connected with the Volunteer service. It shelters gratuitously its younger sister, the National Artillery Association; there meet the Cambridge Rifle Club, the Long Range Club, the Middlesex Shooting Committee, and the metropolitan commanding officers; and

the commanding officers throughout the country recently held there the meetings at which they considered the necessity for asking still further assistance from the Parliament. In any country but ours this work would be dignified into a State department, or would at any rate be carried out by a royal commission, while the National Rifle Association actually is compelled to subsidize the army—the pay of the soldiers on duty at the meeting of 1866 costing more than 1,400*l*.

Those who have followed us thus far must surely, one and all, join in the praise, "Well done, Lord Elcho." All must hope, too, that the same success, the same happy combination of financial soundness and well-done work, may be the result of Lord Spencer's term of office, in which we may rest assured that nobleman will spare no pains, no labour. If Lord Elcho must go, where could we find a better successor than in the nobleman who fostered the Association in its helpless infancy, who has given the place of its meeting, who has attended its meetings with regularity, and proved his own skill by being honoured with the National Rifle Association badge for successful shooting for the Queen's Prize? And, if we must say "Farewell to Lady Elcho," who by her kindness, her presence, and her beauty, has done so much to make the social part of the meeting a real success, we must also say, "Welcome to Lady Spencer," who is no stranger at Wimbledon, and who will doubtless dispense a generous hospitality in her most genial and most charming manner.

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE DESERTION OF THE BOYS.

"LET me introduce my friend and travelling companion, Count Boginsky," said Arthur to his father.

"I am delighted to know you, sir," said Silcote, frankly and pleasantly. "I hear from Arthur that you are actually good enough to come to the war with us as *cicerone*. It is a piece of good luck on which we could not possibly have reckoned."

"Nor I either," said Boginsky. "I shall really believe that times are going to change for the better with me."

"They are, sir, they are," said the Squire. "Believe it, sir, that these great concussions shake things into their places. We are going to see a very great thing, sir. I begin to imagine, a very great thing indeed. I am sorry for poor Austria, for I tell you honestly that, with all her political folly, I have a sneaking kindness for Austria. But the world will gain."

"Then you are perfectly sure that Austria is to be beaten?"

"In the nature of things. Do you doubt? Her cause is not just."

"She fights well, however," said Boginsky, "and her cause is as just now as it was in '49, when she won. I think it a very doubtful business indeed, sir."

"No? do you really?" said the Squire, pacing the room excitedly. "My dear Archy, he thinks it doubtful. I don't know which I would like best: to have Tom back among us again, thrashed heartily and repentant; or to have him come cranking in victorious. Heaven help the Frenchman that gets in his path. You think, sir, that it will be a

case of the devil among the tailors, then?"

"I beg pardon?" said the puzzled Boginsky.

"My father means that there will be a great struggle," explained Arthur.

"Undoubtedly," said Boginsky. "Taking the Austrian army altogether, and considering the wonderful mixture of tribes, almost of nations, in its ranks, I rank its personal valour higher than that of any army in Europe. Of the Prussian army I can say nothing, as it has not been mobilized for above forty years; but, looking at the performances of other European armies, I rank the *personnel* of the Austrian army as high as any, even as high as the British."

"Do you rank us first, then?" said the Squire.

"It is our habit to do so. Your little army is always in practice. Your nation is never at peace. Amongst your little army of 140,000, there are in each regiment at least ten men to each company who have been under fire. You fail in handling large bodies of men, because none but your Indian officers ever have the chance of doing that, and *they* seem to be carefully shelved. But I rank the *personnel* of your army as the first in Europe; with them I put the pick of the French and Russians, and the whole of the Austrians. England and Austria have no inferior regiments, and no men whom they will use able to lead their armies. France and Russia would beat them by generalship."

"And Italy?" said Silcote, pleased and interested.

"Italia is not yet," said Boginsky; "she may be next month, next year, fifty years hence; but she is not yet. We go to see the dice thrown for her."

"I should like to have seen a red-

coated regiment or two in the hurly-burley," said the Squire. "Merely on sentimental grounds."

"One would have liked to see the red-coats also, we democrats," said Boginsky, "but it is not expected of England. England has accepted Democracy as the breath of her nostrils only in a modified form as yet, but the sacred spirit will show itself perfect. England's mission is to disseminate democracy in new lands; with regard to the old ones, we dispense with her. It is I, and such as I, who carry the fiery cross over land. We are contented with her, and we love her, if she will fulfil her special mission of carrying it by sea."

"Do you know," said the Squire, "that this is wonderfully interesting? But it is sad nonsense, I doubt, Archy; is it not?"

"No," said Arthur.

"Then give us some more of it," said the Squire to Boginsky. "He is my spiritual director, you know. I spent a couple of thousand pounds on his education to fit him for the post. If he approves of it, give us some more. To help you,—What do you think of the fat man?"

"Cavour?"

"Heavens, no! Don't talk any nonsense about *him*. The stout man on the grey horse."

"He will be King of Italy; and I object to kings as a rule. Do you know, sir, that I must change the conversation, for the mere purpose of delivering myself of a war mission which should have been executed before?"

"You look grave. Is anything wrong?"

"I think that nothing is wrong," said Boginsky. "But that very much depends on how you will take it. Have you seen your grandson, Reginald, since last night?"

"No. At my time of life I have given up all idea of being treated with proper respect by boys. I had concluded that he and his cousin James had gone for an expedition into the country, to get out of my way."

"I pointed out to your grandson, and to James Sugden, that they were not behaving well, but I could make no impression on them whatever. Mr. Sugden was spokesman, and gave me my commission to Mr. Arthur. He said that they were exceedingly sorry to cause any annoyance, but that they had made up their minds, and, to save words, had done it secretly, because they knew that James's mother (the beautiful grey-haired lady, I believe) and the Squire would have objected to it, and would not have permitted it for a moment."

"What have the two young fools done now, then, in the name of confusion?" demanded the Squire.

"They requested me to point out the fact," continued Boginsky, unheeding him, but going through his commission, "that women would be in the way, and that they were determined to see it; and also that they had plenty of money for the present, and that, when it ran short, they would send to you for more."

"This story begins to hold together," said the Squire; "I can quite understand this part of it. No doubt they will. But what have they done?"

"Then, as a last resource, having used all my own arguments, I appealed to the Colonel himself. I pointed out to him that Reginald was risking your good favour by taking such a step, and that James Sugden's mother had only just arrived from England. He laughed at me. He said that it was good for them, and took them away. I never yet got the best of my friend Frangipanni."

"Frangipanni!" exclaimed the Squire. "What on earth has he been doing with my boys? What Midsummer madness is this?"

"Count Frangipanni is colonel of the 18th regiment of the Sardinian light horse,¹ which marched last night. Reginald Silcote and James Sugden were

¹ Not to deprive brave men of their glory, even for a moment, in a work of fiction, it is necessary to say that the men of Genestrello were the regiment at Montferrat (with some squadrons of other regiments) under command of General Sonnaz.

his two favourite pupils in his Italian class at St. Mary's Hospital. He has seduced them away with him to go and make sketches of the war, and has promised to take them under fire; which he probably will do, as he is one of the bravest men in Europe, and as they would follow him down the crater of Vesuvius."

"This is very pleasant, Arthur," said Silcote. "This is thoroughly pleasant."

"Lucky young dog," said Arthur; "they promised to stick by me. I would go after them if I could get franked by a colonel."

"They will be killed," said the Squire.

"Most likely," said Arthur. "But they will have taken some bad sketches first, which we shall find on their corpses."

"How shall we break it to Mrs. Tom?" said the Squire.

"Tell her all about it the next time she comes into the room," replied Arthur; "I should say that was the best way. If you are afraid, let me."

"It will be a terrible shock to her," said the Squire.

"She has been under fire herself in the Crimea more than once," said Arthur. "She will not care much. They might have taken me with them, I think. Here she is. Mrs. Tom, James has bolted to the front, and is going under fire. Hallo, what is this?"

"Only my old dress as field nurse in the Crimea," she said quietly. "I found out why he was gone, and where, and I got ready to go after him. I should suggest marching myself, if we are to see anything at all. The last regiment goes to-morrow; and, as far as I can gather from the soldiers, the causeways are narrow, and our carriages will get hampered among the commissariat waggon if we delay. I should have proposed marching in the rear of Frangipanni's regiment if I had known that the boys were to give us the slip. We had better order the carriages at eight to-morrow morning."

From this time she and Boginsky took the lead. She dressed in grey with

a modest hood, looking so much like some sort of *sour de charité* that she got the route everywhere, and carried her train with her. Miss Lee carried her silks and satins through the scenes which came afterwards, attended by Arthur, who kept the dress of an English parson.

CHAPTER LI.

THE FAMILY BEGINS TO DRAW TOGETHER.

WHETHER it was the fault of Count Frangipanni, or of James, that the latter took the extraordinary step of running away from the newly-united party, is one of those things which it is hardly necessary to make clear. Whichever of them originated the idea, it was soon acted on. There is one thing certain—that the Count took the most elaborate pains to point out to James that if he stayed with the carriages he would see absolutely nothing. James did not want much encouraging. "If we argue and ask leave, Reggy," he said, "we shall never have leave to go. Let us bolt."

"Certainly," said Reginald. And so they commissioned Boginsky, whom they met in the crowd, to arrange matters for them in the best way he could.

When they commissioned him to say that they had money enough for the present, they spoke the truth. Their money, however, looked a great deal smaller after they had bought a couple of little horses. But, as James said, they were going with the winning army, and would make requisitions on the conquered territory. Besides, they had their watches, and at least ten pounds a piece. A real schoolboy will go into any adventure with a pound in his pocket.

Boginsky might have supplemented his commission from them to Arthur by mentioning that he had bought their horses and saddles for them, getting these articles for them, by means of his democratic connexion, at about half the price they could have got them for themselves; moreover, that he had spent

the evening of the previous day in getting away their painting tackle, money, and clothes, and conveying them to the little café at which they were rebelliously lodging. He suppressed these latter facts entirely. The fact is that he would have liked to go himself, but felt bound in honour to stay by Arthur. And, indeed, with his political character, he was much safer in the rear than in the front; so, under the *civis Romanus ægis*, he travelled in Silcote's barouche.

The boys were pleased at their escape. The troopers liked them, and they liked the troopers. England, said the Italians, the free country of Europe, sympathised with the cause, although political complications elsewhere happened to prevent her assisting in it, as *they* had assisted in the Crimea. Yet she had sent her best blood (according to Frangi-panni) to look on, even if they could not fight. They were in perfect good-humour with the English, these troopers, and considered James in the light of a political demonstration. To him personally they were devoted, like every one else;—"the only agreeable person which your family has ever produced," said Miss Raylock of him afterwards to the assembled Silcotes.

They went on under the bright May weather, fast and far, through pleasant ways across the lower slopes of the Apennines. But few people were about, and those got fewer as they went on. Our two friends could make little or nothing of the plans of the campaign, and indeed cared little whether the Austrians would test the right or the left of their position; all they cared about were the incidents.

They had a very pleasant incident one warm May day. Travelling over nearly plain open meadows, planted here and there with mulberries, keeping the green, abrupt hills on their right, they came to a stream by a village, and by this stream lay a battalion of French soldiers, some of whose officers came and fraternized, but the body of which lay and sat still. The stream in which these two audacious youths

watered their horses was the Forsagazzo, the village was Genestrello. The French battalion which lay on the grass was a battalion of the 74th, under General Cambriels; but little they knew or cared about these details. The two simple-minded youths were at the extreme breaking-point of a great wave, the foremost wave of a sea which was to burst over, and to regenerate, nay make, a kingdom; but they were utterly unconscious of it. The place was picturesque, and the day warm. Further on the scenery seemed to promise better. They rode in advance of the troops along the broad dusty road, and turned off into a hedgeless field on the left, lay down on the grass, and, letting their tired horses graze, took their dinner of sausage, bread, and wine.

Then they began sketching. The field was wide and open, with here and there a tree. Before, and close to them, was the broad and dusty highway, separated from them by a long ditch and a few shaped stones at regular intervals. Beyond, and close to them, was a handsome collection of Italian buildings; a church notably; an inn; a larger building than either of these, probably a country gentleman's house; all noble-looking, of yellow stone, with red roofs and dormer windows; behind all a wooded hill. It was a place which the idlest tourist would like to sketch, with or without an incident. They were lucky enough to see a remarkable incident, but were much too scared to introduce it into their landscape.

Their friends were well in sight on their right, and it was dinner-time with them as with James and Reginald; yet their friends were taking no dinner whatever. Their friends the Sardinian cavalry were on the move again, and soon passed them along the road at a foot pace.

"Shall we go with them?" said Reginald.

"We can soon catch them up," said James. "We will finish our sketches."

And so they finished them.

It was late when they had finished them, and they wanted their supper.

They bethought them of going over to the group of houses which they had been sketching, on the other side of the road. One of these they found was a rather good inn, the landlord of which was perfectly willing to receive them. He remarked to them, had they understood Italian,

“Live men to-day, dead men to-morrow. An inn to-day, a hospital the day after. Come in, gentlemen, but pay beforehand; the dead do not pay, as a rule.”

They understood his demand of payment beforehand, and satisfied him. Then they had their supper, and discussed whether it was worth while or not to follow Count Frangipanni and his light horse so late. They could easily follow him in the morning, they agreed, and the quarters were good. So they stayed, and went out in the front of the inn to smoke.

The jollity of their march seemed to have departed. None of the officers from the battalion of French which was lying so close to them were swarming in and out of the inn, as is their custom. There was none of that brisk, merry, good-humoured babble between officers, men, and civilians which makes the arrival of a French regiment so agreeable. The officers seemed all to be lying down by the brook with their men to-night, thinking of quite other things than absinthe and dominoes. Our friends began to get sorry that they had not gone on with Frangipanni's light horse.

Only one French officer was in front of the inn when they sauntered out to smoke,—a thickset man, with a grey moustache and shaven cheeks, with the scarlet side of his cloak turned outside, and much gold about him, who also walked up and down smoking. “Evidently,” said James, “a swell; the very man to consult.” If he had known that it was General Forey it would not have made much difference; for, if he had ever known, he had completely forgotten, what General Forey had done, or had left undone. How many of my readers remember?

James, cap in hand, and schoolboy French in his mouth, went up to General Forey, and confided to him that they, two young English artists, were travelling with Frangipanni's light horse, and had got left behind. The General, also cap in hand, told him politely that if he remained where he was he would be extremely likely to meet his friends, Messieurs of the Sardinian light horse, once more; and so bowed himself politely out of the audience.

They saw soon afterwards that he was joined by two staff-officers, that his orderly brought his horse from the stable, and that he rode sharply off, in the direction by which they had come.

They lay in the field in front of the house till it was late, and then went to bed and slept quite quietly. They had no Italian, either of them, or might have learnt much. In the morning, trusting to the French General's opinion that their friends would return by the same route, they quietly had their breakfast, went across the road, and lay in the shade of a mulberry tree, smoking, and touching up their sketches.

There was the broad and dusty road, divided from the field by shaped stones; beyond, the yellow-and-red pile of buildings, one of which was their inn; beyond, the pleasant wooded hill; to the left, heights crowned with important looking buildings. And now came their incident.

In a cloud of dust their friends of the Sardinian light horse came along the highway at a slinging trot the way they had gone, fulfilling General Forey's prediction. Our youths knew nearly every face in the regiment, and a merrier set of fellows they had never seen; yet every face was grave enough now. The last man who passed them was Frangipanni, bringing up the rear. The regiment passed them about three hundred yards, and then, at a few notes of the bugle, wheeled each man in his own ground, and was at once formed in column of squadrons on the road; Frangipanni, having wheeled with them, standing sole and solitary at their head.

For a few minutes there was silence. The Sardinian light horse had scarcely

settled themselves in their places when the silence was broken. James and Reginald were still innocently looking at their old friends, drawn up across the road, and trying to make out the faces of the officers who were most familiar to them, when they were startled by the infinitely inharmonious, yet deeply terrible, crashing, trampling, and clanking of another regiment of cavalry, approaching along the high road from their left.

Reginald saw them first, for James was staring at Frangipanni. "Here is another regiment," said Reginald, "all in white. These will be the French."

James looked round once, and shook him fiercely by the shoulder. "Get up!" he said, "here are the Austrians upon us, and we are in the thick of the whole thing."

"The who?" said Reginald.

"The *Austrians*, you ass," said James. "Get up, will you! Who in heaven or earth would ever have thought of this? Run, scud, get out of the way, get on your legs at any rate, and, if we get involved in it keep your arms above your head, and keep on your feet. Get hold of a stirrup if you can, but run with the horses, and get out of it as quick as you are able. By Jove, who would have thought of this?"

Reginald, though he scarcely understood what was coming, behaved very well. He ran with James some ten yards into the meadow, and then they both turned to look on war itself, as few have looked on it.

The Austrians halted. They knew that the French were there, and the French had got a terrible prestige since the Crimea, which they have maintained. The Austrian colonel halted his men for one instant, and rode forward towards the ravine alone before them all to see if the concealed French could be tempted into opening fire at him. He went within pistol-shot of Count Frangipanni; but the French know the business of war, and he saw nothing but the Sardinian regiment of light horse.

"Look at that glorious Austrian

colonel," said James to Reginald. "There is a man who don't mind death. I wish to heaven that their cause was better. Watch that Austrian colonel. Did you ever see such a noble fellow in your life? See how he sits his horse; I confess that my principles would give way under the influence of such a man."

"I think I know him," said Reginald.

"What are they going to do?" said the excited James. "Viva Italia! By heavens, our fellows are going to charge!"

Who gave the order for the first charge at Genestrello, Tom Silcote or Aurelio Frangipanni? The result is the same. A thousand men on each side, mounted on horseback, with drawn swords in their hands, in column of troops, rode fiercely at one another, trying to slay one another, happily with little effect. The first two troops on either side got themselves, to a certain extent, bruised, shaken, and cut about with swords; while the rearward troops drew rein, and did nothing until the bugle gave the word to the Italian cavalry to right about face, which they did accordingly.

Count Frangipanni and Colonel Silcote, however, seemed rather loth to part, for each had found in the other a good swordsman. For full half a minute, after the Italian retreat had sounded, these two were alone together, fencing cautiously and keenly, yet with apparently perfect good humour. Colonel Silcote was the first to rein his horse back and say, "You must follow your men, Colonel. Your major, seeing you so busy, has sounded the retreat." Frangipanni saluted politely, smiled, and trotted off after his regiment, while the Austrians prepared to advance.

"Our fellows are beaten, then?" said James, with an air of discontent. "I cannot see why; they seemed to do quite as well as the others; but I suppose that the Major knows what he is about. Frangipanni gave no orders. There goes my Austrian colonel off at

a sling trot after them. I hope he won't come to grief."

"Your Austrian colonel, you turn-coat!" said Reginald.

"Yes, mine," said James, emphatically. "I like the look of that man. I would go to the devil after that man."

"He is one of the accursed Tedeschi," said Reginald. "What would our comrades say?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," replied James. "He is a much finer fellow than any of the Italians, except Frangipanni. He saved Frangipanni from being taken prisoner. I heard him give him the office to cheese it," went on James, reproducing, in his admiration, a very old London vulgarity. "That man is a noble gentleman, if he were fifty Tedeschi."

"So he is," said a voice, apparently from high up in the air. "You never said a truer word than that, James Suglen. Who ever dared to say that he was not? Do you remember the night when he carried you, a poor bruised and bleeding little hind, into Silcotes, away from the poachers, and made your fortune at the expense of his own?"

To turn and find our old friend, the Princess—sitting on a tall bay horse, in a blue riding skirt, with a white bodice, a wideawake hat and cock's feathers, and a revolver at her right pommel—was a very small surprise. After having looked on, at twenty yards' distance, at a charge of cavalry, in which some eight were killed, and some twelve left howling and moaning in the road, one is not inclined to be surprised at anything. James merely took off his hat, and said, "Madam, I scarcely hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you here." Reginald said nothing whatever, but stared at his aunt, open-mouthed.

"I dare say not," she answered. "I am following Colonel Silcote's regiment. How did you come here?"

"We came with the Sardinian light horse, sketching, my lady."

"You might have been in better company," said the Princess. "Why did you not come on our side?"

"Our sympathies are Italian, my lady. Do I understand you that the colonel we saw just now was Colonel Silcote?"

"Did you not recognise him?"

"I do now. Reginald, you said that you thought you knew him. But I should scarcely have recognised my own father, in such a place, and in such a uniform."

"Are you here on foot? Where are your horses?"

"Across the road, my lady."

"You had better get them. Is there any force of French on this brook here, the Fossagazzo?"

"I decline to answer that question, my lady," said James. "Reginald, I hope you were not going to speak. Hold your tongue, sir. How dare you?"

"Well, I suppose you are right," said the Princess, good-humouredly. "Here comes Urban; we shall know soon. Hark! there is infantry there, and French infantry. You might have told me without doing any harm. They are in force, are they not? Is it Forey? Get your horses, you young fools, get your horses, and come back across the road to me again. Do not lose a moment."

They ran across and got out their horses and were back with her in less than five minutes, abandoning their heavy baggage; for there was a sound in their ears, familiar to us now, which they had never heard before.

Rapid musketry firing. At first only crackling like the burning of the gorse on the hills above St. Mary's, but growing heavier every moment, until it roared out in heavy crashes, which shook the air even where they stood, and brought a few heavy drops of rain from the summer clouds which floated overhead. When they got back to her they found her in the same position, gazing intensely at the dip in the broad dusty road about a quarter of a mile to their right, from which came furious volleys of musketry, and a general raging confusion, which showed them that they had pushed too far for safety, and were actually at the very point

where the two armies would decide their first struggle.

The Princess was perfectly calm. "Tell me, James Sugden, as a gentleman to a lady, is Forey there?"

And James answered, "I believe he is, my lady."

"In force?"

"I decline."

"You are right. Well, with his present reputation, he will fight hard to regain his former one. You will take care of a poor old woman in case the poor Tedeschi are beaten back?"

"My lady, I am entirely at your service," said James.

"You will keep with me, then?"

"Certainly," said James.

"The Italians would murder me, and you are well *répandu* among them. Keep by me. I hold you on your honour as a gentleman."

"Here come the Austrians back again," exclaimed James.

And indeed the cavalry were returning along the road in some confusion, followed by their friends of the light horse. At the same moment, possibly the very first rifled-cannon bullet ever fired in anger tore up the ground near the Princess, and covered her with dust.

"We may as well move a little further," she said; "this is too close to be pleasant."

It was a very reasonable suggestion; so they trotted along till they were fairly past the village of Genestrello, and then paused and looked about them.

Opposite to them were two abrupt, rounded, and partly wooded hills, about half a mile off, the one on their right crowned by a single large building with a campanile, the one to the left by a village with another campanile. A small hollow divided the two hills, and they saw that the French army, battalion after battalion, was already swarming up the right-hand hill towards the solitary building, under a heavy fire from the solitary building, the summit of the hill, and the village on the other hill.

The firing got more fast and furious every moment. The right-hand hill was rapidly blackening with the swarming

French, who were bringing up artillery; and far away some Sardinian cavalry were seen charging up the hill. The first hill seemed to be doomed, in which case there seemed but small chance for the second.

Genestrello was carried too, for the roar grew louder and nearer, and broken regiments began to pass them, from which men fell out, and sat down and began feebly and pitifully to try to get at their wounds. It was certainly time to move, for the cannon-shot were ripping and crashing amongst the trees, and the summit of the first hill was a mere raging volcano. And which way were they to go, except away from the French?

As they went, they saw the village on the second hill carried; and lo, it was evening, and the day had passed like an hour. The battle of Montebello was over and won. Night was coming on, and the Austrians were in retreat. They had "felt" for the French, and had found them. Montebello showed pretty clearly which way the campaign was to go. If they were unable to hold such a position as that, what would be the result elsewhere?

CHAPTER LII.

JAMES AND HIS FATHER.

THE Princess cared little for Montebello. Her horror at Tom Silcote's going to the campaign had ended in her determining to go with him, and she had accompanied his regiment in the way we have seen; riding parallel with his regiment, with which she was quite familiar, and which she may be said to have joined; and seeing almost the very first blood drawn, and having witnessed the battle of Montebello from a quiet field, without being very dangerously under fire at all.

This would have been enough for the ambition of most amateur lady-soldiers, but she thought nothing of it. The day of Montebello was a triumph for her foolish soul, for she had succeeded in deluding James hopelessly across into the

Austrian lines, and she considered that a great stroke of business.

The foolish plans which they had made against this young man have been discussed before. None of his enemies had the slightest idea about his real claims to be a dangerous person, with regard to the Silcotes succession, and its almost hopeless entanglement. He was looked on as the "dangerous horse," however; and she prided herself on her dexterity in tempting him into the Austrian lines. "We have him in our power now," she said to herself, scarcely knowing what she meant.

She could not dream, of course, that she was only in the way of introducing the boy to his own father. Let our story tell itself.

The Austrian left was withdrawn hastily that night towards the Sesia: there was great confusion. The Princess and our two friends rode together into Casteggio about eight o'clock; and there found ranged warlike order, with warlike disorder dribbling through it to the rear of it, to become orderly again.

Our friends had lost their Austrian regiment, and waited for it at Casteggio. It was in a sad plight. General Blanchard had brought up with him some of this infernal new artillery, and had played sad mischief with them. The regiment was passed on through Casteggio towards the rear, wearied, disheartened, and half cut to pieces. They thought for a time that Tom Silcote was not with them, but was killed; but last of all, bringing up the rear of his straggling and wearied squadrons, he came with a bloody face, bareheaded, holding his reins in his sword-hand, and his left arm hanging loosely beside him.

"He is hit," said the Princess. And they joined him.

"I have got a graze on my left arm from a French bullet," he said, cheerily, "not to mention a wipe over the head from that jolly old Italian colonel. I thought I was a swordsman till I met him."

"Wretch!" said the Princess; "after your saving his life this morning!"

"Not at all, Aunt. A jolly old cock,

every inch of him. We only politely renewed our fencing match, and he only cut me over the head and apologised."

"What is the name of this Italian colonel of yours," asked the Princess of James, "who accepts his life in the morning, and tries to assassinate the man who saved him an hour afterwards?"

"Count Frangipanni," said James, without comment.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Princess. "How strangely things come round. He might have been excused for cutting off *my* head, I don't deny. In fact, I should have told him so afterwards, the very next time I met him. But he has no grudge against you."

"He hasn't any grudge. Don't be silly. Who are these two young men with you?"

"Your nephew Reggy, and his friend."

"Then—not you, Reggy, but Reggy's friend—I am going to give you some trouble. Strange, I seem to have said those very words before. I am sure I have. I am very slightly hit, and am not in the least degree feverish. I am *certain* that I said those words before, at some time or another, or, at least, words almost exactly like them."

"You did, sir," said James, quietly; "and to me."

"I think I remember your face; and I am sure that I like it. Our billet is at Pozzo d'Orno. Will you come on with us?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Have you a good set of nerves? Can you help a surgeon? I am hit, but not heavily. I must be with my regiment in three or four days. I don't know whether the ball is in my arm or not. Will you nurse me? I can't reward you, but I am determined to see this thing out. Will you help me to it by nursing me?"

"I will, most cheerfully, sir."

"I am the person to nurse you, Tom," broke out the Princess. "I will have no interference from any quarter whatever between you and me. At all events, I will not see you poisoned or assassinated under my own eyes, and me

standing looking on. You do not know what you are doing ; you do not know in whose hands you are trusting your life. You are throwing away the benefits of one of the most extraordinary dispositions of Providence which, under me, have ever been accomplished——”

“Don’t be a fool,” said Colonel Tom, peevish with his wound ; “I want some one to see to me, and I choose this young man, and I will have him, by ——”

“Have Reggy,” cried the Princess. “If it was the last word I ever spoke, have Reggy.”

“He is too great an ass, and you are too fussy. I shall have this young man.”

“Hear his name,” said the Princess.

“His name is James Sugden.”

“You know I have my own opinions about *that* matter, Aunt. Sugden, will you stay with me a couple of days, and trust me as I trust you ?”

“I cannot understand her Highness’s allusions,” said James, simply. “I only know that, years ago, you kindly and gently carried me to Silcotes, after I had been beaten by the poachers ; and that her Highness as kindly and as gently received me. God knows, sir, that I would do anything possible to repay your kindness, or hers.”

“Stick by me, then. I want an English face. So you are that young monkey, hey ? I remember it all. What a pretty little dog you were ! Like a little fox.”

“I am not pretty now, then, sir ?” said James, smiling, and looking steadily at him.

“No ; decidedly not.”

“You do not like the look of me, sir ?”

“I like the look of you only too well. Where did you get those pleasant steady eyes of yours ?”

“My eyes are said to be like my mother’s, sir,” replied James, who thought that the Colonel was, in spite of his denial, wandering a little, and who wished to humour him.

“I wish you would get another pair,” said Tom Silcote. “Your eyes are un-

pleasantly like another pair of eyes into which I used to look years ago, and have never forgotten, boy,—never forgotten,—never forgotten. I suppose *she* will come, too, at the great gathering at the end of all things.”

He was certainly feverish with his wound. The Princess, after her last rebuff, rode apart with Reginald, and poured her grief into his bosom. She did not like him, but she must tell her woes to some one, and so Reggy got the benefit of them now.

“What I have done for that man,” she said, “and now he says I am fussy ! Reginald, pray that you may never know the bitterness of ingratitude in those you love. It is the bitterest thing you will ever know.”

“I have no doubt it is, Aunt. Can you tell me where is Anne ?”

“At Vienna. After all I have done for him ! Reginald, he does not love me ! It is very bitter to me ; he prefers a smooth-faced boy to me, who have sacrificed everything for him. Reginald, my dear, was your grandfather very intimate with this lad James ?”

“Intimate ? No. He never liked him. You say that Anne is at Vienna. I do not like this at all. I wish I was at Vienna with her.”

“You will never have such a chance of seeing war again.”

“I dare say not, and I don’t wish it. I want to go to Vienna, and I have no money. I wish you would lend me some.”

“I am sorry I cannot do so,” said the Princess. “*He* wants it all.”

So talking, they got to the little village of Pozzo d’Orno, well to the Austrian rear, and halted at last. Colonel Silcote was decidedly feverish, but kept to his resolution of moving with his regiment, as soon as it was ready to move. Meanwhile, he banished the Princess and Reginald, on the very rude grounds which he had stated above, that the one fussed, and that the other was a fool, and imperially insisted on James’s ministrations, in the very way in which men, who have been spoilt by women all their lives, do demand the services of

other people—and, in nine cases out of ten, get them.

He took a strange fancy, almost a passion, for this son of his, thrown in his way so strangely, little dreaming why. The young man's eyes he remembered to be like other eyes not seen for twenty years; but he had forgotten, or thought he had forgotten, his deserted wife's voice; yet James's voice was strangely pleasant and soothing to him. He did not connect the eyes and the voice together at all; yet they had the effect of making him silent, very thoughtful, and more gentle than he had been for years.

"He insists that no one shall come near him but you," said the dismissed Princess, with a sniff. "You had better go and see what *you* can do with a man who has cast off, in his base ingratitude, those who have sacrificed everything for him. He will curse and swear at you, and try to strike you, but I daresay you will not mind that."

"Not a bit," said James.

The Princess was as far right in what she said as this: Tom Silcote, a terrible bully, would most certainly, at ordinary times, have sworn at *her*, or at any one else, who had kindly tried to assist him when he most wanted assistance. It is the way of some men to be fractious and brutal as soon as they are thrown entirely on the kindness and love of those whose lives are bound up in theirs; and it was his way generally. Not so now. He swore a good many oaths at his uniform, his shirt, his own clumsiness, Giulai's stupidity, and so on; but none at James.

"Come here and help me to peel, lad," he said, "and see if you and I cannot pull through it without the doctors. What frightful humbugs they are! It would not take many hours to learn *their* trade, as far as I have any experience."

"You have not had much knowledge of them, I should think, sir," said James, after he had gently removed his shirt, and the whole magnificent torso of his father lay bare before him. "Men who carry such a chest as yours are but poor customers to the doctors,

Your poor brother, Mr. Algernon, knew more of them than you are likely to do. He loved his doctors dearly. It was taking him away from his doctors that killed him, I doubt."

"Killed him? Algy?" cried Colonel Silcote, starting up.

"He is dead, sir."

"Dead! Why, that was the finest fellow that ever was born, I tell you. It is impossible."

"I quite agree with you in your estimate of him, sir; but he is dead and buried for all that; and I am engaged to his daughter."

"It is an infernal shame," said the Colonel.

"I hope you will be brought to look upon your niece's engagement differently in time, sir," said James, purposely misunderstanding him on religious grounds. "Do you think that you could make it agreeable to yourself to be quiet for a few minutes, while I see what is the matter?"

The Colonel submitted.

"Here is a nasty blue-red cut over the surface of the deltoid," said James; "but you have lost very little blood. We must have the doctor to this; it is beyond me."

"If I do I'll be ——"

"Invalided, you were going to say. Not at all. It is a mere scratch. How about this broken head of yours, Colonel? The Count seems to have given you the St. George. Let me look at it."

Tom Silcote submitted his curly, splendidly-shaped head to the inspection of his son quite quietly. James pronounced once more for the doctor, and carried his point. The doctor was introduced—a small Czech gentleman, the glory and pride of whose life was that he had been born and bred at Zuckmantel. Why he was proud of being a Zuckmantel man no one ever knew; but he gloried in it, and was personally offensive in many ways to Colonel Silcote.

The doctor thought that he was going to speak first, but he was mistaken. Silcote raised himself on the sofa from his hips, casting off the uniform coat

which James had put over him, and opened fire on the doctor in German, before he had time to mention Zuckmantel.

"Now look here, you doctor. I wish you to understand my case at once. I am wounded slightly, and want to be set right instantly. I want to be fighting again in two days from this time.

"The great Frederick, passing through Zuckmantel," began the doctor.

"—— the great Frederick, and Zuckmantel, and you," said Tom Silcote. "I tell you that I want to fight again in two days. Will you come and look at me, or will you not? You and your Zuckmantels and Fredericks. If you can do anything for me, say so.—If you can't, go. This is the most miserable little humbug in Europe," he added to James in English.

The little doctor looked at him on the head and in the arm, and said that he must be invalided.

"Look here," said Tom Silcote. "If you declare me invalided, I will denounce you to-morrow. You are taking pay from a Government which you are trying to overturn. You are a leading member of the Democratic Committee of Breslau, if you are not president. I have letters of yours which would condemn you ten times over. How did I get them? Why, your friend Kriegsthum gave them to me as a safeguard when I came on this campaign, so that I might hold them in terror over you. He was afraid that you would poison me—a fate which I have avoided by taking internally none of your filthy drugs. If you invalid me to Vienna, you go to Spandau the next day."

The doctor examined him again, while James, sitting behind his father, parted his hair for the doctor's examination.

The doctor took a different view of the matter this time. The cut on the head was a slight scalp wound now, of no consequence. The wound on the arm was merely a skin graze, with a great deal of ecchymosis, undoubtedly. There was no reason why the Colonel should be invalided. He applied his remedies.

"You are helping to ruin your cause, you doctor," said Tom Silcote, when he had finished his work. "I am better already. In two days, thanks to you, I shall be fit for my work again. At the throat of you scoundrelly, half-concealed democrats, sword in hand."

"You should not have said that," said James, when the doctor was gone.

"Why not?" asked Tom Silcote.

"Well, it was not gentlemanly, and their cause is the best, you know."

"Not the cause of a creeping little toad like that. He takes Austrian money."

"I do not speak of him. I speak of the Sardinian cause against the Austrian. I am an Italian at heart."

"I doubt that I am also," said Tom Silcote; "but you cannot sympathize with the miserable spawn which both sides use, and which both sides despise. Now let me sleep; I am very tired with marching and fighting, and I want rest."

The little Zuckmantel doctor, who makes his first and last appearance here, had given James orders that the Colonel's arm must be dressed again in the middle of the night. He added, also, that he entirely forgave the Colonel for swearing at and denouncing him. He was an Englishman, as was also Monsieur, and the English always d——d and denounced when poorly.

James lay beside his father on the floor, and not having slept, arose between twelve and one, and prepared to awaken him. He looked at him for some time before he woke him, and thought, as an artist, what a wonderfully handsome man he was. The curls which he remembered on the night when he had crept from his bed to follow the poachers were but slightly grizzled as yet; many younger men might have exchanged locks with Tom Silcote without disadvantage. And in sleep, in quiescence, while passion was dead, the face was extremely beautiful.

Strange and odd families, like the Silcotes, have a curious habit of throwing off a specimen or example of the family virtues or failings. The B——s did this, and one might say the same of

other families; with none of which have we anything at all to do. The Silcotes did the same thing. I have only to say that the Dark Squire himself, who might have been anything, but who ended by being nothing, had three sons: Algernon, who represented his geniality; Arthur, who represented, through the medium of an Oxford education, his priggish attorneyism; and Thomas, who represented his recklessness and ferocity, not to mention the personal beauty of the whole family put together. Miss Raylock says that the whole of the three, put together, would never have made up their father. "They wanted his *go*, individually and collectively."

The one of them, however, who certainly represented the physical beauty, not to mention the recklessness and ferocity of this singular old man, was now lying asleep: watched by his own son; father and son alike being utterly unconscious of their relationship. Around the house, where he lay, artillery rumbled, shaking the house, and muttered away into silence eastward; squadrons of cavalry passed trampling; battalions of infantry passed with a steady, measured rustling, broken sometimes by a sharply-given word of command. The Austrian army, already beaten, was moving eastward, 200,000 strong; and there was scarcely a man among them all who had so little business there as had he.

Of all the Silcotes he had wasted his life the most perversely, the most persistently. His fate should have been, by the ordinary laws of poetical justice, to die alone, unaided, uncared for, unwept. Yet his son was watching him with tenderness, and only disputing for his right to do so with the poor Princess, whom he had ruined. Is he the first instance of by far the least meritorious member of a family being the best beloved after all his misdoings?

The night was hot, and he lay with his great chest bare, heaving up and down with the regular breathing of sleep. His face was very calm, and

James doubted very much if he did wisely in awakening him; but, after a time, looking at his face, he took his right arm, the unwounded one, and felt his pulse.

Colonel Silcote, without moving, quietly opened his eyes, and spoke.

"None of the whole of them left but you! They were all here just now. I was marching into Exeter, and overtook a weary girl under the hedgerows; and then I was at Dunstegan, and cut in before Tullygoram, and danced with a beautiful girl in spite of him. And the Devonshire girl and the girl of Dunstegan were one and the same, and had the same eyes. And I awoke, and found them looking at me out of your head. Boy, I am going to die."

"Nonsense, Colonel," said James; "your pulse is quiet: you will be quite well to-morrow. You are not going to die."

"Not here. Not in this bed. No! By heavens, you are right there, old boy! But the end of it all is very near; and, upon my word and honour, I cannot see very particularly why it should not be."

"You have many years of useful and honourable life before you, sir, I hope," said James.

"I don't hope anything of the kind," said Tom Silcote. "I have so many years of useless and dishonourable life behind me, that I begin to think that it will be better to close my account against the higher powers as soon as possible. If I were to mortgage my future career, with good behaviour as interest, I never could pay it. The accumulation of interest would destroy the capital in a very short time. I tell you I *can't* behave well. If I lived, which I am not going to do, I might gain in time the respectable vices of old age. But it would take so long; I am so dreadfully young. You may depend that a fellow like me is much better out of this world than in it."

"I cannot see that, sir," said James.

"God forbid that you should. You are going to dress my arm; do so, and listen to what I say. You have a clear head and a good memory. After I am

dead, I wish you to tell my father these things. I shall march to-morrow."

James promised to remember them.

"Nineteen years ago I was honourably married to a girl I met in Devonshire. The particulars of that marriage my aunt, the Princess, has in a despatch-box, which I have given into her possession.

"I have great reason to fear that my father has been sadly abused about the conduct of his late wife, poor Algy's mother. If he can get hold of the Princess I believe that she is quite prepared to tell him everything. I fear that she and a man called Kriegsthum have used him very sadly; but he must be tender with her. He was fond of me once; and you must tell him, now that I am dead and gone, and will trouble him no more, that he must be tender with her. Out of my grave I shall insist on that. My aunt is in many respects the best of us all. I insist that my aunt must be kindly used. Again, I am sure that Miss Raylock knows now the whole of this miserable complication from one end to the other. If she does not, Kriegsthum does. Give me my havresack: it is hanging on the foot of the bed."

James did so.

"This Kriegsthum is a very good fellow, but a most consumed rascal. Here are papers which commit him to the Austrian Government, for he has been Italianizing, the scoundrel, the moment he saw there was a chance of our being beaten. Put these papers in the hands of my father, and he will bring him to book with them. My father was at one time one of the first and shrewdest lawyers in England. He is a perfect match for Kriegsthum.

"You must also give my love to my father, and tell him that I am sorry to have been so bad a son to him. I would not add that I could not help it, or that he might have been a better father to me. I wish him to discover whether my wife is alive or not—his sister has the particulars of the marriage—and to pension her. I had no family by her. You are hurting me."

"I am very sorry, sir," said James; "I am but a clumsy nurse."

"I had no family by her, at least as far as I know. I should wish him to find her out and pension her, if she is alive. I behaved very ill to her, I fear. Have you done?"

"I have done now, sir," replied James. "You had better sleep."

"I have been sleeping; I cannot sleep again. I shall sleep long and soundly in a few days. Sit beside me, and talk to me."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE ENEMY ADVANCES.

A FRENCH officer, riding up to the first of the Silcote carriages, took off his hat and bowed low.

"I really doubt if it is safe for Monsieur to advance further," he said. "Monsieur can of course please himself, but, until we have gained another victory, I would wish to point out to Monsieur that advance is, to say the least, dangerous. The enemy were here the day before yesterday. Some of them are here still."

He pointed to a few stark heaps which were lying in the summer grass, in the field to the left of the road. Silcote understood him at once.

"I thank you for your politeness, sir; we will go no further. My dears," he continued, "dismount, and go into that house opposite: I will be with you directly."

Miss. Lee and Mrs. Thomas Silcote did so at once. Mrs. Thomas knew from old experience that she was in the presence of death, although she had not actually made out the Austrian corpses. Miss Lee saw a look in her face which made her silent, and which caused her to follow. The two women silently left the carriage, politely handed out by the French officer, and went towards the house. The French officer remained. Silcote and Arthur leaned over the side of their carriage talking to him, while Boginsky came up from the second

carriage, and stood beside the French officer's horse.

"Arthur," said Silcote, "there is some Moselle somewhere, and I am thirsty; get some. Monsieur, we are much indebted to you. I perceive that we are passing into the real regions of war. Has there been, then, an actual cataclysm?"

Boginsky and Arthur laughed at his pedantry. Seeing that Silcote laughed himself, the French officer, drinking his glass of Moselle, laughed also.

"We heard that there had been an engagement," said Silcote, "but we were not aware how near our British audacity had brought us to it. Are those blue and white heaps, lying there on the grass, actually Austrian corpses?"

"They are such, Monsieur, a small instalment."

"What is the name of this place?" asked Silcote; "and what are the details of the engagement?"

"This place is Genestrello. Beyond you see the heights and the village of Montebello. You have never heard of Montebello. No; nor did any one until yesterday. Yet Montebello will live in history beside Lodi and Arcola. We carried the heights of Montebello yesterday. It was only the first of a great series of victories. We have already demoralized the Austrians. The rest is quite easy."

"Ho!" said Silcote; "then it is all

over. Arthur, give this gentleman another glass of Moselle. Can you give me any details of this action of yesterday, my dear sir?"

"With the greatest pleasure," replied the French officer. "Here at Gines-trello the Sardinian light horse, in command of Colonel Count Frangipanni, met the Austrian cavalry, under command of Colonel Silcote,—a compatriot of yours, by the way. Each regiment was beaten in turn, and the Austrian Colonel Silcote was desperately wounded by the Sardinian Colonel Frangipanni; after which the Austrians retreated."

"You hear all this, Arthur," said Silcote. "Can you tell me, sir, what became of Colonel Silcote?"

"He rode away after his regiment," said the French officer. "I know no more."

"Have you any other details of the engagement which you can tell me, sir?" asked Silcote.

"Well, I doubt it," said the Frenchman. "There was the Princess Castelnuovo, who charged with the regiment; and there were two young English artists, whom she took prisoner by threatening them with her revolver. Beyond that I know nothing."

"Altogether this looks pleasant, Arthur," said Silcote. "But we will go on, and see the end of it."

To be continued.

PRIESTHOOD AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

BY THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

THEORIES concerning the functions of the priestly office are once more being discussed with something of that peculiar warmth which only an important religious question can excite. This controversy is directly involved in two other questions, of which the smouldering embers have lately been re-kindled—that of the nature of the

Sacrament of the Eucharist, and that of the true discipline of Confession. If the Eucharist is a sacrifice, then the ministry which officiates in the Eucharist will naturally be called a sacrificing priesthood. If Confession ought to be systematic and auricular, then it is certain that a peculiar judicial authority will be claimed for the ministry

which absolves. On the part, therefore, of those who object to the sacrificial theory of the Eucharist and to the practice of Confession, it is very naturally maintained that the New Testament and the Church of England know no such thing as a sacrificing and absolving priesthood. It has been suggested by Mr. Froude, as the sole effectual remedy for all sacerdotal and sacramental pretensions, that the practice of ordination should be suspended by Act of Parliament, so that in the national Church there should be no persons claiming to have received authority to sacrifice or absolve by the laying on of episcopal hands. This would be considered at present a very advanced reform policy. But Dr. Miller, in an address read last January to a clerical meeting at Islington, says, "I am almost ashamed to remind you of the patent fact, that the Church of England knows nothing about a sacrificing priesthood as now committed to men." In another address, at the same meeting, it was affirmed that "the Church of England gives no countenance whatever to the doctrine of judicial absolution." On the other hand, the Bishop of Salisbury, in a recent charge, has claimed for the Anglican priesthood those mystical powers which are supposed to give a peculiar efficacy to private absolution. And in a tract entitled "Priestly Absolution Scriptural" (the first of a series called "Tracts for the Day," edited by Mr. Orby Shipley)—as advanced, surely, on that side as Mr. Froude is on the other—the whole mediæval system of the sacrament of penance is advocated, and the Christian is taught that he needs to be individually absolved by a priest as much as he needs to be baptized.

In considering what is urged on both sides in this controversy, it has appeared to me that the true way to protest against superstitious notions as to the powers of a priest is not to deny the sacrificing and absolving functions of the priesthood, but rather to realize with more care the proper nature of sacrifice and of absolution. Certainly these two

duties, to offer sacrifice and to absolve, are those which seem most appropriate to the office of a priest. And before we say that under the Christian dispensation there is no priest except the presbyter or elder, it may be well to consider what a priest is, and whether we do not still need the exercise of his peculiar functions.

If we seek to arrive at the elementary idea of the priesthood by observing what is done by priests in any branch of the Christian Church, we are hindered by the fact that many and various functions are combined in the person of the priest. The priest is also the shepherd of souls, and the preacher of the word. He is an evangelist, a director, a teacher, as well as a priest. The priest of St. Chrysostom's treatise, or of the canons and catechism of the Council of Trent, has these duties laid upon him, no less than the priest of our own ordinal. But there was a time in which priests were not pastors, in which there were no pulpits and no parishes; and it is from that time that the name of priest has come down to us. For I am using the word priest now without reference to etymology, as the only word by which we translate *ιερεύς* and *sacerdos*. In the pre-Christian ages there were priests throughout the known world, priests of imaginary gods amongst the Gentiles, as well as priests of Jehovah at Jerusalem. And what were their functions? Amidst all the differences of the various religions and rituals we may perceive one uniform character by which the priesthood is everywhere distinguished. The priest is the *administrator of worship*. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews gives a definition of a Jewish high-priest which is in fact an accurate definition of priesthood generally. A priest, he says, "is appointed on behalf of men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins." A priest then (1) was a representative; (2) he represented men in things pertaining to God; (3) it was his work to offer gifts and sacrifices for sins.

There was another aspect of the priest's character which can hardly be said to

have been wanting anywhere; it was the other side of his office. He was always understood to be able to affirm his god's acceptance of the worship which was offered. He could, within limits, declare the mind of the divinity; could say that he was angry or propitiated. Wherever a priesthood was regularly established, the worshippers believed that in their worship they were not merely making guesses and experiments, but were proceeding upon some assurance of being accepted. "No man taketh this honour unto himself." Every priest was supposed to have some kind of call, some kind of authority, in virtue of which he could receive the worshipper's gift or sacrifice as an acceptable offering. The priestly office was therefore a witness and an assurance of peace between the god and the worshipper. The priest was not only the representative of the people for purposes of worship, he was also the representative of the god in giving assurance of goodwill and reconciliation.

Absolution was connected in a very special and marked degree with the Jewish system of worship. I should not have thought it necessary to do more than allude to this fact, except that by a very unaccountable mistake it is denied in the tract on "Priestly Absolution." I quote the author's actual words: "Under the Old Covenant, 'there was no provision made for the forgiveness of sin. In the sole case 'of David was absolution given, and 'that must have been prospective, as 'there could be no remission of guilt 'till Christ's blood had been shed in 'atonement for the sins of the whole 'world. . . . The law provided only 'for a confession of sin; Christ was to 'seal that confession with pardon; not 'to abolish the ordinance, but to perfect 'it.'—P. 13. The truth is that the law provided for forgiveness in the most express manner possible. The phrase "The priest shall make an atonement "for him as touching the sin that he "hath committed, and it shall be forgiven him," occurs at least eight times in two chapters of Leviticus (iv., v.).

To forget this provision seems to imply a strange misapprehension of the whole ritual system of the Jewish law. The very fact that the sacrifices were appointed so exactly, instead of being left to the impulse of the worshipper, was itself a token that those who complied with the law might count on the Divine absolution. Atonement is the key of the Jewish sacrificial worship. That worship was intended to bear witness perpetually of Jehovah as "Merciful and "gracious, long-suffering and abundant "in goodness and truth, keeping mercy "for thousands, forgiving iniquity and "transgression and sin, and that will by "no means clear the guilty." Another singular misapprehension in the tract, with regard to Jewish worship, is that the sacrifices were imposed by way of penance. The writer does not seem to be at home in the Old Testament. In order to show that the proper ecclesiastical repentance always has three parts, compunction, confession, and satisfaction, he quotes the case of David. "In the repentance of David we have "compunction, 'A broken and contrite heart thou wilt not despise:' "confession, 'I said I will confess "my sin unto the Lord;' 'Wash "me thoroughly from my wickedness, "and cleanse me from my sin, *for* I "acknowledge my faults;" and satisfaction, in the punishment he had to "endure in expiation of God's justice." The 51st Psalm has been universally understood to express that repentance of David which followed his adultery with Bathsheba; but the satisfaction to which the author refers in his note is the punishment which fell upon the land,—the three days' pestilence,—after the numbering of the people. Considering the manner in which this plague was announced and inflicted, we should as reasonably call any penalty inflicted in a court of justice a part of repentance. But the author goes on to say, "This satisfaction under the Jewish "dispensation was severe, and brought "into considerable prominence, in order "to teach the people the essential "justice of God; thus all their victims

"and sacrifices were satisfactions."—P. 9. I can attach no other meaning to these words than that the author regards the sin-offering as a pecuniary fine. He must be a very indulgent confessor if he considers that in most cases this fine would be a severe penance. There was severity enough in other parts of the Jewish code; but I imagine that no one ever found it before in the system of sacrifices. This system was an utterance in symbol of the whole instinct of worship, including confession of sin,—an utterance invited, encouraged, and regulated by an antecedent promise of acceptance.

The Jewish priesthood, then, is the best example we can have of what priesthood is, according to its true unmixed idea. We see that the office of a priest is strictly correlative to worship. He is the appointed medium by which the sacrifices, oblations, and confessions of the people may be presented to God. He is also the witness of the Divine forgiveness, the minister of reconciliation. Sacrifice and absolution are the two essential priestly functions, and they are discharged by means of institutes of worship.

Those whose prejudices are strongly anti-sacerdotal might readily admit that this is a true account of the priestly office. But they would contend that all this belongs to the pre-Christian time, and that there is no such thing as priesthood, sacrifice, or absolution, in the proper sense of the words, under the Christian dispensation. They would appeal to the New Testament. "Look through the Acts and the Epistles," they would say: "do you find there any express appointment, any distinct evidences, of a Christian ritual?"

The attempts to trace a sacerdotal system in the records of the New Testament age of the Church are certainly not very successful. The author of the tract on "Priestly Absolution" sees the ordinance of confession implied in St. Paul's phrase, "Yea, what clearing of yourselves;" understanding, it would seem, that the Corinthians had *cleared themselves* by making, as we say, a clean

breast of it: but if "what clearing of yourselves" in the English might bear that sense, it seems impossible that *ἀπολογίαν*, the word in the Greek, should be so understood. The arguments from New Testament authority for practices or doctrines are not often quite so infelicitous as this; but they are very frequently offences against any true method of interpretation, and would prove nothing to one who was not already convinced. The fact is, we look to the New Testament for what we ought not to expect to find there. We forget that the Church of those years was in a rudimentary and even a transitional state. If the Epistles do not speak to us of a Church with an organized priesthood, the Church of which they tell us is at least equally without Bible, Sunday, and place of worship. And a Church without a Bible, without a Sunday, and without a pulpit, is probably as inconceivable to one party, as a Church without a sacerdotal order is to the opposite party. The New Testament contains, indeed, one book which is a most important treatise on the subject of ritual. The Epistle to the Hebrews is intended to explain why the Jewish system of worship, having been of Divine appointment, was about to be supplanted in the order of Divine providence. And the general argument of that treatise is that the Jewish Temple, with its ordinances, had done its work, that its whole meaning was fulfilled in Christ, who was at once the great High Priest and the great Sacrifice. We might gather from this Epistle that the Temple at Jerusalem was no longer to be the centre of worship for the worshippers of the true God, that there were to be no more sacrifices of slain animals, and that the Jewish priesthood was no longer to retain its exclusive calling and functions. But the Epistle to the Hebrews gives us no legislation that I am aware of concerning Christian ritual. It does not lay down that there shall be three orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, that there shall be a Thanksgiving Service in which the mystery of sacri-

fice shall be expressed, that a provision shall be made for a perpetual witness of the Divine absolution : but neither does it lay down any other rules with regard to the mode of Christian worship. Does it even mention the Lord's Supper? It leaves open the whole field of ecclesiastical ordinances. But it affirms principles ; and amongst the principles it affirms most strongly are these,—that a way to the Father, a way into the holiest, has been opened, along which men are sedulously to walk ; that a free and full and abiding remission of sins has been sealed to men by the blood of Christ ; and that we ought to offer continual sacrifices of praise and of beneficence, because with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

The Christian Church of the New Testament, whatever was the number of Gentiles admitted into it, was essentially Jewish in its faith. The Temple at Jerusalem was still sacred in the eyes of the believers in Christ. There could hardly be a stronger proof of this than the homage paid to it by St. Paul. “ I must by all means keep this feast that cometh in Jerusalem.” Against repeated warnings, given in the name of the Holy Ghost Himself, St. Paul fought his way towards Jerusalem, that he might, if it were possible, keep the Pentecost there ; and when he had arrived he adopted a conspicuous means of proving that he did not teach the Jews anywhere to forsake Moses. When charged by the Jews with disloyalty, he answered for himself, “ Neither against the law of the Jews, neither against the Temple, have I offended anything at all.” Until the Temple was destroyed, the Christians did not feel it their duty to put any slight upon its ordinances. By the destruction of the Temple, therefore, a great vacancy was created in the spiritual heaven of the Christian Church. What had been looked upon with entire faith as a visible witness of the fellowship of God with men had been removed out of sight. Such an event could hardly fail to affect profoundly the previous organization of the Church. It was natural and neces-

sary that any principles of permanent value which found expression in the Temple and its ordinances should be worked into the order of Christian worship, and receive some recognised embodiment.

But I do not propose to follow the course of history or legislation in the Church as it bears upon this subject. My purpose is to discuss the idea and the use of priestly functions, rather than their authority. Let us come down at once to our own time. We find the name of priest surviving, and, whether as used by those who love it or by those who dislike it, answering rather to *sacerdos* or *ιερεὺς* than to *presbyter*. On the whole, it may be said that in England disagreeable impressions are associated with the name of a priest. Priestcraft represents what is peculiarly hated by Englishmen, and especially by liberal Englishmen. But something depends on the collocation of the word ; the phrase “ priests and people,” for example, gives no offence. It seems natural to acknowledge an order decidedly distinct from the laity, and charged with appropriate functions. In the Church of England, the two orders of priests and deacons are practically so little distinguished from one another that they are commonly blended in the one character of clergyman, the deacon being regarded as a junior or beginner ; and it is supposed that the three orders familiar to the popular mind are rather those of bishops, rectors, and curates, than those of bishops, priests, and deacons. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently understood that the priest is alone qualified to perform the full service of the Church. The deacon does not recite the Absolution, nor does he administer alone the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The priestly office is associated, therefore, with the complete performance of worship. If we look at our form for the “ making of priests,” we find great stress laid on the *pastoral* duties which are almost invariably committed to priests : but the words spoken at the laying on of hands have an exclusively sacerdotal sound. “ Whose sins thou

"dost forgive, they are forgiven: and "whose sins thou dost retain, they are "retained. And be thou a faithful "dispenser of the Word of God, and of "His holy Sacraments." The priest is ordained that he may absolve, and that he may dispense God's Word and Sacraments. In an exhortation contained in the Communion Service, "God's Word" is closely connected with absolution; "that by the ministry of God's "Holy Word, we may receive the benefit "of Absolution." Upon which the tract on "Priestly Absolution" has a remark which may be commended to the attention of Dr. Pusey and the other promoters of the Oxford Declaration. "There is something melancholy," says the writer, "in the ignorance displayed "by those who assume that the Word "of God means nothing but the Bible; "a signification it does not bear in Holy "Scripture, where the Word of God is "used for Christ Himself, or the message "of salvation, or the authority of God." The writer justly recalls the saying of St. Paul, "God hath committed to us the *word of reconciliation*."

Speaking generally, then, the clergy have the manifest duty of officiating in the public worship of the Church. They are ordained for men in things pertaining to God. More particularly, the priest is put forward as the mouthpiece of God's absolution, and as offering up the sacrifices of the people upon the altar of Christ's sacrifice. The old ideas of priesthood do not appear to have become obsolete amongst us.

Is it desirable that sacerdotal ideas should be repudiated, and that there should be no marked difference between a priest and a layman? My position is, that this is *not* desirable; that those ideas, on the contrary, are rooted in the nature of the Church and of our relation to God. If so, it becomes even the more important that those ideas should be rightly apprehended, and the functions of the priesthood should not be perverted or abused.

One leading point, involved in what we have been considering, but not sufficiently remembered, is this, that the

priest, as such, has to do rather with the congregation than with individuals. He represents the *fellowship* of Christian worship. In his person and office, the many worshippers are to be "as "one, to make one sound to be heard in "praising and thanking the Lord." If the relations of human beings with God were wholly individual and solitary, instead of being those of a body, and of the members of a body, there would be, according to this view, no priest. In so far as it becomes a general conviction that religion is an affair between God and the private soul, priesthood will seem obsolete. To those, on the other hand, who believe that men in their highest and most spiritual concerns as well as in their lowest are members of a body, the office of a priest, as the representative of Christians in their devotions, or the organ of united worship, making one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, will still seem vital.

If the priest officially presents the praises and thanksgivings of the people to God, and if the sacred writers are right in calling such praises and thanksgivings sacrifices, then it follows that we have a "sacrificing priesthood." We observe, moreover, that there is an ordinance which, from the beginning, has been called pre-eminently the Eucharist, or Thanksgiving. The whole idea running through this service is that of sacrifice. In it we remember, and give thanks for, and plead, the self-offering of Christ. In it we try to offer ourselves unitedly to God in the power of that one oblation made for all. The presenting of gifts, with which sacrifices we are assured God is well pleased, forms an established part of this service. And the highest ritual function of a priest is to act in this service. Sacrifice, therefore, is in our actual worship very intimately associated with the office of a priest.

"Yes but," it will be said, "this is only sacrifice in a certain sense. When we speak of self-oblation as a sacrifice, we speak metaphorically." Now the question which seems to me cardinal

on this point is, What sacrifice is real, and what is metaphorical? Is it the flesh that is real, and the spirit metaphorical? If we see with the mind's eye flesh offered upon an altar, are we to say, There, in that flesh, is *real* sacrifice? If we see a spirit offering itself, with all its instruments, to the will and glory of the Father of spirits, are we to call that only figurative or metaphorical sacrifice? I contend, on the contrary, that the only *real* sacrifice before God is that of the spirit. It was the offering of the spirit that was accepted on the part of the Jews, who brought their bulls and their goats; it was the offering of the Spirit that was infinitely precious when the Son of God gave himself up to the Father; it is the remembering of that spiritual sacrifice, the present offering of our inward selves—and not anything material which the eye can see, or the mind imagine—which God now looks upon as genuine, substantial sacrifice.

Similarly, the question as to absolution does not seem to be, whether priests have authority to absolve, but what the conditions of the absolution should be. Practically, the question comes to this, whether absolution should be, as a general rule, administered privately and made dependent upon secret confession, or not?

There cannot be a more important question of pastoral theology, of spiritual discipline, than this. I conceive it to be impossible to make too much of the habit of resorting continually to a priest, and unfolding to him in private all the secrets of the heart, and depending on his assurance for spiritual comfort. Such a habit will undoubtedly affect, in a degree difficult to over-estimate, the position of the priest in the Church, and the life of Christians generally. It is not surprising that there should be keen controversy about the Confessional. But the controversy does not really turn, though both sides do their best to make it turn, upon the power of absolution vested in the priestly office. Is there any ministerial order in any Christian body, which would

not venture to say, "God has committed to us the ministry of reconciliation?" And what is reconciliation but the forgiveness of sins, but absolution? Is there anything at which a son of the Reformation ought to take alarm, in the belief that there is an order of men whose especial office and noblest privilege it is to bear witness of the Divine absolution, and to bring it home, by all the means and with all the force in their power, to the hearts of men? Looking upwards, from the defiant Protestantism of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Bardsley, through the refined and plaintive Anglicanism of the Bishop of Salisbury, and the mediævalism of Mr. Orby Shipley and his coadjutors, to the more assured and definite Romanism of the Council of Trent, I do not perceive any vital disagreement as to the authority of the priest to absolve. The Protestant says the priest's absolution is only "declaratory;" the Catholic affirms with anathemas that it is "judicial." But what does "judicial" mean? The Protestant is apt to interpret it as meaning that the penitent is forgiven or not forgiven according to the word of the priest. But when he puts that sense on the word, the Catholic laughs at his ignorance. The author of "Priestly Absolution Scriptural" may be taken as speaking for the Roman Communion as well as for his school in the Anglican, when he says, "Every moderately well-instructed Catholic is aware that a confession without proper dispositions is worthless, and is calculated to increase damnation rather than remove sin. . . . Absolution is altogether conditional." That surely is the main point. Of course the Protestant may retort, "Then what is the good of absolution?" And to this the Catholic will give various answers. He will say at one time, "It is of great value for quieting uneasy consciences." At another time he will say, "Absolution may be withheld as well as given, or made conditional upon painful penance, and thus the priest holds in his hands an important power to *disquiet* too easy consciences." Or he may content himself

with warning men, "If you despise the appointed ordinance of absolution, take care that you don't get shut out of forgiveness and heaven altogether." The author of the tract uses a fair *argumentum ad hominem*, to this purport: "If there is no good in absolution, what good is there in Baptism, in Holy Communion, nay, in preaching or reading the Bible? If you will know of no religion except that which is between the private soul and God, you may do away with all ordinances, every one of which implies that God conveys His grace through means." No doubt the Catholic will edge in perpetual suggestions of unspeakable benefit to be derived from the personal and private administration of the priest's office of absolution. He will do what he can to create a vague but deep impression that one who absents himself from the Confessional incurs indescribable loss and danger. But no moderately well-instructed Catholic will venture to affirm categorically, either that he whom the priest absolves is necessarily forgiven, or that no man can receive forgiveness except through the absolution of the priest.

Unless therefore an advocate of Auricular Confession dwells plainly upon *secrecy* as indispensable to the communications of the penitent with the absolving priest, he has not gone to the practical heart of the matter. Roman or Tridentine theology is emphatic on this point. It expressly forbids confession by letter or through an intermediate person. The "Tract for the Day," with all its mediævalist terminology, slurs over the point of secrecy, and therefore its proofs are utterly ineffectual. It brings a long array of passages to prove that men ought to repent, that they ought to confess their sins, and that the priest is commissioned to carry home the Divine forgiveness to those who repent and confess. *Quis dubitavit?* If I make those assertions, and add the proviso that all this is to take place publicly in the eye of day, who will be alarmed? What becomes of the Confessional?

The tract speaks, indeed, of Auricular Confession; and auricular is commonly supposed to mean secret. But it adds, by way of explanation, that "God authorized the priest to act as *His ear*,"—as if that were the meaning of auricular. That confession, through a priest, was an ordinance of the Jewish law is abundantly proved; that it was secret the author nowhere asserts, and apparently has no desire to contend. For when he comes to speak of the Christian dispensation, he himself tells us that confession was usually public. "That this confession was a solemn and awful rite, is seen by the incident of the questioning and sentencing of Sapphira. St. Peter invited her to confess her sin — 'Tell me, whether ye sold the land for so much?'—*before the whole Church, the usual practice in the early ages.*" It is confession before the whole Church, then, it is to be remembered, that this tract advocates, under the title of Auricular Confession. The tract quotes, at considerable length, from a treatise of Tertullian, "*De Pœnitentiâ.*" There is a good deal in that treatise about confession, under the title of "*exomologesis*;" and the author of the tract, reading there "*sic ad exomologesis pervenire*," has the pleasure of rendering it, "to come to confession." But there is no mention of a priest, I believe, throughout the treatise, unless where "*presbyteris*" is coupled with "*omnibus fratribus.*" In the passage quoted, Tertullian is arguing against the natural reluctance to publish one's sins. Such exposure is shocking and painful. Yes, say the Romanists: therefore confession shall be secret; "the confessor must sooner allow himself to be torn limb from limb than breathe the slightest hint of things even remotely affecting the recital." Yes, say Tertullian and the author of the tract; but how much better to endure the misery of publicity than to be damned! Besides, says Tertullian, in words omitted by the author of the tract from the middle of the paragraph which he extracts, "why should you shrink from speaking amongst brothers and fellow-

"servants with whom you have common hopes and fears, common joy and grief and suffering (because you have a common spirit from a common Lord and Father)? The body cannot rejoice over the distress of one of its members; the whole must grieve with the member. When you stretch yourself before the knees of your brethren you are touching Christ, you are entreating Christ."

If the school represented by "Tracts for the Day" were to make it clearer that the confession which they recommend, and which they justly describe as a solemn and awful rite, is to take place "before the whole Church," according to "the usual practice in the early ages," they might not succeed in producing a general desire that the said discipline should be restored again, but they would not rouse the apprehensive instinct which wakes up in the English mind at the idea of an arbitrary and unguarded introduction of secret confession. In the mean time the great principle of Divine absolution, as prominently affirmed in an office and order existing in great part for this purpose, is in danger of being brought under an odium to which neither Anglican, nor Mediævalist, nor even Romanist dogma as to priestly absolution itself would properly expose it. The very name of absolution, which means setting free, testifies against attempts to reduce sin and repentance and forgiveness under a system of technical rules. The human spirit is not a creature to be put through its paces at the bidding of the school divines. There is no doubt that priestly direction will be *acceptable* to many minds; I feel unable to deny that to some it may be really helpful. But, on the whole, it has proved itself to be in alliance, not with freedom, but with servility, of the conscience.

The question of confession and direction, however, is one of expediency, to be determined by Christian insight and experience, and belonging rather to the department of pastoral than of properly sacerdotal functions. We may doubt and disagree as to the way in which

absolution may be brought home most effectually to the conscience; but that men should be set free from the burden of past sins, and encouraged to live with more of faith and hope for the future, will be admitted to be an unmixed good. And if we find an office, known to mankind in all ages and countries, and specially accredited by Christian tradition, of which one principal function is to reconcile men to God by proclaiming the Divine forgiveness, whatever authority that office can exert so that men may more heartily believe in its word of reconciliation as a very word of God, may surely be welcomed as a boon to humanity.

"But an absolution which merely declares a man pardoned," say Romanist and Protestant together, "is nugatory." In Mr. Boyd's words, "it requires no priest solemnly to inform a man of that which St. John has told him ages since." Well, it is certain that no ministry whatever, of Sacraments or of preaching, Romanist or Protestant, when it speaks frankly and accurately, professes to be anything but declaratory. However Divine a sacramental system may be, its highest pretension is to express the Divine will, the Divine order. But to say that whatever does this must be nugatory, if it does not also *create* the Divine will or order, is the merest thoughtlessness. The power of a renewed declaration of the invisible, of a declaration on earth of things in heaven, is incalculable. Nor is the value of the Sacraments, or of an absolving and sacrificing priesthood, to be properly tested by each man asking himself, What profit can I individually extract from this or that ministry? It is one advantage of a traditional ministry that it helps men to be less self-centred in their religion, not to look at things for ever from the point of view of the individual. We should best measure the value of an authorised order by observing with discrimination its actual effect, and imagining what effect it might have, upon the life and history of the Church, or upon societies of men.

Where there is no professed sacer-

dotal order, its place is not likely to be left entirely vacant. Nature, so to speak, will make irregular efforts to supply what is wanting. But a regular priesthood going on from age to age,—a traditional office instituted for the functions of absolution and sacrifice,—ought to speak with a peculiar power of God's grace and man's duty. Let the priest be recognised as a living and visible witness of the reconciliation of God and men, of the binding together of heaven and earth in Christ. Then his ministry

is a continuous assertion that redeemed humanity is no longer an aggregate of individuals but a body with many members, that it stands on an act of Divine forgiveness and sacrifice, and that its task and glory is to offer itself up to God. If it succeeds in bringing home this witness to men's minds, it knits them to one another and to God. It has the noblest work, the grandest reward. Only, let us remember, *corruptio optimi pessima*.

THE BATTLE OF KISSINGEN.

PART I.

KISSINGEN, though more inaccessible than Homburg and some of the other German watering-places nearer the Rhine, is yet very popular with us, and many of our English invalids have reason to be grateful to its springs for the benefits they have gained there. In search myself of those blessings which others had received, I left England in June, 1866, while the thunder-clouds of war were still rumbling in the distance, and before they had yet burst over Germany. The tide of travellers was small, and when I found myself a solitary visitor at the L'Empereur Roman, at Frankfort, with the whole hotel at my service, and the accumulated civility of the landlord to welcome me, I thought myself indeed "the stray Englishman." A few hours by rail on the morrow took me to Gemünden, passing on the way a train full of Bavarian cavalry, *en route* to the camp at Aschaffenburg. They were being conveyed in vans, like our goods vans, the doors on each side being open, and the soldiers were sitting on the floor with their legs dangling over the wheels, while the horses behind them were looking out over their heads. This was the first appearance of an approaching campaign that I had seen; for, to judge from the language of those I had

met, I had been led to believe that all would end in smoke. A worthy Frankforter, with whom I travelled, had given me to understand that it was impossible that the Prussian king and his minister Bismark could force the Prussian people into war against their will; and, in support of his arguments, gave instances of the extreme disaffection of the Prussian Landwehr. I fear that by this time my late companion has found out, to his cost, the change which the actual commencement of war effected in the feelings of the Prussian army and people.

From Gemünden, a pretty drive of five hours took me to Kissingen; and, as my horses trotted down the hill which led to the left bank of the river Saale towards the town, and I caught the first glimpse of its buildings lying between the trees in the quiet valley, lightened up by the setting sun, I thought that, after all, I could manage to pass a month there without being so absolutely bored to death as my friends in England had foretold for me. My carriage turned over the stone bridge which led across the Saale, and skirting the "Cure Garden," then filled with promenaders, set me down in front of the Hotel de Russie.

I had not expected to find Kissingen full, and therefore was not disappointed to learn there were not more than five

hundred visitors; though at that season some three thousand had been the usual number. But the want of visitors had no effect on the routine which constitutes the "Cure." We rose at six, and paced the Cure Garden to the music of the band; while we disposed of our allotted number of glasses from the Ragotzy spring. Then, after a breakfast of nought but coffee and bread, we strolled to the baths of the Salines, a mile from the town, for a salt-bath, sheltered from the midday sun by a charming avenue of dwarf chesnuts. At one the welcome dinner-bell summoned all the visitors to the *tables d'hôte*; where our appetites did not seem to fail, from any apprehension of Bismark's aggressive schemes. The afternoon we passed under the trees in the Cure Garden, gossiping over our coffee, or imbibing English news from the newspapers in Jogel's reading-room, until the music again proclaimed the hour for the evening promenade.

So the time passed pleasantly enough. Meanwhile we heard that the war was begun, and that Louis of Bavaria, the young art-genius, had, much against his will, been drawn into it. The camps to the south were broken up, and the Bavarian troops daily passed through the town in great numbers; infantry, cavalry, and artillery, besides an endless commissariat train, chiefly composed of country wagons, which gave us some idea of the waste of war. As there was, however, such abundance of vacant accommodation in the town, we suffered no inconvenience from the troops being billeted there; and we found the passage of the soldiers an agreeable change to the usual monotony of the place.

Our information, however, as to the events of the war was confined to what we learnt from the English newspapers; the foreign journals were all dumb, even the *Europe* of Frankfort, usually so free-spoken, did not tell us much. We learnt, however, the result of the campaign in Bohemia, and, when an armistice appeared to be agreed upon, we imagined, with the rest of the world, that the war was over. But, though

Bismark had been forced by the mediation of France to conclude a truce with Austria, he was under no such pressure with respect to the other southern States; and he was at full liberty to punish them for their sympathy with Austria. So the Army of the Maine under the command of Vogel von Falkenstein, had orders to advance southwards; we heard of the Hanoverians being surrounded, and compelled to capitulate; and of the first collision between the Prussians and the Bavarians at Dermbach, near Cassel, to which place Prince Charles, the Bavarian commander, had advanced, in the hopes of being able to save the Hanoverian army. The Bavarians, it appears, fought well, but Prince Charles being deserted by Prince Alexander, the commander of the Federal army, found it necessary to fall back to the south.

Consequent upon these events a singular scene occurred in Kissingen. On the morning of July 5th, a disorderly body of cavalry and artillery came trooping into the market-place of the little town on their way from the front. They were without their guns, and the artillery horses bore manifest signs of their traces having been cut; while men and horses alike appeared much exhausted. Great excitement was caused amongst us when we learnt from the bystanders that the cavalry division of the army had been surprised by the Prussians some miles beyond the well-known watering-place of Bruckenaue in an ambuscade, and that this small body was all that had found means to save themselves. The men themselves were in a state of disorganization, imputing what had occurred to the treachery of their commander; and, as they firmly imagined that the enemy's cavalry were immediately in their rear, they only halted in the market-place as long as was necessary to reform their ranks, when they again retreated south. To give an instance, however, of the savage state of mind men arrive at when they have been subjected to a panic, there was among the crowd who had collected on this occasion a Prussian gentleman, Herr Niemann, a well-known

tenor on the boards of the opera-house at Hanover, who had been staying at Kissingen for the waters, and during his sojourn had given expression to some sentiments in favour of his countrymen. While standing in the market-place, he was pointed out to these soldiers as a Prussian spy. Several of them, without any warning, at once rode upon him, and, if a doorway had not afforded him a means of escape, he would have been killed on the spot. He escaped, however, with his life, but suffered the loss of his whiskers, from the rough grasp of some of the bystanders, who endeavoured to detain him; and, having obtained the protection of the authorities, he was sent out of the town under a safe escort. After we had seen these troops pass through, for an hour or so nothing further occurred, until about noon I was astonished to see, on returning from a walk, a number of cavalry soldiers galloping through the town—a troop of fugitives riding for bare life, as hard as their tired horses could gallop; and this, not only before the eyes of their own countrymen, but in the view of the astonished visitors, who thronged the windows in all directions. The impression left on my mind, as well as on those of others, of course was that the enemy were on their heels; but how the pursuit could have been prolonged over such an extent of ground appeared inexplicable. That the flight, however, was a reality, was obvious. At one time a lancer came thundering along on his heavy charger; his lance gone, his square-topped helmet hanging backwards on his neck, choking him with its chain, and the man himself at each fresh thought of danger digging his long spurs in his charger's flanks, but with little effect. Then would follow an artillery driver, his rope traces cut, and dangling at his stirrups, vainly endeavouring to make his off-horse keep pace with the one he rode. So they passed on; dragoons, hussars, and lancers all intermingled, by twos and threes, and now and then a small body of maybe a dozen would come in sight, at rather a slower pace, accompanied by an officer—he endeavouring, by keeping up the

hindermost, to preserve some sort of order in their retreat. All these fugitives appeared frightened out of their senses; and though pity for the men was mingled with the natural feeling of contempt for so disgraceful an exhibition, our commiseration was chiefly felt for the horses, who were for the most part in a fearful state of distress. Where these runaways came to a standstill, it is impossible to say. Those of the horses which did not fall exhausted I heard were forced to continue their flight until they reached the river Maine, where their riders spread the news of the advance of the Prussians all through the surrounding country. In Kissingen, however, the alarm soon subsided. An ill-judged notice, issued by the Government Commissioner, that the Prussians were at hand, and which had the effect of causing several families at once to leave the town, was counteracted by an "affiche," issued by the Burgomaster, stating that there were no Prussians on the south side of Fulda; and that, even if they should arrive, there was no doubt that Kissingen would be treated with the same respect as the watering-places of Nassau and Ems, which the Prussians had already occupied.

This statement as to the whereabouts of the Prussians proved to be correct; and the truth soon became apparent that the flight of the cavalry division had been caused by a groundless panic. It appeared that the troops in question were advancing in the direction of Fulda, on the night of the 4th of July, and were already beyond Bruckenaue, and some twenty miles from Kissingen, when their road led them through a hilly, wooded district, well suited for a surprise. Knowing that the Prussians had been advancing, the troops marched with great circumspection; their advanced guard feeling the way, pistol in hand. In a hollow part of the road, where the darkness was impenetrable, a pistol went off by accident. The men, startled at the noise, imagined that the shot had come from the trees, and accordingly discharged their pistols into the woods lining the road; they then turned, and

fled in all haste to the main body. In the darkness, not perceiving the head of the column, they came in collision with it; and the troops, already alarmed by the shots they had heard, supposed this irruption of their own men to be an attack of the enemy. Pistols were discharged, every one supposing that his neighbour was a foe, and a struggle took place: horsemen, guns, and wagons being entangled in the narrow road. The greatest confusion ensued: the cry arose that they had been betrayed, and led into an ambush; and all, seized with a panic, made off as best they could. The guns and wagons were abandoned, the drivers cutting their traces and joining in the flight. The whole body seems to have been dispersed over the country during the night, and as day dawned they made their way to the rear, and passed through Kissingen in the way I have already described. The whole affair created a profound sensation in the Bavarian army; and I heard that the commanding officer, when summoned to Munich to answer for his conduct, committed suicide to avert inquiry.

To complete the ludicrous character of this affair, a body of troops, which was despatched a few days afterwards from Kissingen to bring back the missing guns, found them untouched on the scene of this disaster.

A description of the position of the Bavarian army with respect to the enemy is now necessary, for the purpose of making clear the subsequent events. The Federal army under Prince Alexander had retreated in the direction of Frankfort, leaving the Bavarians to shift for themselves. Prince Charles had in consequence been obliged to fall back; and on the eighth of July he lay at Netstadt, to the north-east of Kissingen, with the first division of his army; having a free communication with Schweinfurt on the river Maine as his base of operations. His second division, under the command of Der Tann, lay at Münnerstadt, about half way to Schweinfurt; while Zoller's brigade at Kissingen, and another brigade at Hammelburg, formed the left of the Bavarian

army. Thus the whole of the Bavarian forces were on the east bank of the Saale, a river which flows north and south, while the Prussians were at this time advancing down the west bank, and were in the neighbourhood of Bruckenaue. There are several roads across the river, north of Kissingen, by which Falkenstein might pass over, if he desired to do so; but, with the exception of the stone bridge at that town, and a second at Hammelburg, there are no roads over the Saale below Kissingen until it falls into the Maine.

From the 5th to the 9th of July, Kissingen was undisturbed. The presence of the officers of Zoller's brigade, conspicuous among whom was the brother of the Empress of Austria, a striking likeness to his handsome sister, added considerably to the gaiety of the place. The proximity of the Prussians may have been known to the military authorities; but, among the few visitors who still remained, everything was free from any appearance of danger, and the majority of us already imagined that the war was over, and that no obstacle would impede our journey homewards as soon as the "cure" had been completed.

PART II.

On Monday evening, the 9th, the town presented its usual appearance of tranquillity as we sipped our coffee under the shade of the trees in the Cure-Garden, dreaming of anything but war.

As the sun got lower in the west, with two friends I strolled up to the Bodenlaube, a ruined castle on the hill to the east, commanding a lovely view over the town. As we were descending the hill on our return, we were surprised to see artillery rolling out of the town along the Winkels road, and we watched them turn into the open fields at the brow of the hill, and take up a position among the standing corn. Of course we hastened homeward to learn the cause of all this excitement, and, meeting on our way a long line of peasant youths, who were hurrying from the

town, we learnt that an attack by the Prussians was expected at once, and that these poor fellows were going to hide themselves in the woods, for fear of a conscription for the Prussian army. We told them they need not be afraid on that account, but they were unconvinced, and went on their way. On our arrival in the town, we found everybody astir. The shopkeepers were packing up their goods and preparing for flight, while the troops were endeavouring to put the place in a posture of defence.

The Prussians were expected to advance along the road from Bruckenaus, which approaches the town from the north on the opposite side of the river; and then turns at right angles over the stone bridge into the centre of the town. As this road lies under a precipitous hill, and is only sheltered from the river by a line of poplar trees, it would be much exposed to the bullets of a defending force on the opposite bank. Every endeavour was therefore made to concentrate the fire of the Bavarian troops upon this spot; and, with that object, two field-pieces were posted on the raised causeway on the east side of the bridge, supported by a battalion of Bavarians, who lay on the slope under the shelter of the causeway. All the houses facing the river at this point were loopholed for musketry, and strongly occupied with troops: the large lodging-house of Adam Hailman, which lies close to the causeway, being conspicuous in this respect, from the garrison that occupied its windows, and who were well sheltered from the enemy's bullets by mattresses taken from the beds and reared up against the windows, while the bridge itself was barricaded with wagons, and [everything available for the purpose; until it became evident that, unless first cleared by artillery, no enemy could hope to carry it in the face of such a fire, without suffering great loss.

The wooden bridges over the river had also been cut down, and the iron footbridge, immediately at the back of the Arcades in the Cure Garden, was

denuded of its planking, and strongly barricaded.

As the Saale itself is a deep stream, there was no fear of the Prussians attempting to ford it. Down the east bank of the river the Cure Garden was lined with troops, who, from their shelter behind the trees, could cover with their fire the meadows opposite. At the extreme end of the garden is Sanner's hotel; beyond this again, lies a large open meadow, across which a footpath runs to the Gemünden road, crossing the river near the mill by a wooden bridge. This bridge was also cut down, but the posts were left standing in the water; an omission, which ultimately proved the salvation of the town. By eight o'clock these preparations were complete, but there were no signs as yet of the enemy. The residents in the houses on the other side of the river, and the persons staying at the Hotel de Bavarie, had of course come over into the town, leaving their effects at the mercy of the Prussians. With the exception, however, of the unfortunate hotel, no destruction of private property took place. In the course of the evening General Zoller himself rode down to the bridge on his grey charger, accompanied by his staff, and addressed a few cheering words to his men, the last he ever spoke to them. He explained to them, in a few energetic sentences, the importance of their service. They were to hold the bridge as long as possible; when it was no longer tenable they were to retreat, as best they could, to the east on the Munnerstadt road. Zoller's address to his troops enlightened us who heard him as to the object of the enemy. Falkenstein was making an effort to cut off Prince Charles from his communication with Schweinfurt; and by his quickness having gained an advantage, it was evident that, unless he were delayed at Kissingen, which was the only place that offered any prospect of a successful resistance, Prince Charles would not have time to fall back from Neustadt to the river Maine, but would

be intercepted by a larger force of Prussians. The whole brunt of this defence would therefore fall on Zoller's brigade, some 5,000 men; and though Der Tann with the second division had been sent for, and would doubtless arrive from Münnerstadt to his assistance, yet the first shock would have to be borne by Zoller alone. The prospect of a defence was not a cheerful one for the inhabitants; for, though the excitement of the moment, and the interest we felt in what was about to happen, made the sense of danger small, yet it could not but strike even a mind ignorant of military matters, that the enemy, if they failed to force a passage in any other way, could from the hills opposite, by shelling the town, very soon reduce every house to ashes, and make it too hot even for the troops defending it. It was now dusk, and the troops lay down to sleep in their ranks, at their posts on the banks of the river; a sleep which to many of them was to be their last. In the town, however, there was no repose. The streets were crowded with troops, while the whole wagon train was under immediate orders to retreat to Schweinfurt, and hurried preparations were being made for departure. Horses were being harnessed by the dim light given by the red lamps of the ambulance-wagons, and the noise of preparation continued till midnight, when I heard the long line of vehicles rumbling away under my windows in the direction of Schweinfurt.

Early on the morning of the 10th, I visited the banks of the river, and found the troops rising from the straw on which they had slept. The men were careless and full of fun, but the officers appeared excited and anxious, as well they might, at the idea of having an overpowering force upon them at any moment. The enemy, however, had not yet appeared; but a Prussian scout, who in his anxiety to get a view of the town had made himself too conspicuous at the edge of the wood on the opposite hills, had been already laid low by a Bavarian bullet. The last preparations

were now made in the way of defence, and ambulances, with their stores of lint and medical necessities open to view, were posted in the Cure Garden, under the shelter of Adam Hailman's house. All eyes were now strained to obtain the first view of the enemy.

It was nine o'clock before the crack of rifles from the bridge told us the enemy were in sight, and warned us to get under shelter. From the windows of our hotel we could still, however, obtain a good view of what was passing. The skirmishers of the enemy were now apparent on the opposite hills, issuing from the woods of the Maxruhe and the Altenberg; while General Falkenstein and his staff were visible on the crest of the hill to the west, surveying the town. The firing now became continuous; and the whistle of the bullets, as they flew over the houses, was varied by the screams of the shells from the Prussian battery on the shoulder of the Altenberg. The fire from the enemy's guns was not, however, at present directed upon the town, but the artillery were content with pitching their shells just over the houses into the close ranks of the second division of the Bavarian army, who had now come up, and who occupied the slopes to the east. The precision of the Prussian fire was described to me by an eye-witness, a good judge of shell practice, as marvellous; each shell as it fell caused such gaps in the battalions of the Bavarians, that the regiments were ordered into open order on the face of the hill. But though the Bavarians suffered here, yet on the banks of the river they held their own well. The attacking force of the Prussians consisted of Goeben's division, all Westphalians, and numbering some 6,000 men. Their skirmishers advanced towards the bridge and the banks of the river with their usual impetuosity; but all to no purpose: a destructive fire met them, and caused them severe loss; while the Bavarians, being under shelter, were uninjured by the Prussian bullets. To the enemy the needle-gun was of little use; it was

a struggle which required careful shooting and a steady aim : and the heavy rifles, in the hands of the Bavarians, were more than a match for the rapid shooting of the attacking force. For an hour or more did the Prussians do their best, but in vain : Falkenstein's patience became exhausted, his men were falling fast, and made no way, although Manteuffel had now come to the assistance of Goeben. The approaches to the bridge were so exposed to the fire of the defenders on the opposite bank, that it was impossible for the Prussians to advance without being at once shot down ; and the depth of the stream prevented any attempt to ford it. Their skirmishers were therefore obliged to take shelter in the houses on the west bank, and from our hotel we could see the flash of the rifles at the windows of the Hotel de Bavaria, as the Prussians returned the fire of the Bavarians at the bridge. It was clear, however, that this fusillade would never drive the defenders from the bridge, or open a passage for the Prussians ; and Falkenstein's only resource lay in shelling the town. This he had been anxious to avoid, according to some, because, having himself derived benefit from the waters, he felt an affection for the place ; but more probably, to judge from the character of the veteran, imagining, as he did, that the number of visitors in the town was larger than it was in reality, he shrunk from drawing upon himself and his army the outcry which would sound throughout Europe if harmless invalids were involved in the same destruction as the troops who were defending the town. However, as he himself stated afterwards to one of our countrymen, watch in hand he sat on his charger, resolved to give his men but ten more minutes to carry the bridge : if not then effected, the Prussian guns were to be depressed, and their shells were to crash down upon the roofs over our heads. This, however, we fortunately escaped. From the summit of the Altenberg, the remains of the foot-bridge near the mill

had evidently been descried, and pointed out to the general ; for advantage was at once taken of this weak point, as described to me by a friend who watched the battle from the Bodenlaube hill. Several hundred Prussians were seen hurrying down the hill to the wooden chalet in the Geminden road ; here they quickly ripped the planks from the sides of the house, and carried them down to the bank. In a few minutes a sufficient means of passage was formed on the dismantled posts ; and several hundred of Goeben's Westphalians had established themselves on our side of the river, and were advancing towards the town across the large open meadow. The Bavarian troops, however, as soon as it was seen what had occurred, were not behindhand in making preparations for the defence of our flank. A strong body occupied Sanner's hotel, and from the back windows a shower of bullets was poured upon the skirmishers as they approached. Many a Prussian was laid low on the turf ; but Goeben's men were too numerous, and too impetuous, to be kept back. They came on like a torrent ; the hotel was carried ; with fixed bayonets they burst into the *salle à manger*, where the terrified visitors were crouching on the floor to escape the bullets which were flying through the windows. Bidding the ladies remain still if they wished to escape unhurt, the Prussians then stormed the staircase, and every Bavarian soldier in the hotel was in a few moments a prisoner. Meanwhile another body of the enemy had carried the southern end of the Cure Garden : this was not, however, surrendered without a determined struggle. Immediately in front of our hotel we could hear the shouts of angry men, and the shrieks of the wounded ; while the crack of the rifles sounded close to our ears. Though the feeling of curiosity was strong, it was difficult to see what was passing, for the sound of breaking glass and the thud of the bullets against the walls showed the danger of any vicinity to the windows. It

was evident, however, that the Bavarian troops were being driven back across the road towards the hotel. We could see them crowding through the gateway leading into the courtyard, throwing away their knapsacks in their flight, while a few endeavoured to make their escape through the building. The Prussians were, however, too quick for them, and rushed up the hotel steps and in at the open door in pursuit. The greater portion of the population of the hotel had taken refuge in the cellar, but an adventurous American, who had loitered too long below in the hall to watch the fighting, scarcely succeeded in saving himself. As he fled upstairs and turned the bend on the staircase a Prussian bullet passed through his whiskers, smashing the staircase clock into a thousand pieces. Pale with terror, and rubbing his ears to assure himself of his own safety, he joined us as we stood on the landing. We were a party of six, two of the number being young ladies from Finland, who certainly behaved with the greatest coolness throughout the affair. For a few moments the struggle continued down below in the hall; bayonets flashed, men shouted, and the din of the tumult sounded through the building; but the Bavarians were soon overpowered, and threw down their arms. Then a score of helmeted Prussians, with bayonets fixed, rushed up the staircase, no doubt expecting a further resistance, as they seemed relieved when only our civilian party met their view. Not a single Bavarian soldier had fortunately taken that direction, or we should have been in the midst of a struggle upstairs. To us the soldiers were far more considerate than was to be expected of men in such an excited state, and having satisfied themselves by inquiries from us, and by a rigorous search, that there were no prisoners to be made, they left the building. I went down into the street, and found that the stone bridge, which had been held till the last by a handful of Bavarians until their flank had been turned, was now clear; and the Prussian columns were

pouring into the town; while their shells were still whistling over the house-tops, scattering destruction among the retreating army as it moved up the hill to the east. At the door of our hotel, close by the dead body of a Bavarian soldier, two mounted Prussian officers, hot and dusty, but calm and unconcerned, were hastily swallowing the bumpers of Rhine wine handed to them by the scared landlord. Everywhere traces of the struggle were visible. The Cure Garden was strewn with dead, lying beneath the trees, with the anguish of their death-struggle still impressed upon their countenances. One young Bavarian, who had been firing from the shelter of the stone area round the Ragotzy well, had fallen backwards on the steps, shot through the temple. The ground was littered with knapsacks, cartridges, pouches, and side arms, which had either belonged to the dead, or had been thrown off in the flight by those who had escaped.

It was now one o'clock, and all the Bavarians had by this time been driven out of the town or made prisoners, and Kissingen was in the possession of the Prussians. We were now able to go about the streets, and inquire after the safety of our friends. All the visitors, I was very glad to find, were unhurt, though some were reported missing during part of the day, but these returned into the town in the course of the afternoon, having, it appears, been unable to get under shelter when the fighting commenced. One party, consisting of a lady and two gentlemen, had to creep into a ditch for shelter from the bullets, as they found themselves, when outside the town, between a cross-fire; and there they remained for three hours. Others, who were also outside the town when the fighting commenced, retreated into the neighbouring villages till all was quiet. Two of the inhabitants of Kissingen, however, lost their lives; one of them the poor old "boots" at our hotel, whose early knock at my bedroom door I had morning after morning been

accustomed to hear. He was found in the course of the afternoon lying in the garden at the back of the house, killed by a stray bullet. In fact it was from this source alone that danger was incurred, as, owing to the excellent *morale* of the Prussian troops, the greatest consideration was shown to non-combatants in almost every case. Considerable risk was incurred, however, by an English family, residing in a house at the back of the Hotel de Russie. The inmates, after barring the door, had taken refuge in the cellar; when the Prussians, who had become infuriated by the loss of several of their men from the Bavarian rifles near that spot, attacked the house, and actually fired shots through the cellar gratings, the bullets passing close by those within. The Prussians then broke into the house in a state of the greatest excitement, insisting that Bavarian soldiers were concealed within. The inmates were subjected to the utmost terror, as the soldiers, exasperated at the idea of being baffled in their search, seemed bent upon destroying every soul in the house. With the utmost difficulty they were at last convinced that there was no ground for their suspicion; and they were calmed before any actual injury had been done. The conduct of the Prussians, with respect to private property, was generally unexceptionable. This was not, however, the case at the Hotel de Bavarie, on the west side of the river. It is difficult to say what pretext they had for plundering the hotel. The name however was perhaps, in some respects, the motive; but the chief reason was, no doubt, that the Prussians having taken possession of the hotel, proceeded to break open the cellar, where they soon made an end of stores of wine valued at 7,000 florins. The consequence was that a large number quickly became intoxicated, and proceeded to sack the hotel out of wanton mischief. When once the work of devastation was commenced, it was carried out thoroughly. I visited the hotel the next day, and it seemed as if everything that could be devised in the

way of destruction had been effected. Not a window-pane or mirror, not a piece of glass or earthenware, but was smashed and trodden under foot. The only thing unhurt was the aviary outside the *salle à manger*, where the canaries were fluttering and chirping for food in the midst of the desolation around.

PART III.

To return to the Bavarian army, which was now retreating to the east, pursued by the Prussian troops. Another body of Prussians, it appears, had by this time crossed the river to the northward at the Salines baths; and, having driven the Bavarians out of the bath-house, they were able to advance, and turn the right of the Bavarian army. The Bavarians, however, retreated slowly and steadily, and the sound of musketry was heard continuously the whole of the afternoon, just outside the town. The next day I went over the field of battle with a friend, and we could trace the course of the fighting. Lines of knapsacks behind every hedge or other obstacle showed where the Bavarian skirmishers had made a stand, while the whole hillside of waving corn was strewn with Prussian dead. It had evidently been a struggle most stubbornly prolonged. On the brow of a steep slope, a few steps beyond the dead bodies of two Prussian soldiers, lay an old Bavarian major. He had fallen on his back, his face towards the foe. His tunic had been opened, no doubt by some friendly hand, which had sought to stop his wound, but in vain: through the opening in his finely-embroidered shirt, stained with his life-blood, could be seen the entrance into his lungs the fatal bullet had made. He had doubtless been endeavouring to steady his men, and the words of encouragement must have been issuing from his lips when he was thus struck down. Now he lay in the sleep of death, his hair, grizzled with age, in the dust; and his short grey moustache adding to that stern expression which his features retained even in death. Such was the

course of the battle that afternoon. As the sun sank in the west, the Bavarians found themselves in a position of great natural strength, some three miles from Kissingen, on the brow of a precipitous hill, with a wood in their rear. Here they stood to bay, and thus, aided by their situation, they were enabled to resist all attempts of the enemy to dislodge them. The Prussians again and again advanced to the attack, but in vain; they were hurled back with great loss. The heaps of Prussian dead bore testimony to the fury of their attack, but their loss at this point was, I heard, attributable to the state of intoxication many of the men were in, from the result of the sack of the Hotel de Bavarie, and one regiment, as I learnt from an officer who survived, was almost annihilated. As darkness came on, the Prussians, wearied with their long days' work, returned to Kissingen.

We had had during the afternoon a busy time in the town. The streets were crowded with soldiers looking out for quarters, while fatigue-parties were bringing in the wounded, Prussian and Bavarian alike, as quickly as possible. A few, slightly wounded, and with their heads or limbs tied up, were able to crawl along supported by their comrades; while the rest, laid carefully side by side in wagons filled with straw, were carried through the streets to the temporary hospitals prepared for them. As might be expected, the agony of the helpless sufferers, caused by the jolting of these springless vehicles, was frightful to witness. At first, too, considerable confusion in providing places for the wounded was apparent, and many men in a fearful state of suffering were carried about from house to house, in search of room; but this want was not long felt. A place could not be found more fitted to alleviate the horrors of a battle-field than a town which, at that season of the year, had been accustomed to the presence of some 3,000 visitors. Beds and surgical assistance were easily to be procured. For the Bavarians who had been wounded in the defence of their country there were plenty of houses open, and

hands ready to nurse them; while the Prussian authorities selected for the general hospitals the long line of arcades in the Cure Garden, and the lofty ball-room in the centre. To this spot mattresses in abundance were brought from the lodging-houses, and there we saw side by side hundreds of poor fellows in all stages of suffering, some insensible from pain, others writhing in agony; while a few, whose wounds were superficial, and for the moment gave them no pain, appeared in good spirits, and even happy.

But though the sufferings of these poor fellows appeared to us most terrible, yet the rest of the troops, with the exception of those employed in hospital duties, were too much occupied to pay much attention to the condition of their comrades. Even in their brief campaign, the sight of suffering must have become very familiar to them; and in time of war a soldier lives only for the day, and only for himself. We had that evening in Kissingen 30,000 troops, men who had gained possession of a town provided with good lodging and abundance of food, after they had passed weeks of bad quarters and black bread. So the army made merry. From every house which was occupied by the troops the sound of good cheer was heard; while at the Hotel de Russie, where Falkenstein had fixed his head-quarters, a novel scene presented itself.

In the *salle à manger*, instead of the crowd of quiet invalids we had been accustomed to see there, I found the tables occupied by the officers of the Prussian army. Supper had been finished in a satisfactory manner, to judge from the rows of wine bottles which stood empty on the board, while the warriors themselves, flushed with the generous liquor, and excited with argument, were carrying on a war of words with reference to the events of the day; each one endeavouring to make his voice heard above that of his neighbour. The din was deafening. At the head of one of these tables sat the veteran Falkenstein, with his generals of division, Manteuffel and Goeben, engaged in deep conversation,

doubtless over their future plans. Though an early march had been ordered for the morrow, yet it was not till the small hours of the morning that I ceased to hear the clatter of swords and the jingle of spurs along the passages of the hotel, as our new guests swaggered off to bed.

Falkenstein's object, of course, now was to reach Schweinfurt as speedily as possible, as delay in Kissingen would be fatal to his plan of intercepting Prince Charles. Accordingly at early daybreak, on the 11th of July, the army was in motion, and for four long hours the close ranks of the Prussians passed through the streets of Kissingen, under my windows, on their road towards Schweinfurt; the troops filled with the expectation that they were about to add fresh laurels to the standards of the Army of the Maine. A success in this quarter was, however, denied them. Before they gained their destination, they heard that the Bavarians had succeeded in reaching the river Maine. Prince Charles, as we afterwards learnt, had profited by the delay of the Prussians at the stone bridge of Kissingen, to march rapidly southwards; and at M  nnerstadt, on the evening of the 10th, he had been joined by Der Tann and his division, which had retreated from Kissingen with the remains of Zoller's brigade; Zoller himself being left dead on the field of battle. Prince Charles with his united army was now able by a forced night march to reach Schweinfurt, where the railroad lay open to him, and, taking advantage of this, he soon placed the river between himself and the enemy.

On the afternoon of the 11th, the disappointed Prussians countermarched to Kissingen; and Falkenstein, now that the Bavarians had escaped him, at once prepared to march on Frankfort, in search of Prince Alexander and the Federal army. Accordingly, on the 12th, we had the satisfaction of seeing the long line of the Prussian army set in motion, and recross the bridge which had cost the lives of so many of their fellows, in the direction of Frankfort.

For many hours the uniforms which for the last two days had become so familiar to us passed, rank after rank, before our view. The sturdy Westphalians of Goeben's division, their numbers sadly reduced since they first caught sight of the buildings of Kissingen, the ill-fated thirteenth regiment of the Line, doomed in a few days to be decimated at Aschaffenburg, and the conspicuous white tunics of the Prussian cuirassiers as they rode by, their shot-proof helmets and breastplates sparkling in the sun, while the artillery and baggage-train brought up the rear; among which we could recognise the well-appointed wagons which still bore on their sides the names of Hanoverian regiments, as evidence that they were part of the spoil of war.

All the Prussians had now departed, with the exception of a small body of men which had been left to enforce the contributions levied on the surrounding country. We felt the departure of the army to be a great relief. The presence of so many men had quite drained the town of supplies; and visitors as well as inhabitants had been reduced to black bread, a means of sustenance which only a very good appetite and some previous acquaintance can render palatable. The pretty Cure Garden, too, had been desecrated by the horses of the Prussian cuirassiers, which had been picketed between the trees, and it wore now more the appearance of a stable than a promenade. It did not, however, take long to set everything in its usual order; and but for the sight of the long row of prostrate forms in the arcades, and the sound of the creaking country wagons, as the commissariat train toiled along the Gem  nden road, in the rear of the army, under the burning sun, we should have found it difficult to realize what had occurred, or to believe that the country was in the power of an enemy.

The wounded now became the chief object of interest; and the energy with which the English ladies devoted themselves to the care of the sick made me indeed proud of my countrywomen. Before the hospital arrangements had

got into complete working order, there was felt, necessarily, a great lack of attendance and of ordinary comforts; and at this time their assistance was invaluable. To cool the sufferer's parched tongue with refreshing drinks, to supply the stimulants without which exhausted nature must have given up the struggle, to bathe the wounded limbs and rearrange the bandages, was the constant occupation of many of these worthy imitators of Florence Nightingale. Nor did they forget, while ministering to the wants of the body, to smooth meanwhile the pillow of the wounded man, and to add those small words of sympathy, which only the kind heart of a woman knows how to express. In passing down the line of beds, it was touching to see the gratitude for these attentions evinced by those poor fellows who were sufficiently free from pain to be capable of expressing it. A melting look might be seen in the eyes of the rough soldier as he kissed the hand that served him, and fell back on his pillow with a smile of gratitude pervading his features.

There were curious contrasts in that row of wounded men: some lay insensible as if already dead; others, though frightfully disfigured by some ghastly wound in the head or face, yet appeared to suffer little. One case in particular was that of a Prussian whose two eyes had been carried away by a bullet which had struck him in profile, going completely through the bone of his nose. Yet his suffering did not appear to be so great as one would have expected from his injury. But there were a few whose writhing agony told of a vital body wound. Under the Arcade, close to the ballroom door, lay a young Bavarian: his face once seen I can never forget. A bullet had passed right through his body, and for three days the look of death was upon his face, as his strong frame struggled in its agony. He was nursed by several of his countrywomen, who hung incessantly around his bed with the solicitude of sisters; and when for the last time I looked upon him his strength was fast failing, and the tender-hearted women

were kneeling around him, bathed in tears, with difficulty joining in the responses to the prayers which one of them was sobbing forth to the now unconscious sufferer.

But as most of those who sank under their wounds were far removed from home and friends, the death-bed scene was in general free from the additional gloom which the anguish of relations ordinarily adds to it. At the Hotel Fischer, however, a painful occurrence happened. Frau von — on hearing that her husband lay wounded at Kissingen, at once started from Munich to nurse him; and, being under the impression that his wound was slight, she entered the house from her carriage, full of gaiety and high spirits at the idea of again seeing her husband, and that he was now free from the perils of a further campaign. To her inquiry, where was Captain von —? she was met by the reply, "He is not here; he is dead; he was buried yesterday." The revulsion of feeling was too frightful, and the poor woman fell down insensible. It was not for some time that she revived sufficiently to learn the reality of her misery; and throughout the night her frightful screams attested the shock her nervous system had received.

But even among the wounded there were bright and cheerful faces. Many of them had been hit in the legs and feet; and, after the bullets had been extracted, they felt comparatively easy. The greater part would sit up, and enjoy the cigars which were plentifully supplied to all who called for them. To the ladies who had been kind to them they would also with great glee bring forth from under their pillow and display the bullet which had brought them low, as a great trophy. The possession of this relic always seemed to afford much satisfaction; and in several cases, where it was evident that the wound was mortal, the surgeons yielded to the clamours of the dying man, and extracted the ball, for the purpose of giving him some small satisfaction in his last hours by its possession.

Meanwhile fresh cases were daily brought in; men who in the agony of the hour had crawled under the shelter of the bushes from the burning sun, and for days and nights had escaped the search of the fatigue parties, and yet still lived. Others who had fallen in the later part of the day's engagement, and had at first been laid in the miserable hovels and sheds at the village of Winkels, were now, greatly to the delight of the poor dispossessed villagers, brought down to the hospitals at Kissingen. For these, unfortunately, there was no difficulty in finding room. Beds were always vacant, from which the hand of death had removed the former occupant. Morning after morning the gaps in the line of sick, and the sad row of lifeless forms at the extremity of the Arcade, each covered with a military cloak, bare witness to the mortality of the previous night; while the truck which had been employed to bear the more cumbrous musical instruments to the band platform, we now saw daily passing across the garden, laden with a score of dead. At the cemetery large pits had been dug, and the dead from the hospitals, as well as those who had been collected from the battle-field, were laid to rest, side by side. The latter were brought down by wagon loads, and the afternoon succeeding the battle, when I visited the cemetery, three of these dismal burdens were waiting for interment. I crossed the cemetery to a small chapel on the other side, which was open, and on the floor I beheld the corpses of about a score Bavarian soldiers awaiting a separate burial at the hands of their countrymen. Their faces were all uncovered, and the effect of so many mute forms lying extended in solemn silence was peculiarly striking. One of them was a Bavarian officer, a remarkably handsome man,

whose features I recognised as one of those, who only the Sunday before had jauntily swaggered up and down the Promenade in the Cure Garden, in full possession of life.

Of the casualties on both sides it is difficult to form an estimate. The Prussians suffered severely compared with the Bavarians, as the latter fought so much under shelter; but the large number of the Bavarians, probably some 800, who were surrounded in the town and made prisoners, must have made the loss in effective men about equal. In comparison with the fearful carnage in Bohemia, the loss of life would appear trifling; but it was only when the results of a battle between two small armies had been brought before my eyes, that I felt I could realise in their intensity the horrors of a battle-field like Sadowa.

It was not long before we had all taken our departure from Kissingen. For some little time we found considerable difficulty in so doing, as all means of transport had been seized by the Prussians, and carriages were not to be had. Some families, anxious to depart, entrusted themselves to country wagons, in which, seated on their trunks, we saw them leaving the town for a journey of some sixty miles to the rail at Cassel. But, as the army moved farther off, carriages again made their appearance, and the town was soon left to its suffering wounded and its dejected inhabitants.

May another year be a brighter one for it; but, though the bullet-marks may be removed from its walls, and the dark stains may be cleansed from its arcades, yet the recollection of Kissingen in July, 1866, will not soon be effaced from the recollection of us who then saw the horrors of war in their reality.

LORD DUFFERIN ON THE TENURE OF LAND.

BY T. E. C. LESLIE.

At the opening of his work upon Democracy, M. de Tocqueville sketches in a few sentences the political history of Europe for seven hundred years from a time "at which the right of governing descended with family inheritances, force was the only means by which man could act upon man, and landed property was the sole source of power." Hardly a single event of importance in history, he proceeds, not one step in human progress since then, not one acquisition material or immaterial to the domain of civilization, but has raised rivals to the great landed proprietors, placed sources of social and political power at the disposal of new classes, and tended to the furtherance of equality. "Poetry, eloquence, memory, the charms of wit, the glow of imagination, profoundness of thought, all the gifts which Heaven imparts indiscriminately, have turned to the advantage of democracy; and even when they have been found in the possession of its opponents, they have still done service to its cause by bringing into relief man's natural greatness; its conquests have spread therefore with those of civilization and knowledge, and literature has become an arsenal open to all, in which the weak and the poor have found arms every day." Whoever uses M. de Tocqueville's eyes to read the signs of the time, will accordingly see in the part taken by Lord Dufferin—at once a noble, a landowner, and a man of letters and genius—in the controversy relating to land, not a vindication of its proprietors which will exempt their conduct henceforward from scrutiny, but a mark of the irresistible force of a movement which is setting up rivals in every direction to inherited distinctions and territorial power;—rendering public opinion

the sovereign authority, and the public good the sole foundation upon which institutions, however ancient, can base their continuance;—above all, making landed property, once the sole source of legislation, now its recognised subject and creature, possessed of no title which is not derived from the public advantage, and amenable in all its relations to the control of the State. A great step has been made towards making the use of landed property reasonable, when its proprietors themselves begin to reason about it; not only is it a sign that they are ceasing to rely solely on power, but it exposes whatever is indefensible in their pretensions to immediate detection. A fool is said to be wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason; but sometimes he is wise beyond his conceit, for it may be ten times harder to answer folly than reason. The old vague and intractable assertions of "the rights of property," for example, however little to the intellectual credit of those who employed them, were not without an impenetrable power of resistance to argument, which enabled them to hold ground; just as the stupidest animals are the most obstinate in an encounter, because they cannot see when they are beaten, and hold on to the death.

If, however, such characteristics as the foregoing of the great movement delineated in M. de Tocqueville's pages, may awaken pleasure and hope in the minds of his disciples, others, unfortunately, are not wanting which cannot be viewed without both regret and alarm even by those whose confidence is strongest that it is upon the whole a movement for good. Not the least portentous among these is that growing severance of the peasantry from the soil, and that increasingly selfish

and exclusive use of dominion over it by its proprietors, of which M. de Tocqueville speaks as follows :—"An aristocracy does not die like a man in a day. Long before open war has broken out against it, the bond which had united the higher classes with the lower is seen to loosen by degrees; the relations between the poor and the rich become fewer and less kindly; rents rise. This is not actually the result of democratic revolution, but it is its certain indication. For an aristocracy which has definitively let the heart of the people slip from its hands is like a tree which is dead at its roots, and which the winds overturn the more easily, the higher it is. I have often heard great English proprietors congratulate themselves that they derive much more money from their estates than their fathers did. They may be in the right to rejoice, but assuredly they do not know at what they rejoice. They imagine they are making a net profit when they are only making an exchange. What they gain in money they are on the point of losing in power. . . . There is yet another sign that a great democratic movement is being accomplished or is in preparation. In the middle age almost all landed property was let in perpetuity, or at least for a very long term. When one studies the economy of that period, one finds that leases for ninety years were commoner than leases for twelve years are now." In his celebrated *Essay on M. de Tocqueville's book*, Mr. Mill has with similar prescience remarked that without a large agricultural class, with an attachment to the soil, a permanent connexion with it, and the tranquillity and simplicity of rural habits and tastes, there can be no check to the total predominance of an unsettled, uneasy, gain-seeking, commercial democracy. "Our town population," it has long been remarked, "is becoming almost as mobile and uneasy as the American. It ought not to be so with our agriculturists; they ought to be the counterbalancing element in the national character; they should

"represent the type opposite to the commercial—that of moderate wishes, tranquil tastes, and cultivation of the enjoyments compatible with their existing position. To attain this object, how much alteration may be requisite in the system of rack-renting and tenancy-at-will we cannot undertake to show in this place."¹

So, in a late debate upon Irish tenures, in Parliament, it was argued with unanswerable force by Mr. Gregory, in reference to the tenure now generally prevalent in the island: "There could be no attachment to the institutions of a country in which the whole of a peasantry existed merely on sufferance; certainly there was nothing conservative in tenancies at will; indeed he believed such tenancies to be the most revolutionary in the world." The conclusion is irresistible that the true revolutionary party in Ireland are unconsciously and unwillingly, but not the less certainly, the owners of land. When therefore it is alleged that the chronic absence of tranquillity and the periodical recurrence of sedition prevent the rise of other occupations than agriculture, thereby placing almost the whole population at the mercy of the landlords, who can in consequence impose unreasonable terms, the answer is obvious,—first, that prosperous agriculture and continued political tranquillity are equally incompatible with such a tenure; secondly, that a prosperous agriculture is itself the true natural source and support of all other industries; and thirdly, that the allegation itself involves an admission that the power of the landlords is excessive. So far, moreover, is the competition for land from being the cause—it could in no case be the excuse—of the insecurity of tenure in Ireland, that the immense reduction in the population and the number of the competitors for the occupation of land has been attended with increased insecurity. Before the failure of the potato, the Devon Commission urged the interference of Parliament, because the industry of the cultivators of the soil was paralysed by in-

¹ *Dissertations and Discussions*, ii. 75.

security. "The most general and indeed universal complaint," they reported, "brought before us in every part of Ireland was, 'the want of tenure,' to use the expression most commonly employed by the witnesses. The uncertainty of tenure is constantly referred to as a pressing grievance by all classes of tenants. It is said to paralyze all exertion, and to place a fatal impediment in the way of improvement. We have no doubt that this is so in many instances." Since that Report, famine and emigration have reduced the population by nearly three millions in twenty-one years, and statesmen of both parties have repeatedly adopted the conclusion of the Devon Commission, both as regards the effects of the insecurity of tenure and the necessity of interference. Yet the actual condition of things is that the radical evil has increased—that leases have become fewer and evictions more frequent. So lost to the Irish proprietor's mind is indeed the very conception of a true rural population and of the best uses of land, that even so enlightened and kindly a landlord as Lord Dufferin regards the love of the soil, and of a little farm of his own on the part of the peasant, not as a healthy affection and natural blending of associations, not as the true spirit of agriculture and the germ of many social and civil virtues, not as the best ally of industrious enterprise in other pursuits, but as a morbid and mischievous propensity to be condemned and discouraged. His lordship's ideal of a happy and prosperous peasant seems to be the English agricultural labourer with no root in the soil, no interest in it, and no love for it; and he proposes to the small farmer, as a means of improving his condition, a descent to the rank of a labourer for hire. Speaking in the House of Lords last year, the noble lord said: "From an inherent desire to possess land, and in a most unhappy fancy that he loses caste if he passes from the condition of an embarrassed tenant to that of an independent labourer, the tenant is ready to run any risk rather than abandon his

"favourite pursuit." The same leading idea presents itself again and again both in his lordship's letters to the *Times*, and in his recent volume.¹ For example:—"In proportion as the peasant becomes aware of a more hopeful theatre for his industry, whether at home or abroad, that morbid hunger for a bit of land which has been the bane of Ireland will subside."... "The labourer's dream is to become a tenant, the tenant's greatest ambition is to enjoy the dignity of a landlord. What he cannot be brought to realize is that an independent labourer is a more respectable person than a struggling farmer."... "The alternative of adequate wages is open to him; the reckless acquisition of land to which he cannot do justice is the result of a passion to be discouraged rather than stimulated."

If the actual use of land throughout Great Britain had not given rise to a singular set of conceptions with regard to its true use, it would be superfluous to urge that political economy has always recognized in the pleasures of rural life and occupations—in the love of a farm and the sense of independence it should be so held as to bestow—in the desire of the labourer to become a tenant-farmer and of the tenant farmer to possess land of his own—not only legitimate sources of happiness, but motives to agricultural industry, beyond its pecuniary returns, which both the laws and the customs of a country ought to foster. "The beauty of the country," says Adam Smith, "the pleasures of country life, the tranquillity of mind which it promises, and, wherever the injustice of human laws does not disturb, the independence which it really affords, have charms that more or less attract everybody; and as to cultivate the ground was the original destination of man, so in every age he seems to retain a predilection for the primitive employment." The productive value of the affectionate interest in the land which the Continental peasant feels, after what Mr.

¹ *Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland.* By Lord Dufferin.

Mill has done to make it known to insular minds, ought to need no allusion. Moreover the social distinctions between labourer and tenant farmer, and between the tenant farmer and the farmer of his own land, are natural distinctions, and political economy has always recognized the desire of men to rise in the social scale as an incentive to industry, frugality, and enterprise. The Irish labourer's dream of becoming a tenant is a just and laudable ambition, capable of being turned to the most productive account; and so again is the dream of the tenant to possess land of his own. The existence of peasant proprietors, the facility and frequency of the purchase of small estates, are among the principal causes of the prodigies performed by the peasants of Flanders on almost the worst soil in the world—because constituting both objects of industry and thrift, and models of good farming.

"In Belgium," Lord Dufferin states, "leases for three, six, and nine years are the accepted terms." They are the accepted terms, because better terms are not offered. But M. de Laveleye writes:—"Three, six, and nine years cannot be properly called the approved terms in Belgium. They are approved only by the landlords. All the independent agricultural associations, all the economists are for long leases, and that is my own opinion. Tenancies at will would be considered here as an odious abuse. In Flanders, too, the farmer gets a good house, and his right to be reimbursed for unexhausted manure is a privilege which descends from the Middle Age, the good effects of which are always acknowledged. The number of peasant proprietors is besides very great:—in West Flanders, 89,297, in East Flanders 155,381. If Ireland had but half as many, it would, I imagine, be well for her."¹

If, however, to talk of peasant proprietors in these islands sounds like talking sedition, the peasant's love of the land and ambition to rise in agricultural rank might be turned to pro-

ductive account, without permitting a poor man to possess a farm as proprietor. That upward movement which ought to be possible in all occupations, may be made possible in agriculture, even in the British isles, under a rational system of tenure, and with a judicious diversity in the sizes of farms. "I cannot,"—writes Dr. Mackenzie of Eileanach, after long and extensive experience of estates, and of Celtic tenants, who are supposed to possess in a peculiar degree a morbid hunger for land,—"imagine greater folly than discouraging the planting of a number of cotters on every estate, from the class with, say a quarter of an acre, who will supply the labour needed by the large farmer, up to the five-acre holder, whose strength is needed to crop his own land and manage his own estate. Next should come the two-horse farm, a fair object of ambition to which the five-acre cotter might expect to rise; after that, farms of several pairs of horses, or even steam-engines perhaps. An estate or country thus planted, would offer a reasonable variety of objects of ambition to the intelligent labourer who had to begin at the bottom of the ladder; so that he might wish to remain in Great Britain, instead of emigrating, and leaving behind him the mere refuse of his class 'as hewers and drawers,' without a prospect of anything in life but hard labour (harder than in our jails) and the workhouse when they are used up."¹

Instead of such an upward movement as Dr. Mackenzie describes, from the rank of the labourer to that of the small farmer, and again from the small to the large farm, the movement which Lord Dufferin commends to the peasant's acceptance is a downward one—"from the condition of an embarrassed tenant to that of an independent labourer." What kind of "independence" does the labourer really enjoy? a choice of masters, from a shilling to one and sixpence a day, or even more, while he is active and strong, and the workhouse in his old age. The tenant of a farm,

¹ Letter to the writer.

¹ Letter to the writer, March 11, 1867.

however small, with the security of a lease of sufficient duration, is surely much more independent. He is not subject to orders or to immediate dismissal, his time is at his own disposal, he works for himself when he is well, he need not work if he is ill, and he earns both wages and profit. It is indeed only to the "embarrassed" tenant that Lord Dufferin offers the position of labourer on another man's farm; but the general cause of the tenant's embarrassment in Ireland (to which ought to be added the supineness of landlords in regard to instruction in agriculture) is that, virtually, he is a mere labourer on another man's farm, for which he is expected to furnish the capital without the security requisite either to borrow it or to expend it if he possesses it, or—what landlords cannot imagine—to make it by labour and thrift. "To refuse a lease to a solvent industrious tenant," Lord Dufferin justly pronounces, "is little short of a crime. The prosperity of agriculture depends on security of tenure, and the only proper tenure is a liberal lease." But if the prosperity of agriculture does depend on security of tenure, and if the only proper tenure is a liberal lease, how can the Irish tenant-at-will be expected to be solvent, or industrious to any good purpose? Must it not be also "little short of a crime" first to refuse him the conditions of solvency and of prosperous agriculture, and then to make his embarrassment and unprosperous farming a reason for turning him out of his farm? "Every variation of the conception of property in land," it has been very well said by Mr. Newman, "every limitation or extension of proprietary right, develops a new type of human character. If the proprietor, the lessee, the tenant-at-will, differ in extent of proprietary interest, they differ also in moral feature."* The moral feature of the tenant-at-will can hardly be that of "a solvent industrious tenant." What sort of houses, factories, and shops would be seen in our towns, and what

sort of tenants and traders would occupy them, on a tenure-at-will?

The small farmer in Ireland has little or no capital, it is indeed urged, and good farming is hopeless without it. Yet this difficulty is more serious in Flanders, from the exigent nature of the soil, and M. de Laveleye describes how it is overcome: "The labourer gets a corner of uncleared land at a low rent, which his wife assists him to clear. They reduce their consumption to the barest necessities, they economise all they can; the husband goes to a distance, often to France, to reap the harvest, and thus to bring back some fifty francs at the end of three weeks of incredible toils. When they have collected the materials for the cottage, husband and wife go to work, and at length sleep under a roof of their own. The next thing is to have cattle, that foundation of all cultivation. First they feed a goat and some rabbits, and then a calf, on the herbs that spring about. When at last they possess a cow, the family is safe; there is now milk, butter, and manure. Little by little a capital is made; at the end of some years, the labourer has become a farmer. As the population increases, new cottages spring up, the old ones are enlarged. In half a century the whole district is made a complete conquest to cultivation, thanks to incessant labours which the capitalist could not have paid for at the average rate of wages without incurring a loss. The petty cultivator, who is assured of enjoying for at least thirty years the fruits of his efforts, spares neither his time nor his trouble. Working with more zeal and intelligence than he could exert for another, he gives value to a soil which *la grande culture* would have no interest in attempting to cultivate."* The Fleming, however, it may be supposed is an exceptional being. But almost exactly the same thing takes place in the Highlands of Scotland, where the Celtic cotter is given a chance—though a poor one—as Dr. Mackenzie describes

* Questions for a Reformed Parliament, p. 79.

* *Économie Rur. des Flandres*, 2d ed. p. 82.

it. "In this country a man comes to me, and offers to rent some acres of waste land, to trench, clear, drain, and cultivate it on a nineteen years' lease for a small rent; he putting up the cottage, the new land supplying the stones, and I giving him the necessary wood. And generally, with not 10% of his own at starting, we see this man put up his buildings, mostly with his own hands, improve his land, and rise to a considerable degree of prosperity, so as, at least, to have food, good clothing, and decent furniture, and, at the same time, pay his rent with regularity during his lease; at the end of which, his land is all in decent crop, ready for a new lease at an improved rent, although all that the landlord has done towards this has been to grant rough standing wood for the buildings. A *theorist* would say, the cottier without capital could never improve his moor. But the fact is, the country is improved exactly as I have described. The improver finds work in his vicinity for a time, runs home with his wages, and till they are done, tears up his land, gets some seed borrowed and sown, and off again to another job at daily wages, of which less than our southern friends would credit is spent upon food. Had landlords to put up smart cottages for such land improvers, improvement would soon come to an end in this country. In my memory, all hereabout, most of our large farms extending over thousands and thousands of acres, on which I have shot grouse and deer, have been brought to their present shape on the above plan. For generally," to the shame of those whom it concerns, Dr. Mackenzie adds: "Soon after a contiguous batch of such crofts as I have described have been put into crop, the improvers are all ejected, without payment for what they have done, unless from some thin-skinned, laughed at, *rara avis* of a philanthropist landlord, and one large farm is made of them."¹

If there are any readers who are doubtful of the disposition of cottiers in

¹ Letter to the writer, March 11, 1867.

Ireland to improve, they would do well to consult the evidence of Mr. Curling, an English agent, of great experience, before the Commission on the Tenure and Improvement of Land in 1865, from which the following answers are taken:

"You have been the manager of the Devon estate for seventeen years, you say?—Yes.

"Do you think there is anything deficient in the character of the people which would prevent improvements from being made, provided a just law were given to them?—I do not; I think they are as energetic, as industrious, as moral, and as well behaved a people as I have ever met with, and more grateful than any other people I know.

"Grateful for what?—For even fair play: not favours only, but even fair play.

"What has been their character as to peace and order for seventeen years?—I do not remember that a single crime, even to stealing a chicken, has been committed on the Devon Estate for seventeen years.

"Are they frugal in their habits?—Very much so: too much so.

"Do you think that security, whether by a lease, or by an extended period of compensation, is necessary as a stimulus to the tenants to make improvements?—I think a tenant is a fool to expend his money without a security of that description.

"Have large improvements been made on the estate which you manage?—They have.

"By whom has the mountain land been reclaimed?—Exclusively by the tenants.

"I believe that you hold different opinions on certain points from witnesses who have been previously examined?—First of all, I do not concur with those who conceive that no additional legislation is required to stimulate Irish tenants to invest their capital in improvements."

Lord Dufferin is no adversary to additional legislation to stimulate Irish tenants to invest their capital in improvements; on the contrary, he con-

tributes towards it an excellent suggestion.¹ But he bids us expect little from such legislation, and certainly "no comprehensive remedy for the perennial discontent of Ireland, or to unprecedented emigration from her shores." His first and last lesson is that "no nation can be made industrious, provident, skilful, by Act of Parliament. It is to time, to education, and above all to the development of our manufacturing resources, that we must look for the reinvigoration of our economic constitution." It might, we do not hesitate to assert, be said with more justice, that every people is industrious, provident, and skilful just in proportion to the security given by its government, laws, and customs as powerful as laws, that he who sows shall also reap. What has time, to which Lord Dufferin looks, done hitherto for Ireland, but maintain a system which, in the words used by the Devon Commissioners, paralyzes all exertion, and places fatal impediments in the way of improvement? What practical lesson does education, again, teach the Irish peasant more plainly than this, that an intelligent man can always get on in America, and can seldom do so in Ireland? Lord Dufferin's readers will easily believe that so generous a mind "cannot contemplate the expatriation of so many brave hearts and strong right arms with equanimity." But when he adds, "The true remedy is to be found in the development of our commercial enterprise, of our mineral resources, of our manufacturing industry," we are driven to ask, why not in the development of our agricultural industry, the prime industry of all, the healthiest, and the natural base of all other industries? According to the natural course of things, Adam Smith has striven to impress upon mankind, the greater part of every growing society is first directed to agriculture, afterwards to manufacture.²

"Of all cultivators," says Sismondi, "the peasant proprietor is the one who gives most encouragement to commerce

"and manufactures, because he is the richest." To the same purpose Mr. Mill observes that "in every country without exception in which peasant properties prevail, the towns, from the larger surplus which remains after feeding the agricultural classes, are increasing both in population and in the well-being of their inhabitants." The present landowners of Ireland may therefore assure themselves that the conviction will at length force itself upon the public, that for the prosperity, not of agriculture alone, but of all the other industries of which the island is capable, either tenancies at will must cease to exist, or peasant properties must at any cost be created. M. de Tocqueville's reflection has already been quoted, that it is a sign of the imminent subversion of aristocratic institutions when the relation between landlord and tenant has become one of the briefest duration; but he adds the significant remark that if democratic tendencies shorten the duration of tenures, democratic institutions "tend powerfully to increase the number of properties, and to diminish the number of tenant farmers." The land system of Ireland is one without the advantages either of feudalism or of democracy. "As long as a numerous population," says Lord Dufferin, "is cursed with a morbid craving to possess land, so long will the owner be able to drive hard bargains." The conclusion which these "hard bargains" are likely to force before long on the public mind is, that the morbid craving for land with which the people of Ireland have been cursed, is that which moralists in every age have denounced, and against which the prophet cried, Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the earth! The landlords of England may likewise rest assured that their own interests are involved in the Irish land question in a different manner from what they suppose. They are afraid of a precedent of interference with established territorial institutions; they have more to fear their self-condemnation.

¹ Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land, pp. 271, 272.

² Wealth of Nations, book iii. chap. i.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

BUT Lorimer did not answer very patiently. The grim smile of scorn faded from his lip, only to give place to a gloomy frown; and as he drew nearer to his writing-table, preparatory to answering that ill-judged missive, he struck his clenched hand on the unconscious paper before covering it with the rapid scrawl which disturbed Lord Clochnaben's late breakfast a day or two afterwards.

"MY DEAR RICHARD,—That you write, as you say, by my mother's dictation—and report, by her desire, the comments she has thought fit to make on my attempt at arguing on the moral culpability of her conduct to her cousin, Lady Charlotte's daughter—secures you a reply which, under other circumstances, I should probably refuse to make to such a letter as you have ventured to send me.

"I need scarcely say, for the information either of yourself or my mother, that it is not *I* who set a value on such visits as I counselled my mother to pay,—or who consider Lady Ross's welfare dependent on the notice of persons of her own sex, probably infinitely her inferiors in many of the qualities which should most be desired in woman.

"When I see the sort of women who mingle freely, and receive liberal welcome, in what is called 'the first society in the land'—when I reflect on the lives which to my knowledge some of them have led, and which would, in my opinion, render them utterly unfit to be Lady Ross's companions, instead of its being a favour that they should visit her; when I consider the sort of hazard that governs even court invita-

tions; the gossip, the prejudice, the cant, the untruth, the want of all justice, the disbelief in all virtue, the disregard of all things right, and the indifference to all things wrong (so long as they are not found out) which exist in a certain set who nevertheless presume to judge and condemn their betters; when I hear them declare that they 'would not for worlds' visit Lady So-and-So, and in the same breath entreat a friend to procure them an invitation to the house of another more lucky acquaintance, who nevertheless passes her time less with the cardinal virtues than the seven deadly sins;—I could almost laugh at poor Lady Charlotte's anxiety as to how her daughter is received! As a clever old friend once said to me, 'It would be a farce—if it were not a tragedy'—to see the fate of the pure and noble swayed (as far at least as worldly circumstances go), by the impure and ignoble; to see the better sort of women eagerly listening to them and believing them, instead of attempting to sift truth from falsehood on their own judgment.

"It is true that ours is a 'fast' day, and England, boastful as she always is about everything, has ceased to boast continually of her superior virtue as she used to do; (winning a little, probably, at the retort which foreign nations might make on the subject.) She is content to admit that chance and certain commercial considerations run through that, as through every other channel of interest belonging to her. The ups and downs, and apparent inequalities of justice, do not trouble her, nor the agreeable certainty—

'That the rugged path of sinners
Is greatly smoothed by giving dinners.'

"It is a hollow world, full of echoes; some call, and others listen, and then,

like the pigs in Scripture, they all run violently down a steep place, and are checked with their own lies.

"As to you, my dear Richard, and your comments on my 'tame doggishness' in Lady Charlotte's house, I advise you to beware of again touching on that subject. If you cannot believe in virtue, at least keep your incredulity to yourself. I remember you always had a mania for parting supposed lovers, as some old dowagers have a mania for bringing them together. I have not forgotten, when we were both at college, and a youth who had become entangled by a boyish passion, in a fit of mingled satiety and remorse left the companion he was with, in the dead of night without farewell or warning, to learn from the lesson which the desolation of next morning might teach what such entanglements are worth; the alacrity with which you undertook to reason her out of the possibility of re-union, and the pleasure it seemed to you to cut the slender thread of her hope on that subject. Nor, in after-life, when a weak and profligate friend of maturer age had squabbled with a dancer who made a fool of him, how ingeniously you planned to crush the girl, and free him whether he wished it or no; how serenely you boasted that you would work hard to make her *seem* only self-interested, and deliberately planned 'to starve her out' by persuading the *impresario* of the theatre not to engage her, on the threat of getting her hissed.

"Do not, I pray, exert your talents in the case of Lady Ross and myself. Be satisfied that nothing can unite us, and that nothing shall part us. Endeavour to believe for once, in spite of the experience of your own and other lives, that there *may be* such a thing as a virtuous woman in the world, and a pure friendship; even if that virtuous woman's name be the theme of lying gossip in the mouths of fools. As to my mother, tell her *this* from me—and God forgive me if I word it too harshly:—That admitting, as of course I do admit, that she has the strictest views of female

morality, and generally acts upon them, I consider it not only an error of judgment, but a *crime*, in this particular case, to aid in tormenting and insulting a defenceless and sorrowful woman, by appearing to confirm the evil judgment of strangers, when, in the depths of her own heart, she knows that she does not, and *cannot* believe Lady Ross to have been an unchaste wife, but is avenging a dislike and resentment, grounded on a totally different cause; and is in fact, as Mrs. Cregan says of many of her fashionable friends, 'glad to pretend to think ill of Gertrude' to punish her for offences given (how involuntarily!) in more fortunate days. I have written to you at length on this subject, because I never intend to touch upon it again, nor to read anything you may write upon it. If my mother does not choose to humour poor Lady Charlotte's nervous fancies, by calling on Lady Ross, or chooses (as you pompously put it), to make but a single visit, in God's name let her stay away; but let her clearly understand, as regards me, that I discussed Lady Charlotte's wishes, because I thought it right; and whether I marry next week, or die a bachelor, that fact has no sort of connexion with my settled and unalterable opinion of what it is right for her to do. And if ever I do marry, I should have no dearer wish at heart than that Gertrude Ross should approve my choice, and remain to her life's end my wife's intimate companion and bosom friend.

"Your affectionate brother,

"LORIMER."

CHAPTER LIX.

THE WICKED LIFE THAT GERTRUDE LED,
AND THE WICKED LOVE-LETTERS THEY
WROTE EACH OTHER.

THE first bitter blow, and the first pang of miserable disappointment in the apparent impossibility of present explanation with Sir Douglas, were over.

He lived in the centre of those scenes of military suffering, and proud English endurance, which have made the war of the Crimea the most memorable of all modern events. Lorimer Boyd returned to his post at Vienna; and Gertrude continued to reside in the decorated little home, which poor Lady Charlotte, when eulogizing it in former years, declared had belonged to "a bachelor of the other sex."

Placed in what might be termed affluent circumstances, both by the generous directions of Sir Douglas and her own inheritance—Gertrude employed her time and thoughts as best she might in relieving the miseries of others. True, there was little ostentation or publicity in what she did. Her name headed no list of subscribers; was conspicuous in no prospectus; made itself the chief of no "movement" of real or imaginary reform. She did not even bind herself by a sort of nun's vow not to shop on Saturday, and register the vow in the newspapers for fear of backsliding. But all that others did who were much talked about, she did and was not talked about. Those general plans of the gentle and charitable for emigration and education; of help to the helpless, of succour to the sick, found her ready with heart and hand, and liberal purse. But often she had preceded, with steady work and entire success, in the same path of usefulness where afterwards a procession of fair fellow-labourers followed, blowing shawms and trumpets in praise of their own goodness, and assuming to be pioneers in that path of progress where she had previously passed alone swiftly and silently, without a record, and without a boast. Often the meek, sad mouth could scarce forbear a melancholy smile when some one put before her the advantage of a scheme which she herself had sketched out and set on foot, and gave the credit of originating it to some brilliant Lady Bountiful of the hour, who was marshalling her forces under silken banners inscribed with her own name, and sweeping with them over the traces of Ger-

trude's exertions, as the waves sweep over the sand.

But steadily and calmly she pursued the road that led to the only fountain of content her grieved and restless heart could know. "When the ear heard her, it blest her;" but she was heard and blessed, not at meetings of animated, gaily-dressed, luxurious women, leaning among cushions of embroidered silk, and setting down their porcelain teacups on inlaid tables—but in the dismal and dank dwellings of the poor; by the beds of groaning inmates of hospitals; in the dark night of the despairing and fallen; or among wailing children of evil parents, whose infancy, unaided, would be but a bitter preface to a bitterer maturity.

There was no lack of news of her husband to satisfy the only other craving her heart admitted. All that he did, and how he looked, and how nobly he bore the miserable outward and visible suffering which so many bore likewise heroically around him, was easy to learn and to hear. Only the inner thought—the dear and blessed communion of soul to soul in letters of husband and wife—that was a dark want in her life, and kept her pinched and wan in countenance, and starved at heart. Lorimer constantly wrote from Vienna, and his letters were her chief comfort. He did not dwell on the one topic that was for ever uppermost in her mind; he rather sought to draw her from it to general and wider interests. The world slandered her for his sake, as it had slandered her for Kenneth's sake; but she neither knew, nor would have heeded it if known. It remained for Lady Charlotte to fume and fret over these injustices. Those who are enduring a great sorrow are very insensible to mortification.

But in vain did poor Lady Charlotte, on being told by some cruel reporter that her cousin the Dowager had said she believed "an infamous correspondence" was still carried on between her son Lorimer and that bad young creature, Lady Ross,—declare, with many

tears and agitated pulls at her curl, that they were "quite harmless letters, full of different things that didn't signify." Her declaration went for nothing; though in truth the letters of this wicked couple were all much in the style of the samples that follow.

CHAPTER LX.

AN INFAMOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

"VIENNA.

"MY DEAR GERTRUDE,—I waited at Dover, fearing to miss my letters. Douglas is well. The mismanagement of supplies, &c. is fearful. His energy and habit of methodical arrangement have been of use. But he writes to me, 'I wish we may not begin by a great disaster; though it is something to know that no amount of disaster will discourage English soldiers.' I passed through Paris on my way here. All as usual. No one would guess aught was going on anywhere that was tragedy instead of farce, except for the model wooden 'hut for soldiers,' erected in the Tuileries garden. That stands like the skull cup at Byron's wassail festivals, in the midst of the daily rout of pleasure.

"I employed my day at Dover in riding over to Walmer, to see the great Duke's nest. The housekeeper told me she had lived with the Duke twenty years; but she looked like the good fairy or witch in a pantomime, always acted by a young girl. She professed unbounded admiration for her master, and said she 'nearly fainted' the other day, from listening to abuse of him from some blackguard visitor at Walmer. She was 'to that degree flurried that she was obliged to go and sit on one of the cannon in the front garden, and walk on the bastion to recover herself; *besides having the gentleman turned out*' (a measure which should at once have restored her to composure).

"Here all is (outwardly) as careless as in Paris. Mrs. Cregan dined at Esterhazy's the other day: Gortschakoff, Manteuffel, Alvensleben, Figuiemont, Stackelberg, and others present. Gort-

schakoff affected a sort of jocund pleasantry and careless good fellowship, painful and unnatural, reminding one of the stories of Frenchmen in the Revolution, who rouged and sat down to play cards, till the cart came to take them to be guillotined. Not that any ill fate, beyond failure, can await the smirking Russian; but because of the striking contrast between heavy events and light behaviour. Manteuffel was grave and grim.

"Abbas Pasha is dead. The chief delight of Abbas, when invalided, was to be drawn about in a wheeled chair by six of his prime ministers, harnessed very literally 'to the car of state.' Conceive our English Cabinet occupied in so practical a mode of showing their devotion to their sovereign!

"The Austrian Government have quartered the troops comfortably in the chateaux of the nobility. No one dares to complain. I saw one of the ousted aristocrats yesterday, murmuring gently, like a sea-shell put on dry sand, at having no house to go to.

"I saw also a humbler sorrow; at the door of great Gothic St. Stephen's, a little weeping raw recruit parting with a little weeping sacristan, looking very lank and mournful in his black gown, and both their arms twined round each other's neck. As they stood there, and my eye measured that small patch and blot of human sorrow against the great height of the solid church, rising up into the cold grey sky as if it never could fall into ruins, my pity departed, and I asked myself if any one's misery—mine, theirs, or any other—could possibly signify.

"You see I am getting bitter. Nothing tries the amiable spirit like isolation. It is easy to pray in the temple; but it requires a saint to pray in the wilderness.

"I ought to be quite cheerful. My last volume of poems was a great success. I am constantly solicited to send my 'autograph' to persons I do not know. They send me postage stamps—according to the old nurse's saying, 'A penny for your thoughts;' but why,

because I can write poetry, should I be set to write copies? A beautiful young American lady (at least she tells me she is young and beautiful) has written for a lock of my hair. I answered that I hoped she would not think me selfish, but though I had read in my early lessons the urgent and hopeful line—

“Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store,”

Heaven had not so blessed *my* store as to stock me with superfluous hair; in fact, that I was getting rather bald. I hope this may moderate her enthusiasm; but there is no saying.

“Write me of your health. Remember me to Lady Charlotte. In spite of the excitement here, in spite of wars and rumours of wars, I feel as if nothing on earth were of importance. The Austrians hate us; the Russians hope to outwit us. All is flat, stale, and unprofitable, and I care for nothing but music and rest.

“Ever yours,
“LORIMER BOYD.”

Gertrude's answer was more earnest, if not more cheerful. She wondered, in the midst of her own sorrow, at the gloom of his spirit. He seemed to her to have so much that should make life easy. The interest of a career; no actual grief; the sure prospect of title and fortune. So we judge the outside appearance of the lives even of those we love,—the painted porcelain of the cup, which holds, it may be, a most bitter draught. That for years his cup had been bitter on her account, and that now daily and hourly he felt only a different bitterness in that gnawing of the heart that comes when those who are deeply beloved suffer, and we cannot aid them, and those we have made demigods of, as he had made of his boyhood's friend, Sir Douglas, do something that utterly disenchant us,—all this was a sealed book to Gertrude.

“DEAR LORIMER BOYD,” she wrote—
“I am as well as I can expect to be under the wearing pressure of continual anxiety; and my dearest mother, I

think, frets less about me than she did, and looks to some possible explanation at some time or other, which is a great relief, as her sorrow vexed me so terribly.

“I am occupied from morning to night—I humbly hope usefully occupied—and I strive not to dream waking dreams, or let my thoughts depress my nerves as they used to do. Neil is well and happy at Eton, and looking forward to his holidays at Glenrossie with such joy, that I trust the very necessity of seeming to share it will enable me to bear the going there under such different, such painful circumstances! Let me be thankful that at least I shall be with *him*. I was much interested in all you told me, but sorry to see the ‘gloom-days,’ as we used to call them, have come back to haunt you. As to this war and its causes, and the chances of its continuance, I will not fear. When I see how completely and nearly equally men's opinions are divided on great questions; men of the same average calibre of intellect, of the same class of interests, under the influence of the same habits and opportunities for judgment,—I feel that nothing *can* be done so rapidly either for good or evil, as would suffice to satisfy an enthusiast, or create rational terror. I believe God left that balance of opinion, lest, in our world of restlessness and vanity of power, there should be a perpetual succession of violent changes. We ebb and flow with a tide, and whether the waves come in with a roar or a *creep*, they dash to nearly the same distance. Only one thing shines clear as the light of day to me—that those who are born to a certain position, or who are gifted with certain talents, are bound to exert themselves for what they conceive to be the general good, according to their honest opinion, whether that be *to stay* or *to forward* the work in hand. No man has a *right*, in a position either hereditary or obtained which places him a little above his fellows, with leisure to gaze on the perspective of their destiny, sluggishly to turn his head away from his appointed task—a

task which by circumstance he is as much born to as the labourer's son to the plough. I have heard women say they did not comprehend the feeling of patriotism; I think I do, not so much for my country as for my *countrymen*. I believe in the full measure of good which might be done; I believe in the full value of individual exertion. It has been my dream from the first, and will be my dream to the last, to watch the lives that leave their tracks of light behind, like ships on the waters. Though the wave close over the light, the tracks once explored will be crossed again even to another hemisphere, and the influence of one man's mind may outlive not only his existence, but the very memory of his name. Lorimer, dear friend, *you* are one of those who are called upon to *act*, and to make use of your worldly position and abilities, not only for yourself, but for the future of others; of others unknown, and without claim upon you beyond being God's less fortunate children. Do not say you care only for rest in a time like the present!

"Though you cannot aid England and the cause of justice among nations, sword in hand, like my beloved Douglas, you are bound to give your thoughts and energies to her service. Shall I hope you pretend carelessness, as you say Gortschakoff pretends cheerfulness and cordiality?

"My heart is made very sore by the abuse of men in power here; who are, as I believe, doing their very utmost to retrieve mistakes and alleviate suffering. You will say that such mistakes ought never to have been made; but that is over. Party spirit runs high in England. At all times it is an error: at this time of trial it is a *sin*. I will match your story of the obscure sorrow of St. Stephen's church with one of obscure and tranquil heroism, more difficult than that of the battle-field. One of the sick persons whose case lately came before me—a common labourer—was pronounced by the doctor to be merely suffering from extreme debility and want of nourishment. Then came inquiries

into his work and wages, &c., and at last it came out that he owed *fifteen shillings*, and, to pay this debt, he had gone on half rations for weeks, having a large family to keep, and being apprehensive he never would be able to spare it in any other way.¹ Does not the patient self-denial smite one to the heart? the indulged heart that grows too often to look upon mere fancies as necessities in our own class! And does not the strong resolution of the man show brightly in the dark story? I see him, in my mind's eye, going home at the end of his day's work hungry and tired, with his good honest purpose stronger than all the temptation of fatigue and want of refreshment, and at last falling ill. Remember, it never would have been known but for *that*. These are the obscure heroisms of life, and God's book is full of them, though they pass away from earth like the risen dew of the morning. Oh! Lorimer, do not say you care for nothing but music and rest.

"And forgive me, old teacher of my pleasant days of girlhood, when my dear father shared with me the advantage of your companionship, if I am grown bold enough to seem to whisper a lesson in my turn. I miss you daily here. The day does not pass that we do not speak of you, mamma and I.

"Yours affectionately,

"GERTRUDE."

So wrote and thought the wife of absent Sir Douglas. But what of that? Dowager Clochnaben fiercely denounced her for her many intrigues; the ladies who were merely imitating or following her in active good works, spoke evil of her as they looked through their lists of charity subscriptions; friends of her "pleasant days of girlhood" either cut her, or made a favour of calling at the house "for poor old Lady Charlotte's sake;"—and THE WORLD, whose opinion, as Richard Clochnaben justly wrote to his brother, was what we ought chiefly to bear in mind,—pronounced that she was a bad woman; that Lorimer

¹ Fact.

Boyd was her new lover; and that it was a pity a man of so much ability should suffer himself to be cajoled, and his name mixed up with that of a creature more dangerous and subtle than any dancer, or Anonyma, or person belonging to an inferior class; inasmuch as her education and accomplishments (of which she was so inordinately vain) gave her a certain hold over a man accustomed to good society and fastidious as to his choice of companions.

And the more religious and church-going of her acquaintance, especially the more intimate visitors at Clochnaben Castle, and such as had approved the forbidding little Jamie Carmichael to attend school, because he had gathered blackberries on the Sabbath-day,—and those who had been most keen in admiration of Mr. James Frere's sermons, observed to each other that it was "just a very disgrace and shame to think of, that such a creature should be permitted to hold her head up in any decent place of resort; and they hoped God would visit her with His righteous judgments, both in this world and the world to come."

CHAPTER LXI.

KENNETH'S CHILD.

NEIL's holidays were come; and Neil himself, bright and beautiful, and active as a roe, was back again in the glens and hills of Glenrossie.

"It's trying to be here without papa," he had said, the first day; and Gertrude's fortitude was not proof against the gush of sudden tears that burst from her eyes at the speech. But the boy knew nothing; only that his father was "at the wars," as Richard Cœur de Lion and many other great heroes had been (including Hannibal), and as his father had frequently been before. Vague, and without much personal anxiety, were Neil's thoughts: for what boy is ever depressed by thoughts of danger? Rather he pitied his mother for her apparent lowness and fear about this glorious profession of arms, and

secretly wished he were old enough to be fighting by his father's side in the distant Crimea, — when the fighting should begin.

But gradually some strange uneasy sensation crept into that boyish heart, and lay coiled there like a tiny snake. His mother seemed to get no letters; she was so agitated and eager one day when he himself got one from his father. She was on such odd terms with his Aunt Alice, who, though she withdrew to Clochnaben Castle during the major part of his holidays, yet chose to assert the privilege of residence for a few days at the beginning. During those few days his mother had said she was too ill to dine down stairs. They scarcely spoke. The fiery blood of his passionate race bubbled up in the young breast. He wrote to Sir Douglas: "My mother seems wretchedly ill; she is grown very thin. I thought it was all fright about you; but I think now something worries her. I think Aunt Alice vexes her. If I was sure, I would hate Aunt Alice with all the power of my heart; I beg you to turn her out of the castle. They say Christians should not hate at all, but whoever vexes my mother would be to me like a murderer I ought to kill. So you ask her, dearest and best of fathers, what is the matter, and let me know."

Poor Sir Douglas! How in the midst of the snow and dreary scenes of the Crimea, his brow bent and his heart beat over the school-boy letter. His Neil! his Neil; — to whom, "whoever vexed his mother would be like a murderer whom he ought to kill!" His Neil.

And Neil in his innocent wrath made Aunt Alice so uncomfortable with haughty looks and stinging words, on the mere chance and supposition that she was distasteful company for his mother, that she was glad to beat a retreat.

Over the hills to Clochnaben went Alice. And before the servants who were waiting at dinner, as she helped herself to some very hard unripe nectarines grown on the stern wall of the Clochna-

ben garden, she said she came, "because it would not have been *proper* for her to remain while that unfortunate woman was permitted these interviews with her son. Of course, if there had been a *daughter*, such a difficulty could never have arisen: she would not have been allowed to see a daughter."

And the scanty train of servants in the service of the dowager discussed the matter rigidly, and expressed their horror at the pollution of Glenrossie by Gertrude's return, and the impossibility of "Miss Alice" remaining in such tainted company.

Only Richard Clochnaben's French valet smiled superior, and said such things were not much thought of in Paris, and that he wondered "*dans ce pays barbare!*" that they were not more civilized.

But there was no doubt of her guilt in the minds of any of the parties so discussing in the servants' hall.

It was in the very midst of Neil's vacation that an event occurred which profoundly impressed him, and caused Gertrude fresh agitation.

He was walking with his mother to the spot where he had given rendezvous to the old keeper, when he was to cross the hills to get a little better shooting. For Neil was getting very grand; and talked of good sport, and bad sport, with a beautiful toss of his beardless little chin; and the keeper was wild with admiration of "siccan a spirity laddie" as his young master.

He was holding his mother's hand, in spite of his sport and his assumption of manliness, when suddenly they heard a little plaintive cry; and a childish and very plaintive voice said, "Well, ye needna' beat me, I can get enough of that at home!" in a half Scotch, half foreign accent, very peculiar.

Neil leapt through the heather, and down the hollow from whence the sound proceeded, and his mother stood on the rough broken ground above, full of granite stones. A sharp cut with Alice's riding-whip descended on the shoulder of a little girl, as he advanced.

"Get back to your kennel, then," he

heard a voice say, in a tone as sharp as her whip. "How dare you trespass so far on the border? Get back to Torrieburn!" and apparently the stroke was about to be repeated, when Neil darted forward, and taking the pony's rein close to the bit, drove it back so as to make it rear on its haunches.

"How dare *you*, Aunt Alice?" said he, breathlessly and passionately. "How dare *you* strike any one here?"

Alice sat her pony firmly: cowardice was not among her vices.

"Oh yes; you'd better let her come further still; you'd better have her up at Glenrossie!" she said, with a bitter sneer.

"Why not?" said the boy, as he turned to look at the little girl, who stood softly chafing with one little thin hand the place on her shoulder where she had been struck, and holding flowers close against her dress with the other.

"I wanted the white heather; I didn't know I wasn't to climb farther," she said; and then she broke down, and throwing the white heather passionately from her, she burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break, covering her little pale face with both hands.

The boy's heart beat hard; he cast a look of fury on Aunt Alice and her pony, and strode towards the pale girl.

Lady Ross also glided towards them. The child uncovered her face as Alice rode away, and looked up with wondering eyes at Gertrude.

"Oh! I know you," she said, in a tender tone; "I know you! I've been very lone since you all went. Take me away from them—Oh! take me away!" And she clutched at the folds of Gertrude's dress with the little thin white hands.

"*Effie!*" was all Lady Ross could say, and she sat down on the heather brae and wept.

"*Effie!*" said Neil, wonderingly; and then he smiled. Such a smile of pity, love, and wonder, as the angels might give.

He had not at first recognised her.

She had grown tall and slim, and her face was hidden by the long locks of her soft neglected hair.

"Go, dear Neil, go," said Lady Ross. "I will talk to her. I will see her home. You cannot stay; go with the keeper. I will tell you when I come home. Go, my darling."

With a wistful lingering look, the boy turned to go—stood still—came back, and said hesitatingly:

"But, mother, if it is Effie, mayn't she come with us?"

"No, my boy," answered poor Gertrude, in great agitation. "No. Go now, and I will see you after your shooting."

And Neil went. But before he turned again to depart he smiled at Effie, and Effie returned it with a little trembling sort of moonlight smile of her own; her long pale chestnut hair held back a little by her taper fingers, as though to make her vision of him the clearer, and her wide, wild, plaintive eyes fixed on his face.

That look haunted Neil, boy though he was, and he had "bad sport" that day;—if bad sport consists in missing almost every bird he aimed at.

Gertrude stood silently gazing at the little creature. Memories welled up in her heart, and her eyes filled again with tears.

This was Kenneth's poor little girl, Kenneth's only child, Effie! Poor little lone deserted Effie.

"Oh take me home with you to Glenrossie!" repeated the pleading voice; "they beat me so, and I am so lone."

"Why do they beat you, dear?"

"They beat me for everything. If I'm not quick, and if I'm tired, and if I don't find eggs, and if I'm frightened in the night."

"What frightens you in the night, my child?" And Gertrude drew the little trembling creature to her, and sat down with her in the long heather.

The child leaned up against her bosom and clung to her.

"I don't know. I'm scared. They told me if I did anything wrong, the

BLACK DOUGLAS should come in the night and take me—tall, oh, so tall! and tramping through the heather, with only bones for his feet."

And the child shuddered, and pressed closer to Gertrude.

"Has he ever come?"

"No!" said the little girl, with a sudden look of wonder.

"No, Effie, nor ever will come; it's a story, an ignorant, foolish story. There is no such thing! Do you think God would let a poor little child be tormented by such a shocking thing when she did not mean to do wrong? Do you say your prayers, Effie?"

"Oh, yes!"

"When?"

"In the morning I say them on my knees, and in the night I say some with my head under the bedclothes."

"Do you think there are two Gods, Effie? One for the day and another for the night?"

"No; one God—one God!" said the child, faltering.

"Are you afraid in the day?"

"No! Oh no!" said the little girl with a wild smile. "I see the birds, and the deer, and the waking things, and the blue in the sky, and I'm not afraid at all."

"Then do you think the God who watches in the day forsakes the world at night, Effie? forsakes all His creatures asleep—for it is not only you, you know, Effie, who lie sleeping, but all those you have named—the poor little birds in their nests, and the shy deer among the fern, and the fish in the smooth lake: do you think as soon as DARK comes He gives them all over to be tormented and scared?"

The child was silent.

"Effie, God is a good and merciful God, and He watches the night as He watches the day, and you are as safe in the dark under His care as in this bright, cloudless day. He is all mercy and all goodness."

Children startle their elders sometimes by questions too profound for answer. Effie gave a deep, shivering sigh, and said in a tone of grave reflection,

"Then why did He let me *be*?"

"What do you mean, Effie?"

"Why, if He is merciful and good, does He let me be in the world at all? Nobody cares for me, nobody wants me, and I don't want to be here; but God puts me here. Oh! if I were but away in heaven!" and she lifted her eyes with miserable yearning to the blue sky. "I'm a scrap of a creature, and it's seldom I feel well; I've a pain almost always in my side, and that's what makes me slow, and then they beat me; and there's such strong, happy children die: a good many have died since you were here, Lady Ross, and I go and look at their graves in the burial-ground on Sundays; and that's when I say to myself, Why should I *be* at all?"

"Effie, it is God's will that we should be—all of us; and be sure that He has some task for us to do, or He would not put us here. But He does not torment us. Promise me if you wake in the night to think of that, and to think of me, and to think that we are sitting here in the sunshine, talking of His goodness."

"I'll try; but oh! in the night I'll be scared with the thought of the Black Douglas!"

"No, my child. Think of me, not of the Black Douglas, and say this little rhyme:—

"Lord, I lay me down to sleep!
Do Thou my soul in mercy keep;
And if I die before I wake,
Do Thou my soul in mercy take."

That rhyme, Effie, was told me by a wise clever man, who always said it from the day when he was a little child, and you must always say it all your life long for love of me."

"Oh! I do love you," said the pallid creature, creeping close, as though she would creep into her very heart. "I do love you, and please take me home with you."

"I cannot, Effie," said Gertrude, sadly. "And now I must go my way, and you must go yours. Good-bye."

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"Won't you come with me never so little on the way?"

Gertrude looked down on the large pleading eyes moist with tears. She took the slight form in her arms and wept.

"Some day, little Effie, some day, perhaps, we may be all together; but not now, not now! God bless and protect you! God bless you!"

And so saying, and weeping still, Lady Ross turned to go homewards. She paused at a turn on the hills, and looked back. The little creature had sat wearily down, her hands clasped round her slim knees, looking out with her large sad eyes at the light of the declining day.

Was she again thinking, "Why should I *be*?" Kenneth's deserted child?

CHAPTER LXII.

HOW EFFIE WAS GLADDENED.

THE mystery of Effie not being allowed to return with them troubled Neil more than all that had disturbed him before, and his disquieted soul was none the more composed when his mother, clasping both her arms round him, and leaning her head on his breast, gave the faltering explanation, "Your cousin Kenneth has displeased your father, very much, and he would not wish Effie to be at the castle."

"Oh, every one says Cousin Kenneth is not a good man, and he gets drunk, and all that," replied Neil; "but what has Effie done?"

And the boy roamed up and down, and watched for the little face, pale almost as the white heather she had come to seek; but she had vanished away from the near landscape, and into the distance he was forbidden to follow her. And so the holidays ended.

Once only had Gertrude herself attempted further intercourse with the banished child. It was but a few days after their discourse about her terrors by night, and Gertrude's tender heart was

haunted by the memory of the pleading eyes. She thought she would brave the pain for herself, and go and see Maggie, at the New Mill, as they called the place Old Sir Douglas had allotted them, and there speak to her of the fragile flower left to her rough guidance.

But Maggie's ignorant wrath was roused by the very sight of Gertrude. Fixed was her notion, that if Gertrude had wedded with her son all would have gone well. Gertrude had blighted all their lives. As to Effie, she sullenly defended her own right to manage her which way she pleased. She was "her ain bairn, and bairns maun be trained and taught." She'd been "beat hersel' when she was a bairn, and was never a pin the waur—may be the better." And as the meek low voice of Gertrude pleaded on, Maggie seemed roused to positive exasperation, and burst out at last, "Lord's sake, Lady Ross, will ye no gie ower? Ye'll just gar me beat her double, to quiet my heart. Gang back to yere ain bairn, and leave Effie to me. It's little gude ye can be till her, noo that ye've ruined her fayther, and thrawn me 'amaist daft, wi' yere fashious doin's. Gang awa' wi' ye! Gang awa'!"

And suiting the action to the word, Maggie waved her tempestuous white arms angrily in the air, much in the same manner as if she had desired to chase a flock of turkeys from her poultry yard; and, turning with a sudden flounce into the house, and perceiving Effie leaning in the doorway, she administered a resounding slap on the delicate shoulder; for no particular reason that could be guessed, unless, according to her own phrase, it was "to quiet her heart."

From that time for two years more, Gertrude never saw Kenneth's child; but at the end of the second year a chance interview again gave her an opportunity of judging the effect of Maggie's education on her mind, and of the lapse of time upon her beauty.

Slimmer, taller, more graceful than ever—her large eyes seeming larger still from a sort of sick hollowness in her

cheek—Effie came swiftly up to her, as she stood one day gazing at the Hut, waiting for Neil, but dreaming of other times. How altered Effie seemed!

Neil, too, had altered. He was beginning to be quite a tall youth; and his bold bright brow had a look of angry sadness on it; for do what they would, his keen soul had ferreted out the existence of some painful secret; and, driven by his mother's silence to perpetual endeavours to discover for himself what had occurred in his family, he heard at last from Ailie's adder tongue the sharp sentence—"Good gracious, boy, do ye not know that your father and mother have quarrelled and parted?"

Quarrelled and parted! His idolized father: his angel mother!

Still, not taking in the full measure of misfortune, he answered fiercely, "If they've quarrelled, Aunt Alice, it is that *you've* made mischief. I'm certain of that."

"You'd better ask your mother whether that's it," sneered Alice, and whisked away from him to her tower-room.

But Neil would not ask his mother. Only he kissed her with more fervent tenderness that night, and held her hand in his, and looked into her eyes, and ruminated on what should be done to any one who harmed a hair of that precious mother's lovely head; and from that hour he doubled his obedience and submission to her will, watching the very slightest of her inclinations or fancies about him, and forestalling, when he could, every wish she seemed to form.

And he prayed—that young lad—oh! how fervently he prayed, in his own room, by many a clear moonlight and murky midnight, that God would bless his mother, and that if—~~if~~ Aunt Ailie spoke the truth, God would reconcile those dear parents, and bring back joy again to their household.

But to his mother he said nothing.

And when she stood by the Hut that day thinking of him, thinking of all the past,—that darkest of shadows, the knowledge that *he* knew there was some

quarrel between his parents—had not passed over her heart.

Standing there, then, in her mood of thoughtful melancholy, her soul far away in the dismal camp by the Black Sea—in the tents of men who were friends and comrades of the husband who had renounced her—the light flitting forwards of Effie was not at first perceived.

But the young girl laid her little hand on the startled arm, and whispered breathlessly—"Oh, forgive my coming! but such joy has happened to me; I wanted so sore to tell you! I've rowed across the lake in the coble alone, just to say to you the words of the song, '*He's comin' again.*' Papa's coming! He's to be back directly, and I'm to go from the New Mill to Torrieburn! Oh! I could dance for joy! I'll not be frightened when I sleep under the same roof again with papa. It's all joy, joy, joy, now,—for ever!"

CHAPTER LXIII.

KENNETH COMES BACK.

BUT it was not joy. Kenneth returned a drunken wreck; overwhelmed with debts he had no means of discharging; baffled and laughed at by the Spanish wife he had no means of controlling or punishing; ruined in health by systematic and habitual intemperance. He seemed, even to his anxious little daughter, a strange frightful vision of his former self. His handsome face was either flushed with the purple and unwholesome flush of extreme excess, or pallid almost to death with exhaustion. He wept for slight emotion; he raved and swore on slight provocation; he fainted and sank after slight fatigue. He was a ruined man! The first, second, and third consultation on the subject of his affairs only confirmed the lawyer's and agent's opinion that he must sell Torrieburn, if he desired to live on any income, or pay a single debt.

Sell Torrieburn! It was a bitter

pill to swallow; but it must be taken. Torrieburn was advertised. Torrieburn was to be disposed of by "public roup."

The morning of that disastrous day Kenneth was saved from much pain by being partially unconscious of the business that was transacting. He had been drinking for days, and when that day—that fatal day—dawned, he was still sitting in his chair, never having been to bed all night, his hair tangled and matted, his eyes bloodshot, his face as pale as ashes.

With a gloomy effort at recollection, he looked round at Effie, who was crouched in a corner of the room watching him, like a young fawn among the bracken.

"Do you remember what day it is, child?" he said, in a harsh, hoarse voice.

"Oh, Papa!" said the little maiden, "do not think of sorrowful things. Come away; come out over the hills, and think no more of what is to happen here. Come away."

To the last, in spite of all his foul offences against that generous heart, Kenneth had somehow dreamed he would be rescued at the worst by his uncle. He was not rescued. But at the eleventh hour there came an order from Sir Douglas that Torrieburn was to be bought in—bought at the extreme price that might be bid for it, and settled on Kenneth's daughter and her heirs by entail.

"Come away!" said the plaintive young voice, and Kenneth left the house that had been his own and his father's, and went out a stripped and homeless man over the hills. His head did not get better: it got worse. He swayed to and fro as he climbed the hills; he pressed onward with the gait of a staggering, drunken, delirious wretch, as he was. He looked back from the hill, at Torrieburn smiling in the late autumnal sun, and wept as Boabdil wept, when he looked back at the fair lost city of Granada!

No taunting voice upbraided his tears; no proud virago spoke, like Boabdil's

mother, of the weakness that had wrecked him, or the folly that made all, irrevocable loss, irrevocable despair.

The gentle child of his reckless marriage followed with her light footsteps as he strode still upwards and upwards. Panting and weary, she crouched down by his side when at length he flung himself, face downwards, on the earth. The slender little fingers touched his hot forehead with their pitying touch. The small cool lips pressed his burning cheek and hot eyelids with tiny kisses of consolation.

"Oh! Papa, come home again, or come to the new mill; to Grand-mamma Maggie! You are tired; you are cold; don't stay here on the hills; come to the New Mill; come!"

But Kenneth heeded her not. With a wild delirious laugh, he spoke and muttered to himself: sang, shouted, and blasphemed; blasphemed, shouted, and sang.

The little girl looked despairingly around her, as the cold mist settled on the fading mountains, clothing all in a ghost-like veil. "Come away, Papa!" was still her vain earnest cry. "Come away, and sit by the good fire at the New Mill. Don't stay here!"

In vain! The mist grew thicker and yet more chill, but Kenneth sat rocking himself backwards and forwards, taking from time to time long draughts from his whiskey-flask, and singing defiant snatches of songs he had sung with boon-companions long ago. At length he seemed to get weary: weary, and drowsy; and Effie, fainting with fatigue, laid her poor little dishevelled head down on his breast, and sank into a comfortless slumber.

Both lay resting on the shelterless hills; that drunken wretched man, and the innocent girl-child. And the pale moon struggled through the mist, and tinged the faces of the sleepers with a yet more pallid light.

So they lay till morning; and when morning broke, the mist was thicker yet on lake and mountain. You could not have seen through its icy veil, no, not the distance of a few inches.

Effie woke, chilled to the very marrow of her bones.

Her weak voice echoed the tones of the night before, with tearful earnestness.

"Oh, Papa, come home! or come to the good fire burning at the New Mill. Oh, Papa, come home—come home!"

As she passionately reiterated the request, she once more pressed her fervent lips to the sleeping drunkard's cheek.

What vague terror was it, that thrilled her soul at that familiar contact? What was there, in the stiff, half-open mouth, the eyes that saw no light, the ear that heard no sound, that even to that innocent creature who had never seen death, spoke of its unknown mystery, and paralysed her soul with fear? A wild cry—such as might be given by a wounded animal—burst from Effie's throat; and she turned to flee from the half-understood dread, to seek assistance for her father,—her arms outspread before her,—plunging through the mist down the hill they had toiled to ascend the night before. As she staggered forward through the thick cold cloud, she was conscious of the approach of something meeting her; panting heavily, as she was herself breathing; struggling upwards, as she was struggling downwards; it might be a hind—or a wild stag—or a human being—but at all events it was LIFE, and behind was DEATH,—so Effie still plunged on! She met the ascending form; her faint eyes saw, as in a holy vision, the earnest beautiful face of Neil, strained with wonder and excitement; and with a repetition of the wild cry she had before given, she sank into his suddenly clasping arms in a deadly swoon of exhaustion and terror.

The keeper was with Neil. He found Kenneth where he lay; lifted the handsome head, and looked in the glazed eye.

"Gang hame, sir, and send assistance," was all he said. "Will I help ye to carry wee Missie?"

"No—no. No," exclaimed Neil, as he wound his strenuous young arms round the slender fairy form of his wretched little cousin. "Trust me, I'll get Effie

safe down to Torrieburn, and I'll send men up to help Cousin Kenneth to come down too. Is he very drunk?"

"Gude save us, sir; ye'll need to send twa 'stout hearts for a stour brae;' for I'm thinking Mr. Kenneth's seen the last o' the hills. Ye'll need just to send men to fetch THE BODY."

And with this dreadful sentence beat-

ing in his ears, Neil made his way as best he could, with lithe activity, down the well-known slopes of the mountain, clasping ever closer and closer to his boyish breast the light figure with long, damp dishevelled hair of his poor little cousin Effie.

To be continued.

256.

IN THE SHADOW.

HERE I am with my head dropped low on your grave; the sky
Is cloudless, pitiless blue; a desolate quiet is shed
Over the face of all, like the passionless, blankly dead
Calm of a heart that ne'er, at the sound of beloved tread,
Quickened its beats; the sun strikes blindly down, and I,
With my very soul cramped up in the spasms of its agony,

Feel the slow slight shudder of growing grass at my ear
Stir through the dead brown hair that used to be so bright
For the royal crown of Love, whose very shadow dropt light
All about me, until, made fair, and transfigured quite,
My face like an angel's was;—oh, God of mercy, I fear
That the weight of my punishment is greater than I can bear!

My blood makes shuddering leaps, as alone in my dark I think
Of my own white stag whom the pitiless archers wounded sore,
My royal eagle whose plumes were all bedabbled in gore,
My strong one whose prideful locks of glory and power they shore—
And the iron enters deep to my soul, and I shudder and shrink,
And the bitter and awe of death are in the cup that I drink.

Passionate outstretched arms of mine, ye may sink and drop
Your white weight down on his grave, for he cannot feel you strain;
Wild beat against the impassable barrier to clasp him again.
Smite down your weary light, O sun; and, O thirsty rain,
Strike as you will, but never, oh never more may ope
The gate that my own hand closed, the crystal gate of hope.

My darling, my own lost darling! I loved you, I loved you, I say.
Again, I loved you, I loved you, but oh the awful sea
Of death rolls heavily in between your soul and me,
And my fireful words are drowned in the roar of its waves, and she
Who utters them fails and sinks with her garments weighted with spray,
And scarce dare hope that the tide will ebb out at the breaking of day.

All through I loved you, dear heart! Oh, had I but told you so,
 When your forehead was flushen red with the shame of your one, one sin,
 Nor opened my soul's gates wide for the pride to enter in,
 Nor turned away my eyes, and left the devils to grin
 O'er the grand young fallen soul, that they waited to drag below,
 And I might have saved, and the curse of Cain is upon my brow.

Were you so utterly vile that I smote away your kiss
 In scorn, as a thing unclean, from these proud red lips of mine?
 Alas, but a trivial error, an overflow of life-wine!
 A slip, and I might have raised, and helped you to be divine.
 Again, O lips, how ye burn, as a scarce-healed cicatrice
 Throbs at the lightest touch of the dull-blue steel, I wis.

Alas! my beloved, my beloved! that I left you to sink in the mire
 Till the garments you wore once so fair ah! scarcely a vestige showed
 Of the saintly, stately white they were in the kingdom of God!
 Oh, I could smite you off, cruel hand of mine, that should
 Have been stretched to save, but broke the golden strings of the lyre,
 And smote into stillness the song that might have swelled louder and higher.

Were you living and erring, how I would gird up my garments, and leap
 Unblenchingly down the abyss of the open gulf that yawned
 At your feet, content to perish, so you might but safely stand,
 And pass o'er the closed space without fear to the other land,
 Where the Master and Shepherd of Israel foldeth His saved sheep,
 And no more may the lips make moan, and no more may the eyeballs weep!

E. H. HICKEY.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

BY ROBERT HAYNES CAVE, M.A.

XV. OF EDUCATION.

OF course the world at large is a school. To some men, indeed, the world is mainly a shop—a place of merchandise; to others a theatre—a place of amusement merely; to a few happy souls, a temple, in which to worship and be glad. But to all alike, whether they will or no, it is a school. And I know that in this great school the oldest boys have occasionally to suffer from rods which have been made out of their own pleasant vices. For, either voluntarily or involuntarily, men are always learning. It has been said, indeed, that a

character is formed in every man by the time he is twenty-five, which is to last him through eternity. And the maxim embodies one of those half-truths which seem so consistent, and are so dogmatic. But even a slight experience of the world disproves the axiom. Humanity is not inelastic. The body and soul of every man are in a constant state of flux and reflux, of growth and of decay; for human life is a system of repair. I have known men whose whole character has apparently changed for the worse at fifty, under the pressure, certainly, of great change in external circumstances; though such circum-

stances may, after all, have only *shown* the character, and not made it. And I have known men of violent tempers and passions to have gradually disciplined themselves into gentleness and wisdom with advancing age. Happy old age! which leaves the passions mastered, and the intellect and the affections vigorous still!

But yet we must not run into an opposite extreme, and because the fruits of early training are not always gathered, and habits supposed to have been fixed by early custom, happen to be now and then changed, therefore deny the necessity of early training in good habits. A good education is never wasted upon man or beast; and education is nothing but the calling into play powers which lie dormant in every human being, and developing them into habits by exercise. Indeed, I do not know any stronger testimony to the advantage of good early training than that afforded by the common consent of language, which declares that a man's morals are simply his *mores* or habits; that his past actions form the mainspring of the motives upon which he will be likely to act in the future. If this be so, then it will be said, virtue and goodness are undoubtedly, in all cases, and under all circumstances, teachable. You have but to train up the child in the way he should go; you have only to train your children in virtuous habits from the very first, in order to make them virtuous and good. But then, unfortunately, experience comes in and ruthlessly shatters our educational theory. Solomon, if I mistake not, was himself a very glaring exception to his own rule.

The reader may, perhaps, remember in the Platonic Dialogues a fragment on the subject of virtue, which, though it may have passed through the mint of Plato, is undoubtedly true Socratic gold. It is the report of a talk which took place in Simon the currier's shop, and which was probably written down by Simon himself, and in a very excellent Roswellian style too, as it flowed from the lips of Socrates the Thinker. The question debated was, Does virtue

come by natural disposition, or is it to be taught? "Plainly," said Socrates, "the virtue of good cooking can be taught by good cooks; and of physic by physicians, but can you teach your son to be wise and good by sending him to associate with good and wise men? There is Themistocles, for instance, a good man and a wise, who had his son Cleophantus taught all sorts of accomplishments—to ride, for instance, so that the young man could stand upon his horse's back whilst it galloped at full speed, and cast his javelin. But was this Cleophantus a good and wise man, like his father?" "I believe not," is the reply. "Well, do you think that Themistocles, who, of course, as a good man would wish to make his son good too, would have left him, after all, no better than his neighbours, if virtue and wisdom could be taught? And so of Pericles, who had his sons trained to be good musicians and wrestlers, but could not teach them to be good men,—if virtue were teachable, would he not, think you, by all means, have had them made as virtuous as himself? But then," continues Socrates, "if virtue be not teachable, does it come by natural disposition? Yet if this were so, men would surely have found out some test or touchstone by which to tell the good disposition from the bad, in order that they might restrain the one and encourage the other; just as there are judges of horseflesh, who will pick you out a horse with good points and spirit in a moment, because these points are the natural inheritance of certain breeds of horses. No:" such was the conclusion at which heathen morality arrived two thousand years ago; men are not good either by education or by natural disposition. "Neither nature nor training," said Socrates, "can make a man good and virtuous, but only a divine destiny, a sort of inspiration,—in fact, the grace of God."

Then, why educate at all? And, indeed, my friend, of so-called education—that is to say, of direct teaching,

or cramming—we have in these days a great deal too much. I am constantly meeting with gentlemen who have been educated beyond their minds, and who splash you with the surplusage, upon contact, like buckets that are too full. The modern mind is, in fact, overlaid with too many books, and has in consequence ceased to be original. It has undergone a process of emasculation by superfetation or overfulness. It requires therefore to have all its thinking done for it, by newspapers chiefly, which cram its gaping maw with small pellets of easily-digested thought, as they cram turkeys in Suffolk at Christmas time. And literature and art are both in consequence being dragged down to the dead level of mediocrity. The spoony literature and spoony art of the day, for which there seems to be an everlasting demand, what has it to tell you—you, the anthropos, the being of the upturned eye; what message to you, an eternal soul, at a midway standpoint between heaven and hell? This marshalling of puppets upon the story-writer's little stage, who are as impossible to human nature as Punch and his fellows; this daubing in of pretty colour upon Academy walls, mingling of bad form and worse sentiment; can it touch, can it teach, can it better any one single human heart?

Why, I repeat, educate at all, if this is to come of it? Because you cannot help educating. All you do, and all you refrain from doing, is an education of your children.

Your first object, if you be wise, will be to make your children happy, to take care that they shall rejoice in the days of their youth. You will have felt deeply the misery that is around you and within you: that man is of himself a miserable being, gifted with the upturning eye in order that he may look away from himself and forget his wretchedness. Around you, if you care to pierce the surface of things, you see a hell of misery yawning; sickness, and pain and hunger, equally dividing life with pleasure and health, and fulness of bread. If you could collect the groans

and shrieks from the hospitals of London only into one piercing cry of human suffering, would it not, think you, quench the music of your most brilliant operas? if you could gather into one the wail of the sinful consciences of London, as God ever hears that voiceless cry go up, would it not drown all the mirth of the land? That man who asked an alms of you yesterday is a famished drunkard, and has perished to-day for want of the penny you withheld. That wealthy man who rolls by in his carriage, muffled in furs; sickness and pain suffer him to have no joy of his life. That rich, prosperous, healthy man, who passes you in the streets every day, has a troubled conscience which is gnawing at the core of his heart. And into this whirlpool your little ones will be presently launched. They, too, will have to leave the safe haven of home for the open sea. Make it then a haven to them while it lasts. Make them happy. You can do it, for you are unto them as gods, and for a time can command the happiness or the misery of so many living souls.

You cannot help educating, I repeat, even when you but stand still and watch. Often the wisest attitude this which the parent can take, as it is certainly the pleasantest. "No man can tell," writes Jeremy Taylor, "but he who loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges. Their childishness, their stammering, their little anger, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society." The education of a child methinks should be as the education of a young tree, which you simply prune when it grows amiss, without attempting to force it into any special shape. And for my part I would let my children teach themselves what they prefer to learn, till they are at any rate twelve years old; quite time enough for the human mind to enter upon real and serious work. But in fact if you do this, if you

leave the child to teach itself, merely putting in its way books, and pictures, and pencils, helping it to read, and draw, and write, as you have helped it to walk by holding out a hand in advance of every tottering little step it takes, by the time the child is twelve years old he will scarcely need your aid, save in the way of restraint: for he will have learnt for himself the invaluable art of learning.

Of course, under this system your boys and girls will not be possessed of what in these days are called accomplishments. Accomplishments! Good heaven, what or whom do they accomplish! What purpose in heaven or earth is served by teaching girls *invité Minervâ*, French, and German, and Italian, and drawing and music, the whole cycle of modern school-girl education, which they are to forget as soon as they enter upon the real business of life, marrying and bearing children; or to use them as instruments for tormenting the eyes and ears of their neighbours with washy drawings and execrable singing. But if your boy takes to scribbling upon his slate, and perhaps upon the newly-papered walls of your dining-rooms, sketches of the dog and cat, and tea-kettle, of the pony he rides, and the servant who attends him, you will do your best to encourage that indication of a latent talent. You will bank it up, as stokers bank up a fire which is to burn long and hotly. It may result in genius, or it may have no result at all.

You will endeavour of course to imbue your children with veracity, or

the faculty of seeing things as they are (alas! how rare a faculty it is), and with judgment—the power of weighing and determining arguments and facts. But this will mainly depend upon whether you, the parent, are veracious, and your judgments true and just. For they catch of us, these unconscious little plagiarists, much more than our tricks of gesture, and modes of expression. Nor will you be sorry to see in their character a certain latent stubbornness of disposition, knowing that to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering, and that without courage, which is aggressive stubbornness, they have no security for the maintenance of any one single virtue. These virtues, I say, you will encourage and draw out, if you can only see the faintest traces of them latent in the child. You will educate them into activity. But you feel that you could no more instil them if absent, than you could imbue the potter's clay with a living human soul. For, after all, education is no mere tracing of certain characters upon a blank sheet of paper. In every child there is an inner will you cannot direct—a soul within the soul—an independent *ego* which confronts you from the eyes of even your youngest infant. Your children are not machines. This, indeed, makes the worth and the glory of all human relationships. But it makes education a hard and often a disappointing labour. The farmer may weed, and sow, and rear; but he must depend after all upon the seasons for his crop.

LONG HOLIDAYS.

UNDER the above title there appeared in our columns of last month an article by Mr. Goodall, which has given rise to considerable comment—some of it of an unfavourable character. Now, before alluding to the correspondence which has ensued on the appearance of this article, we would say, in justice both to ourselves and our valued contributor, that, neither for credit nor discredit, do we hold ourselves responsible for all the views expressed by writers in this magazine who attach their signatures to their own articles. In contradistinction to almost all our contemporaries, we have supported the system of signed articles, because we believe that all statements, if true, come with greater force and authority while endorsed with the name of a writer of whose competence to treat of the subject under discussion the public can judge for themselves; while all such statements, if erroneous, may be far more easily refuted when the objectors know, as in the present instance, who is the author of the assertions to which they object. At the time the article was inserted we considered—as we still consider—that the subject of Long Holidays was one of sufficient importance and interest to justify its discussion in the pages of a magazine which, like our own, has a large circulation amidst the classes whose children are educated at public schools. There was nothing, as we opine, in the article to call for criticism as to its general character or purport. Nor, except perhaps amongst school-boys just home for the vacations, would it appear to be an unpardonable heresy to initiate the theory that holidays *may* be of exaggerated length. With regard to the specific facts introduced in support of this theory, we feel—and still feel—that the responsibility must be left to the gentleman who volunteered to guarantee

them with the weight of his name and reputation.

The following paragraph, from the article to which we allude, was copied into *The Times* newspaper:—

“The pupils of a day-school have not the same need for long holidays as boys living away from home. If the Eton, Harrow, Shrewsbury, or Winchester boy has long holidays, he is at any rate, absent from his family and home throughout the school terms. Not so the boy at the City of London, or the Dulwich schools, who returns once or twice each day to his home, and has only five whole days of schooling in each week. Yet Dulwich boys (to quote an example) cannot make more than 175 complete days of schooling, even if they miss no single half-day when the school is opened. Their holidays, half-holidays, and Sundays amount to 190 days in the year. More work and less play is clearly needed here, but the practice of the great public schools is copied without regard to the widely-differing circumstances and prospects of the pupils. Boys whose destination is the desk, the warehouse, the shop, or one of the infinite variety of industrial pursuits, cannot afford to spend a large section of the year in mere pastime or listless idleness. The masters of these metropolitan and suburban day-schools have not the same need of long vacations that can be pleaded for their fellow-workers in boarding schools. An Eton, or Rugby, or Harrow master is more or less engaged with his pupils from early morning till late at night, and even his Sundays are not days of rest. Yet the head master of Eton holds that such duties, filling ten or twelve hours every day, involve no severe mental labour. The masters in large day-schools have only half as many hours of work each day, and no Sunday work. Yet four months out of the twelve are claimed by the masters of middle-class day-schools as indispensable to the recruiting of their exhausted energies. If this claim be just, it follows that Eton and Rugby masters, who work twice as long, should get eight instead of four months’ vacation. It is only in England that such a claim is set up. Schools of similar character in Scotland, Prussia, and other countries where education is best attended to, give less holiday by six or eight weeks in the year. One conspicuous result of the shorter holidays in Scotland is the frequent success of Scotch boys in competition against the ablest youths from the English public schools.”

This paragraph called forth replies

from the head masters of the City of London and Dulwich Schools, who considered themselves aggrieved by Mr. Goodall's strictures. Mr. Abbott wrote as follows :—

“TO THE EDITOR OF ‘THE TIMES.’

“Sir,—A paragraph from *Macmillan's Magazine*, inserted in *The Times* of yesterday, is calculated to give a very erroneous impression of the work done in the great public day-schools. As the City of London School is expressly mentioned, I must ask you to allow me to correct the statement. It is undesirable to take up your space by entering into details, but, as one who has had experience of public boarding-schools as well as public day-schools, I do not hesitate to assert that the pupils of the City of London School do probably far more work, certainly not less, than is done in most public boarding-schools.

“Work may be best tested by results; and, so far as results are represented by University distinctions, the City of London School will bear favourable comparison with others. The author of the paragraph has been led to his false conclusions by not estimating the time given to extra subjects—German, drawing, &c. and, above all, the very large amount of home work required from the pupils.

“One word as to the work of the masters. It is true that ‘an Eton, or Rugby, or Harrow master is more or less engaged with his pupils from early morn till late at night.’ But much of this time is devoted to *private* pupils, or to the duties of a house-master. It may be true that this work is necessary to supplement the inadequate class instruction, but it is voluntary, or rather it is eagerly desired, on the part of the masters, and it is highly remunerative.

“The assistant-masters of public day-schools would probably have no objection to be engaged on such remunerative terms with their pupils ‘from early morning till late at night;’ but the public day-schools recognise no such system.

“I am disposed to think that the holidays of public day-schools err on the side of defect rather than of excess, and many cases of illness and impaired health among the pupils tend to confirm me in this opinion.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“THE HEAD MASTER OF THE CITY OF
LONDON SCHOOL.

“City of London School, June 5.”

Dr. Carver also published the following reply through the same channel :—

“Sir,—In *The Times* of yesterday there is a paragraph extracted from an article in *Macmillan*, in which the writer asserts that the boys at Dulwich College enjoy no less than

190 days' holyday in the year. *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!*

“As you have not given the very remarkable methods of calculation by which this result is obtained, I beg leave to add them. First, it is alleged by the writer that seventeen weeks are set apart for vacation, leaving thus only thirty-five working weeks in the year. Secondly, every week (we are reminded) includes one Sunday and two ‘half-holidays.’ Thus we get at Dulwich and at other schools which are troubled with Sundays and half-holidays, only five days for work out of every seven. Multiply 35—the number of working weeks obtained above—by 5, and subtract the product from 365, and there remains a grand total of 190 days of ‘idleness.’

“Now the fault of the above computation is that it is not carried far enough. It is a very pretty method if properly employed. Thus, if from every 24 hours we deduct time for meals, sleep, exercise, &c., we shall have eight hours as the full average of real work, and one-third only of each working day, or a bare 58 complete days of work in the year. Deduct this amount from 365 and we reach the appalling fact that the ratio in modern schools of enforced idleness to possible work is as 207 to 58, or nearly as four to one!

“Allow me now to contrast with this singular flight of fancy the actual facts of school life at Dulwich, as known to me during an experience of more than nine years.

“First, the fixed holydays are a maximum of 13 weeks, or 91 days (Sundays included); secondly, the additional holidays (including Ash Wednesday, Queen's birthday, Founder's day, &c.) vary from 8 to 10. The total number of holidays in any one year is at most 100, including 15 Sundays.

“The above computation refers to the ‘Upper School’ in the Dulwich foundation. The holidays in the ‘Lower School,’ though differing slightly in arrangement, are about the same in number.

“It is not my purpose now to enter into any discussion of the views propounded by the writer in *Macmillan* on school work and school vacations. To any one who has had the slightest experience in public school education the fallacy of the data upon which the whole theory rests will be apparent. Two half-holidays in a week—each of them involving four hours' work in school, and from one to three hours' work out of school—can by no process of manipulation be made to represent one day per week of ‘listless idleness.’ The writer somewhat inconsistently objects to the ‘drudgery’ of evening work. I do not know whether his objection is intended to apply to the work of the masters as well as of the boys. If so, they will no doubt be thankful to him. But, so far as the boys are concerned, I need scarcely say that evening work done at home by the day-boys, or at the boarding-houses by the boarders, is simply indispensable to any efficient system of education.

In our modern or modernized schools, with their greatly extended range of subjects, and the perpetual stimulus of competitive examinations, there is (I fear) more danger of too great than of too little intellectual tension.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ALFRED J. CARVER,

"Master of Alleyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich.

"Dulwich College, June 5."

In justice to Mr. Goodall, we feel bound to insert his reply to the above criticisms:—

"Sir,—As you have inserted in *The Times* of to-day a letter dated the 5th inst. from Mr. Abbott, head master of the City of London School, and another of the same date from the master of Alleyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich, both calling in question the facts and inferences contained in the article contributed by me to the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, you will not, I feel assured, refuse me the opportunity of a response to the strictures contained in these letters. To reply even briefly to all the objections advanced in the two letters would require more space than I can fairly expect, or than you would be willing to concede.

"Mr. Abbott reasons on an assumption which is not borne out by any statement of mine, whether in the extract on which his letter is based, or on the entire article from which the extract is taken. I have nowhere alleged that less work is done by the boys, but only that the work of the masters is much lighter, in the day-schools than in boarding-schools. I need not follow Mr. Abbott in the arguments drawn from premisses for which I am nowise responsible. I admit all he advances about the hard work of the City of London School; I have not overlooked, as he assumes, the heavy home work of the boys. But I am not alone in the opinion that the same aggregate of yearly work, spread more thinly over a wider area of days, would prove less trying to the health of both boys and masters. The want of a playground at the City of London School goes far to account for cases of impaired health. Some scholars, too, in so large an attendance of town boys as Mr. Abbott's school draws, will always be found below the average in *physique*. Less work should be given to such boys; but the general average should not be lowered down to their powers. The City of London School does plenty of real work, under great disadvantages. Had its limit of holiday not been exceeded by many other day-schools, I should never have occupied public attention with comments on excessive holiday.

"Dr. Carver's objections admit of very easy refutation. He misquotes me more than once. I have nowhere said that the Dulwich 'holiday' alone amounts to 190 days in the year;

nor yet that Dulwich days of 'idleness' reach that formidable total. My statement is that Dulwich 'holidays, half-holidays, and Sundays amount to 190 days in the year;' and, elsewhere, that 'a long term of enforced idleness is a serious injury' to the boys not blessed with resources for turning long holidays to good account.

"The computation of 175 days for work, to which I adhere without conceding the smallest point, is objected to by Dr. Carver because not carried far enough. With his customary good-humoured banter, he holds my process to be defective, because I do not deduct from working days those parts of such days as are devoted to 'meals, sleep, and exercise.' He makes for me this further deduction, and gets a residuum of eight working hours on each of the 175 days, or 58 full days of 24 hours each in the year. This 58 he subtracts from 365, and finds only 207 as the remainder. Jupiter sometimes nods; even *The Times* printing may include an occasional blunder. This error, however, in simple subtraction lies not with your compositor, but with the Master of Dulwich College. This he proves beyond possibility of friendly doubt by his statement 'that the ratio in modern schools of enforced idleness to possible work is as 207 to 58,' or nearly as four to one.' As I cannot admit the day of work, both at school and at home, amounts at Dulwich to eight hours, I should have to deduct not less than eight from the 58 as part of my revision of the Doctor's arithmetical diversion; and in my subtraction from 365, I gain another 100 days, making 315 instead of 207 as the first term of the true ratio, after the Doctor's fashion. Now, 315 is to 50 as 7 3-10ths to 1, a material correction on the ratio of four to one.

"And now for the more serious 'actual facts of school life at Dulwich.' Dr. Carver states that the fixed holidays are a maximum of 13 weeks, and that 'the additional holidays, including Ash Wednesday, Queen's birthday, Founder's day, &c. vary from eight to ten.' The doctor is here again in error in addition, almost as seriously as in his infelicitous attempt at subtraction. Fixity is not an attribute of Dulwich holidays. The so-called 'fixed' holidays are rarely, if ever, the actual measure adopted. The $6\frac{1}{2}$ weeks for summer and the $4\frac{1}{2}$ weeks for Christmas holiday are in practice seven and five respectively. The 12 days for Easter have been expanded this year and last into two weeks for the Lower School. The Queen's birthday, I must remind Dr. Carver, is never kept as a holiday at Dulwich. Last Ash Wednesday had Shrove Tuesday and another day tacked to it to make a three-days' holiday. Speech-day holidays in 1866 extended from the end of May to the 11th of June. The Lower School gets a monthly holiday besides its share in the open-handed largess of holidays on all sorts of small occasions. Whitsuntide brings a short holiday—this year of one day only—for the Lower

School. Successes of present or former pupils in Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, and other competitions, carry the privilege of extra holiday for all the Dulwich boys. Christenings in families not Royal, and not even loyal enough to keep the Queen's birthday, have been honoured with holiday. Among local *fæctive* current among young Dulwichians, illustrating the prevalent belief in unlimited holiday, one now and then hears a small boy announce to a compeer, 'Another holiday to-morrow;' and in reply to the query, 'What for?' the smart, though somewhat stale, response is, 'Because the master's cat has got kittens.' I appeal from rules which are never observed in this question of holiday to the registers of attendance. Dr. Carver ignores my allegation that endowed schools give much more holiday than unendowed, or than schools depending mainly on fees. Why does Dulwich want two more weeks in summer, two more at Christmas, and twofold or threefold more other holiday between those times, than the City of London School? I challenge the Dulwich masters to name any day-school out of England, or even five other day-schools in England, where the aggregate of holiday equals that of Alleyn's foundation.

"I appeal again to the school books for the four years ending the 1st of June, 1867. They will prove from the actual practice of those years that 'fixed holidays' exceed a maximum of 13 weeks, and that other odd days, including speech-day holidays, amount to quite double the '8 or 10.' They will prove, too, if well kept, that 'the total number of holidays in any one year,' instead of being 'at most 100,' are fully 118 or 120. The 'drudgery of evening work' is nowhere laid by me on Dulwich, where work is certainly not unduly in the ascendant. The Dulwich masters especially are not so weighted with work as to need any relief. If the two half-day's work on Saturday and Wednesday are rather long, the average Dulwich day is so brief, as to warrant the computation of two separate attendances as one whole day for any portion of the year. My own close observation of the Dulwich schools, now extending over nearly four years, does not impress me with the idea that home-work amounts to even one-half of Dr. Carver's estimate. The 'greatly extended range of subjects' exists in the Dulwich scheme, certainly, but with very important omissions in actual practice up to this date.

"Regretting the length to which my rejoinder has necessarily extended, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE.

"Dulwich, June 11th."

To this letter Mr. Abbott sent the following rejoinder:—

"Sir,—I feel sure you will not refuse to insert one final remark in defence of the school

to which so unnecessary an allusion has been made by Mr. Goodall. I need not again trespass upon your courtesy.

"Mr. Goodall, in his reply to me, says, 'I have nowhere alleged that less work is done by the boys, but only that the work of the masters is lighter in the day-schools than in the boarding-schools.' I need only contrast this with the original article. 'The pupils of a day-school have not the same need for long holidays as boys living away from home.' Then follows a mention of the City of London and Dulwich schools without any distinction between the two; and then we are told that boys 'cannot afford to spend a large section of the year in mere pastime or listless idleness.'

"This is dilemma the first. Now for dilemma the second. 'The masters,' we are told, 'in these metropolitan and suburban day-schools,' and therefore in the City of London School, 'only do half the work done by the masters in boarding-schools.'

"It would be easy to repeat my refutation of this error, but I prefer to take Mr. Goodall at his word. He admits that 'the City of London School does plenty of real work.' Take this admission to refer only to the boys and not to the masters, still what is the result? Why, that the masters of the City of London School have the secret of making boys do 'plenty of real work' (and even Mr. Goodall would not ask more) in half the time in which the masters of Eton, Harrow, and Rugby make their boys do their quota of work. Whether that quota be 'plenty of real work,' I leave to Mr. Goodall to decide.

"What do the Eton and Harrow masters say to that? Probably the Eton and Harrow masters will say that they agree with me that Mr. Goodall knows very little about 'real work,' and Eton and Harrow boys will probably add the inference that he knows very little about play.

"I shall not require to intrude again upon your valuable space.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"EDWIN A. ABBOTT,

"Head Master of the City of London School.

"City of London School,
"June 14th."

Now, with all respect for the different parties to this controversy, we think they have lost sight of the real questions at issue in this discussion. Mr. Abbott's reputation is worthy—and in saying so we are giving no small praise—of the school which he directs, while Dr. Carver is far too well-known an authority in scholastic matters to need any vindication of his claims to respect. What is the exact amount of the holidays given

on an average at the schools of Dulwich and the City of London, and what proportion the duration of their holidays bears to that of rival establishments, are questions we may leave to be decided between the persons immediately interested in the discussion. But we must add that, if Mr. Abbott and Dr. Carver should succeed in disproving every single statement which appeared in our article of last month, they would still leave untouched the gist of our contributor's criticisms. His case is, that holidays in public schools are unnecessarily and undesirably prolonged ; and to this plea it is no answer to prove that Dulwich is no worse, if not better, than other foundation schools, in the number of weeks, or days, or hours it devotes to labour.

We are anxious our position in this matter should not be misunderstood. It is almost unnecessary to say, that we have no wish to see schoolboys' lives made less happy, or to lessen their modicum of enjoyment. Indeed, the condition of mind under which a writer who remembers his own school days could entertain a personal wish to increase the amount of labour younger generations of boys have to undergo is one hardly capable of comprehension. All that we contend is, that holidays of more frequent occurrence and less protracted length would be better for both schoolboys and parents,—for everybody we may say, except, perhaps, the schoolmasters themselves. We have too high an opinion of our teachers, as a body, to believe that they are mainly, or even principally, influenced by personal considerations in their partiality for making holidays as long as possible. Still, our pedagogues are human, and, so long as every day's extra holiday gives them additional profit either in leisure earned or money saved, they are not fitted to be quite impartial judges as to the length of time to which holidays had best extend. We can quite understand and sympathize with their love for a long spell of holiday, during which they can shake off all connexion with school, and live without thought of lessons. On

the other hand, we must fairly remember that in no other profession is it possible for a busy man to take holidays of anything like the duration given to schoolmasters ; and we would add that, in arranging our system of education, the interests of the scholars, not those of the teachers, must be the chief objects at which we aim.

With regard to parents, we have no doubt but we shall have their sympathies with us. Happy people, who have leisure and wealth enough to take their boys out for a long outing in holiday time, would possibly resent any curtailment of their children's absence from school. But the number of such fortunate persons must necessarily be very limited. It is not the slightest impeachment on the natural affection of parents, to say that they are often put to their wits' ends what to do with the boys when they are at home for weeks together. "I have two really happy days in the year," a lady said once to the writer—"that on which my boys come home for the holidays, and that on which I say good-bye to them on their return to school." We suspect this sentiment would be echoed by numbers of affectionate mothers. Whether the system of training boys away from home is a desirable one in itself or not is a question we need not discuss. But, assuming the excellence of the system, as English people do almost universally, it is impossible to reconcile with it the immense length of our school vacations. To parents with moderate means, the indirect cost of their long holidays is a very serious item in the cost of education. The household arrangements and the expenditure of the year are based on the hypothesis that there are so many mouths to feed, so many persons to be waited on, so many beds to be provided. All these arrangements are disturbed by the fact that during a considerable portion of the year the house has to receive some two, three, four or more than its normal inmates. For a few weeks the household would gladly put up with a good deal of inconvenience

in return for having the boys at home ; but when it comes to months the case is different : fresh rooms and servants have to be provided ; and parents are constantly obliged to pay for the board and schooling of their boys, and yet keep up establishments grounded on the basis that their children lived regularly at home.

Then, too, besides the extra cost of living, there is the far more serious question as to what is to be done with the boys during the holidays. All work and no play—we have been told that till we are tired of hearing the proverb—makes Jack a dull boy ; but this sentiment of practical philosophy, like most similar adages, must be taken with great limitations. If boys could spend the long holidays in real wholesome play, in healthy rest from work, parents would gladly enough compound for the noise and bustle and fatigue which are, and we hope always will be, the concomitants of boys' holidays at home. We need hardly say that this is not, and cannot be, habitually the case. Even boyish spirits will not keep up to holiday pitch for weeks together. Parents who live in the country may console themselves with the reflection that their sons are strengthening their bodies during the holidays by out-of-door sports and games, even if they are letting their minds lie fallow ; though in most schools now-a-days muscular education is so much attended to during school-time that there is no great need for looking to it during the holidays. But people who live in towns have no consolation of this kind. Grown-up boys cannot and will not stop indoors, or in narrow town gardens ; and, in consequence, they spend no small portion of their holiday time about the streets, where if they acquire knowledge it is not of the kind their parents would desire. Thus, as a matter of fact, in a great many households some temporary arrangement has necessarily to be made to provide the boys with some sort of tuition when they are home from school, the object of such arrangements not being to impart learning so much as

simply and solely to keep the boys out of mischief.

We believe even boys themselves, if they spoke the truth, would confess they often found the holidays very long. There is nothing so tiring as doing nothing ; and nine lads out of ten often spend some three months in the year, at least, in doing absolutely nothing. Even if they had a wish to learn anything, the innate feeling that they were giving up their right to idleness would preclude their doing so. The consequence is that they loiter and dawdle about, and injure, if they do not lose, the habits of steady hard work and application which it is the main object of all education to impart.

We repeat again, we do not desire to see holidays curtailed in their total, so much as in their individual length. We recognise fully the importance of bringing boys under home influences to counteract the hardening tendencies of school life. But we think these influences could be brought to bear much more effectually if our youths were at home more frequently during the year, and not for such long periods. Our system of holidays, like many other institutions in the country, is based upon a state of things that no longer exists. When travelling was difficult and costly, if not dangerous, it was desirable schoolboys should have as few journeys to make as possible. Now, in these days of railroads, there is little difficulty or expense in getting boys to and from school. With our day-schools the only argument that can be alleged for the long vacation is that the custom prevails at Oxford and Cambridge, where the pupils are men and not boys.

We know that many University reformers are beginning to question the expediency of the Long Vacation being protracted to its present length. At college as at school, there are always a certain number of pupils who will work of their own accord without compulsion, and without the assistance of tuition. And such pupils undoubtedly study to as great advantage during the vacations as during the educational terms. But

the vast majority of University men will not work when left to themselves, and, unless they are members of a reading party where study is really enforced, they acquire nothing of book learning from June to October. At the age of our University students there is much to be said in favour of these lengthened spells of idleness, during which they may acquire knowledge of the world, if not of books ; but, in the case of boys too young to be let loose upon the world, the period when the "years of wandering" may be attended with advantage has certainly not commenced.

We quite admit that the question of holidays is not one to be decided offhand. But when we find an universal complaint as to the inadequacy of the education our boys receive during their school-days, and when we find also that their holidays far exceed in length those of schoolboys in other countries, we feel bound to ask whether we may not have too much play as well as too much work. We offer these suggestions in no unfriendly spirit to schoolmasters, still less to schoolboys ; but because we regard the subject as one which calls for consideration.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1867.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THROUGH THE MIST.

STRENUOUS and eager as Neil was, his boyish strength had its limit, and the agitation of his mind probably hastened the moment when he felt compelled to pause, and deposit his burden on the heather. Effie was no longer a dead weight. She had moved and moaned, clung for an instant more tightly than seemed possible with such fragile arms to her cousin, and then made a sudden struggle to be released, murmuring in a bewildered way, "Oh, what is this? I can walk, I can walk!"

She staggered a step or two, and leaned heavily back on his protecting arm.

"Rest, dear Effie, rest," whispered Neil, and he folded and flung his plaid down on the hill, dank with mist and the dews of morning, and softly lowered her to that resting-place. But, as consciousness returned, grief and horror woke anew in Effie's breast. Her poor little pale face grew wild and strange. She stared at Neil with eyes that seemed to him to dilate as they gazed. Then she burst into tears; such tears as Neil had never seen shed in his life, for he had neither known and suffered grief

himself, nor witnessed it in others. The calm sadness of his mother was a familiar pain to his loving nature; but this,—this dreadful weeping,—this young thing dissolved in showers of tears, and shaken by sobs, and wringing those slender hands, and wildly looking through the mist to the unseen sky, calling on God for help—was strange and dreadful to him; and what was he to do with her? What could he do?

She wept, she rocked herself backward and forward, like a reed when the storm sweeps over the loch. "Oh, papa! oh, papa! oh, my own father! Oh, to think I shall never, never hear his voice any more! And he said such dreadful things—things to make God so angry! Oh, such things he said, and such dreadful songs he sang—on the hill—in the night—oh, my poor father! my miserable father! oh, dreadful, dreadful things! Oh, God forgive those songs, and all the words he said! He was ill—he did not know. Oh, Neil, cousin Neil, do you think God will forgive?—the terrible God! oh, my father! I hear him—I hear him singing still! But no, never again! never again! I shall never hear him again! Those dreadful words are the last, the last, the last!"

And the weeping grew more convul-

sive ; and the young heart that beat in Neil's breast seemed as if it would burst for very pity. "My mother shall take you," he faltered out, as the only comfort he could think of. Then, as he looked despairingly round at the wild plants on the wild hill where those two young creatures sat in that chill mist of morning, he suddenly pressed her little shuddering fingers in his warm eager grasp.

"Effie," he said, "oh, Effie, try and listen. I cannot tell why it should come to me now—I have not thought of it for years—the memory of a little tradition my mother told me, long, long ago, when I was a child. It was a rider, a bad wild man, a robber, I think, who was careering over ground like this, rough, full of granite stones and slippery places, and his horse threw him, pitched him right overhead, and all that those who ran to help him heard was a frantic curse and a groan, and then silence, for he was dead. But when they came near the place, there was a strange plant grown there, a tall thistle with variegated leaves streaked with white, and upon the leaf, in irregular characters, these lines were traced :—

" 'Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy was sought—and mercy found !'

My dear Effie, the story is a little wild fable, but God's endless mercy is no fable. Moments to Him may be years of ours, as years of ours are but seconds to Him. He knows the thoughts that would have changed all the heart. He knows if the dying would have lived a better life, and lived to serve Him. He knows,—oh, Effie, are you weeping still so bitterly ; will nothing comfort you ?"

"Oh, my father, my father ! The dreadful, dreadful words !" sobbed Effie. "The dreadful, dreadful night ! Oh, my heart is broken ; my heart is all dark, for ever and ever and ever !"

As she spoke, as she sobbed, as she rocked to and fro, suddenly the mist lifted ; the unequalled loveliness of that sight, only visible in the Highlands and among similar mountain scenery, burst

on the gaze of the anxious lad, and the desolate girl by his side. The golden glory of sunrise broke over and under the floating clouds ; the leaden lake turned blue, and rippled with silver lines ; the far-off falls of Torrieburn, the white speck of its dwelling-house, the lovely towers of Glenrossie, and even the grim grey visionary rocks of Clochnaben, all caught a share of the tinging rays ; and Neil's beautiful face—as he turned in wonder and admiration to this opening of the golden gates of morning—brightened with a rosy flush half of emotion and half of the reflected light, and never looked more beautiful. Even Effie ceased to weep. A strange awe conquered sorrow for the moment. The large wild eyes, with their arrested tears sparkling on her pallid cheek, looked also at that wondrous glory of Nature ; at the rolling veil of mist and the breaks of light under, the warmth and life that were stealing into the cold night-saddened scenery, and changing all as in a vision.

"Oh !" she said, "it is as if we saw it all from another world ! Light has come."

"Yes, Effie," said her cousin, as he slowly turned from the radiance and fixed his earnest gaze on her face, "light *has* come ; and so also mercy will come ; 'Post tenebras, lux ;' after the darkness, light. Doubt all the worth and goodness of man : doubt all things on earth ; but never doubt the mercy of God in heaven, for that is SURE."

And as he spoke, they both rose, and struggled down the precipitous sides of the hill hand in hand, or Effie's steps supported in difficult places by Neil's arm ; till, weary, bewildered, exhausted, but with a sense of protection and consolation hovering round her, she reached at length the house of Torrieburn.

The two cousins waited there together—oh, awful waiting !—for the return of that senseless weight which had gone forth a living man—for the return of those sent to seek the poor sinner who had passed away in the blank night singing blasphemous drunken songs on the hill-side—for Kenneth, no longer master of Torrieburn ; no longer grieved,

or glad, or offending, or suffering, or existent among men—for the solemn coming of the strong-limbed Highlanders, who had gone to aid the keeper in the carrying home of "THE BODY."

CHAPTER LXV.

THE BOUNDLESS MERCY OF GOD.

BUT when those strong men came,—with heavy, even, dreadful tread,—the burden that they bore was not a corpse! The doctor met them on the threshold, and Neil met them there, while Effie sat cowering in an inner chamber, feeling as if she had but one sense left—the sense of hearing, and that the beating in her ears disturbed even that.

The doctor met those men, and helped to lay their burden on a bed; and watched, and studied, and examined, and spoke in an under-voice to the old keeper, and kept silence for a little while, and watched again with downcast eyes; and held Kenneth's clay-cold hand, and laid his own on Kenneth's heart. And then he spoke to Neil.

And Neil gave a short wild cry, in his excitement, in his gladness, and rushed to that miserable room where slender Effie sat despairing and listening.

And innocently, in his boyish exultation of better news, he took that little dishevelled head and drew it to his bosom, and kissed it as he pressed her fondly to his breast—kissed it on the shining hair, and on the white smooth forehead, buried as the pale face was on his beating heart.

For Kenneth was not dead! He might live, or he might die; there was congestion of the brain, and danger, and horror, and all evil chances possible. But he was not dead!

"Effie, your father is not dead!" So spoke young Neil; and Effie, after the first throb of bewildered surprise, heard him and blessed him, and flew to that father's side whom she had so dreaded to see again; and smiled wild smiles at those Highland bearers; and flung herself into the old keeper's arms, and

kissed his face and horny hairy hands, and called down God's blessing "on him and his;" and wept and smiled again, and kissed him again, till the old keeper wept too, and called her a "daft lassie," and lifted his bonnet from his honest pious brow, thanking Almighty God for His "special mercy that day."

That day; ay, and that night.

For in the dead of night—the third night—Kenneth awoke; awoke from his senseless slumber, and his heavy half life. He looked around him at visible objects: a dim light lit the room.

The hired village nurse who was there to wait upon him, had sunk into a midnight sleep. Her wrinkled face—seamed with lines of care from obscure sorrows unknown to those who employed her—was sealed in that deep, fatigued slumber which nothing short of the cry of "Fire," or some equivalent event, could be expected to disturb. She was not watching: she was dreaming of watches more dear, more intimate, more sorrowful. She was dreaming of her own dear ones, her own lost ones, before she came to watch strangers for hire, withered and weary, and buried in sleep.

And another sleeper was there—Maggie! Maggie, who had been sent to in all haste, and had returned in wild hurry with the messenger. For she had kept her word well, had Maggie. Kenneth, imperious, insolent, oppressive to her old doited father, had been an exile from her heart. She had not seen his once-loved face for many a day; she had stayed, as she said she would stay, with her parents. But Kenneth ill and dying in the cold mist on the hill-side, Kenneth suffering, and ruined, and alone, was once more suddenly her idol and treasure, "her ain bairn and bonny king o' men." She was ignorant, erring, homely: but love is grand, and holy, and divine; and mother's love, as it is the first, so also in its intensity is it the strongest upon earth. Lovely as is the scriptural promise of complete union between truly-knitted husband and wife—"they twain shall be one flesh"—a higher comparison yet waits on mother's love.

No fleshly union is spoken of there, but it is made akin to, and one with, the eternal Spirit of God: "As a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Inspiration itself gave no more perfect image of love divine. Maggie, then, was there to nurse and comfort Kenneth; cradle-love was with the man forsaken by his untrue Spanish wife, and by the careless friends of dissolute hours; cradle-kisses were once more showered on his brow, and cheek, and pale, swollen lips. And even now, though animal nature preponderated in poor Maggie, and the anxiety of her soul failed to keep her body waking, there was something intensely fond and maternal in the attitude of her leaning head, with its rich masses of golden hair, scarcely yet dimmed with streaks of grey, and the large white arms and clasping hands stretched, even in slumber, across the pillows that supported the unconscious form of her Absalom.

She slept, and the nurse slept — heavily, profoundly.

But there was one sleepless watcher in that room. Effie had been put to bed; Maggie herself had assisted in that ceremony; had first boxed her weary ears for weeping and wishing to stay up, and had then sat down on the narrow bed and wept with her, loudly and grievously; till Effie had almost felt the new mystery of jealousy creep into her soul, as she had felt the new mystery of Death, at the evidence of a love for her father whose passion was so like her own.

And in the silent watches of the night, when the dim light was burning and gleaming down on those other sleepers, and no sound but their heavy breathing made life in the room, Effie glided from her inner chamber, and stood, pale and sad and slender, in her white night-dress, by Kenneth's bedside.

Then it was that, as he opened his eyes, conscious of outward sight and sounds, he saw her like a white angel ascend and lightly kneel upon his bed; facing him, but with eyes upturned to Heaven, while the fervent sorrowful tender voice sounded in his ears, speak-

ing brief sentences broken by repressed sobs. "Oh God, dear God! let me be lonesome always,—or let me die in pain, great, wretched pain,—but let papa live, and be a good man,—let papa live, and let me die instead. Amen."

Such were the words that greeted Kenneth, or seemed to greet him, in the dreamy night. Sweet mournful voice—sweet little mournful face! Is it a vision or reality that haunts him now?

It is reality, Kenneth—it is your own poor child—your young helpless daughter, praying thus to God.

All of a sudden, as comes a flash of irradiating light, there came to Kenneth's soul a consciousness unknown before. This was, indeed, his child—his own flesh and blood and spirit; part of himself; the better, the more innocent, part of himself. And she was praying; praying—not for herself, not for blessings to her own life, but for HIM. Willing to die, to suffer, to be in "wretched pain!" for *his* sake; to save *him*; to rescue *him* from some unknown evil; from the wrath of God!

With a feeble hollow voice, in the depth and darkness of night, Kenneth called to his child. "Effie, my little Effie, is it you?"

"Oh, Papa! oh, my blessed and beloved papa, yes; oh, father, yes, it is I! I am here."

Then Kenneth said, with a groan, "Pray for me, Effie—I dare not pray for myself."

"Pray for me." Who shall doubt that God permits children to be our angels on earth? "I say to you, that *their* angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven." ALWAYS. Not in vague glimpses, as to our baser and more clay-loaded natures, but always. Oh, blessed privilege, of dwelling in the light that never is withdrawn!

So in the murky night, while the nurse and poor Maggie slept, God's angels woke; and the slender child, dawning towards womanhood, woke also, and prayed for her wretched father.

And it seemed to Kenneth as if scales fell from his eyes while she prayed. His

selfishness, his insolent insubordination, his sinful passion for Gertrude, his want of tenderness and pity to his poor mother the ignorant loving Maggie, with all her faults and all her virtues ; his ceaseless ingratitude to his uncle ; all smote and stabbed him to the heart sharply as a two-edged sword. God's mercy was dealing with him ; God visited him, and spoke to him with that mysterious voice heard by the first sinners in Paradise "walking in the garden in the cool of the day." And in that midnight hour, on the wings of that child's prayer, the repentance of Kenneth went up to Heaven. "Have mercy, Lord, and create a new spirit within me," was all poor Kenneth said, for he was unused to prayer.

But God asks not for human eloquence. The publican who smote on his breast with the brief petition, "God be merciful to me a sinner," went down to his house justified rather than the other. "God forgive me," was Kenneth's murmured prayer. "God have mercy on my dear, dear father," was Effie's simple reiteration of yearning petition. Did the angels hear and bear it to the foot of the Almighty throne ?—Assuredly they did. And in the morning Kenneth lay sad, and weak, but sensible, with his little Effie by him ; and he scrupled not to own to that devoted child that he felt as if he had been blind all his life ; and that suddenly God had healed him, and caused him to see the selfish, sinful, strange rebellious course which he had taken continually in the bygone years. So Kenneth repented ! In feebleness, bitterness, sickness, and humbleness, never to be the same man again ; but with a deep and true repentance, abjectly sincere. There are resurrections on earth other than the one which leads from death to immortality. There are illustrations of God's beautiful emblem of divine change in the bursting of the dull chrysalid case to let the winged Psyche forth, other than the one illustration of confined clay, from which the imprisoned soul escapes and ascends to glory.

The *lesser* resurrections, of our world,

are daily round us. Memories of good ; and words of forgotten prayers ; and voices of friends neglected ; and lessons of life from which we turned impatiently, as children from dry tasks—these all may rise again ; in no spectral light, but clad in gleams of glory ; rise, like the fountain in the desert that quenched the thirst of perishing Ishmael when all around seemed but barren sand ; rise, as the good thought rose in the dissolute prodigal's heart while he fed the foul swine despairing ; and turn our steps back, like his, into the long-forsaken track of peace, which shall lead at last to our Father's mercy and a heavenly home.

"God has given me the treasure I least deserved," Kenneth said, as he lay with one weak hand locked in his mother's, and the other caressingly folding his child's head to his cheek ; "I have this good dear child ; and I was such a bad son to you, mother !"

And poor Maggie's wide blue eyes opening in mingled amazement, pity, and passionate affection, she answered in a sort of confused rapture, "O ! Kenneth, my lad, I loo ye mair than if ye'd been the best son to me that iver lived ; but I'll loo ye mair and mair noo that ye're sae sick and sorry."

And sick and sorry Kenneth continued for a long time. It was not to be expected that such a shock, to an already broken constitution, should pass and leave no traces. He spoke with difficulty ; walked with difficulty ; a general and unnatural feebleness such as is often the forerunner of paralysis, deadened his faculties. He leaned heavily on Effie (who loved to be so leaned upon), and told her, with a smile, she was his "live walking-stick." He sat mute and unoccupied ; looking out into space, into vacancy ; he was no longer the Kenneth they had known, but another Kenneth altogether.

Dear, inexpressibly dear to them ! They judged him not ; they blamed him not ; they desired only to serve and tend him. And Effie's wistful eyes followed and rested on him as a

dog watches for his master ; and in all the little household cares and medical appliances that fell to her lot to perform she "did her spiriting gently," as Ariel in the island of storms before the wand of Prospero was broken.

CHAPTER LXVI.

GERTRUDE HAS A NEW TROUBLE.

WHEN Neil narrated to his mother the events of that agitated morning, he was amazed that she did not express her intention of instantly going to Torrieburn to tend and comfort Effie,—amazed and disappointed.

"Whatever Kenneth has done to anger my father, poor dear Effie cannot have offended him ! Indeed, the Torrieburn agent told me of his generous intentions, that in buying Torrieburn it should be settled on Effie : why then can you not go to her ? Oh ! mother, she is so forlorn and miserable !"

Gertrude wept.

"My boy," she said, "you cannot think I do not pity Effie. You shall write to your father what has happened. When he knows—when he hears——"

She paused, choked with painful emotion.

"When he knows and hears, mother," said Neil, hotly, "he will wonder that all from this house have not gone to Effie in her distress.

"Forgive me, forgive me, my own dearest mother !" he suddenly added, as his mother leaned back with closed eyes, through the lids of which the tears she tried to check were stealing.

But he was restless and unsatisfied. He withdrew to a distant window, in the sunny morning room, and took up a book and tried to read. Then suddenly he tossed the book from him, and looked wistfully from the window in the direction of Torrieburn.

"When I am a man," he said, in a proud, resolved tone, so like the voice of Old Sir Douglas that it thrilled through his mother's brain, "when I am a man I will *marry* my Cousin

Effie, and take her away from all that misery ; I have determined on that."

"God forbid !" exclaimed Gertrude ; and her startled gaze was fixed on her son, as if measuring the interval between herself and that new misery.

"When I am a man." The tall, lithe, handsome lad who had carried his cousin across the moors, and now stood in such an attitude of proud independence, stating his premature determination as to the most serious matter that can affect human existence !

"When I am a man !" The waters of Marah flowed over the soul of his mother. A new strange visionary perception seemed given to her,—a future in which some other love should be beyond and above *her* love in her son's heart, and be thwarted on her account, for some fault which she was supposed to have committed. Her Neil's heart perhaps following his strong boyish fancy and breaking with grief ! For how could Sir Douglas ever agree to a marriage between his son and Kenneth's daughter ? And therefore Gertrude exclaimed, "God forbid !" with more passion than she generally spoke.

And it really seemed as if the new misery was dawning from that moment, for Neil's lovely indignant eyes flashed through something very like tears, and his lips trembled as he hastily answered, "Mother, I did not think you could be so cruel ! Whatever Uncle Kenneth has done (and of course I see that you also have quarrelled with him, as well as my father), that dear girl can have sinned against no one. She has no mother to comfort her ; no lady friend ; nothing but Mrs. Ross Heaton. Oh ! poor Effie,—poor cousin ; if you could have seen her coming down the hill—if you could have seen her pale, pale face and ruffled damp hair, and damp clothes, in which she had lain on the hill all night ! Oh ! I must go and see how she is this evening," continued he, excitedly ; "I must go. I did so hope you would have come. I thought we should have gone together. I *must* see Effie ! I must ! I will not be longer away than I can help."

And the passionate scion of a passionate race opened the door of the morning room hurriedly as he spoke; held the lock in his hand a moment, looking wistfully back, as though he half expected his mother to change her mind; and then, closing it hastily, ran down stairs, and out over the hill. Over the boundary line of Glenrossie, where the white heather grew which Effie had sought the day his detested Aunt Ailie had struck at her with the little sharp riding whip; he saw it now, flickering a moment in the air, like a snake's tongue, and then coming down so viciously on the thin white shoulder and slender arm! Over that boundary, into the lands of Torrieburn, and on to the Falls, and past the Falls, to the house; and into the sick chamber where Effie watched. Pale weary Cousin Effie; with her small white hands tightly clasped together in her lap, in a sort of agony of uncertainty and anxiety.

He looked at Kenneth and sat down by her, by the bedside. She answered in the lowest whisper his whispered greeting, and then those two sat silent, hand in hand, for a while, both looking only at the face of the sick man.

Then, when the time for parting came, Neil motioned her to follow him to the outer door, and spoke in his own earnest voice, unrestrained by the necessary quiet of that painful sick room.

"Effie, dear, you look paler than ever; take care of yourself; eat and drink, and strive to be strong. You know you cannot nurse your father, or help in any way, if you fall ill yourself. And you will be ill—I am sure you will—if you don't take care."

And the young radiant eyes anxiously perused the face of the tender girl, and the young heart sighed, still thinking his mother should be there.

"I will come every day, Effie," he resumed; "every morning and every evening. Expect me; I will never fail. I shall have no thought but you, till I see you better."

"Oh! do come," said the young girl, faintly. "It helps me so. The morning I do well enough, but the evenings are so eerie; and I dare not make it light enough to read, for the doctor says all should be so dark and still."

"I'll come, Effie."

And with the firm quick words, he stepped lightly from the threshold, and trod with a firm quick step the distance that lay between her home and his. *Her* home for ever! He was glad of that. He loved his father for having thought of that. It was noble, generous, like his father. He comprehended, he knew, how hopeless the helping of Kenneth had been; it was the common gossip of the old keeper and others in the place. Neil could not choose but know it: and bad Kenneth had justly forfeited all right to his estate. But it was a beautiful thought of his father, to forgo the possession of Torrieburn, to buy it, and settle it on the ruined man's only child. Ah, what could be the quarrel between Glenrossie and Torrieburn, bitter enough to divide them so? What could make his mother keep aloof from innocent Effie? What?

That mother sat buried in mournful thought, till his return. The evening meal passed away untasted: the book which had been occupying her was unread: and, when Neil's fond good-night kiss was accompanied by a murmured prayer for pardon "if he had spoken hastily before he went out," she shook her head, and returned the kiss with passionate tenderness; but there was no explanation between them.

And, as every morning Neil went out with more restless impatience, a little earlier than the day before, to Torrieburn, and every evening returned a little later, feeding his lingering eyes on Effie's farewell smile, as she stood like a small white statue under the dark fir-trees—Gertrude's sadness deepened more and more; and she wrote a cheerless, anxious letter to Lorimer Boyd, telling him how it was with them all, and her grievous perplexity of heart.

CHAPTER LXVII.

LORIMER WRITES ABOUT KENNETH.

LORIMER BOYD's answer—to adopt the foreign phraseology of the Earl his brother—"ne se fit pas attendre." He wrote by return of post. "Take the boy instantly away from Scotland," he said. "Even if it was understood between you and Douglas (which I cannot see) that he was always to spend his holiday at Glenrossie, and that your enjoyment of his society was limited to meeting him there, the peculiar circumstances would justify you in making some different arrangement. Take him away instantly. He is not so young but this fancy may give you more trouble than you can forsee. Part him and that poor child, in mercy to both; and in pity to yourself. I can see that you are ill, in every line of your letter. Leave Scotland; go somewhere to the sea-side, and let dear Neil sail and boat about during the remainder of his holidays. I have written to Lady Charlotte. I hope she will forgive my frightening her a little about you.

"Neil's account of Kenneth may be quite correct, but I very much mistrust it. I don't wish to speak ill of my countrymen, but I never yet saw a remorseful Scotchman, or a penitent Scotchwoman. The Caledonian mind takes quite a different view of the condition of souls (or at least of their own souls) from that generally taken by Christian folk. Something of the energetic obstinacy with which they pursue worthy and estimable aims overflows and tinges their notions of conduct less praiseworthy. We are told that we should be prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in us. A Scotchman or Scotchwoman is always prepared to give a reason for the *sin* that is in him or her. Justification by faith with them means faith in their own justification. And this not only individually, but for all of their own kith and kin. It is quite astonishing to see a whole family of the severest prudes placidly contented with their family sinner, and convinced

that *her* sin was, and is, most rationally excusable, even while hunting full cry after some alien outsider who does not belong to them. I am sure, if *we* had such a thing as a family sinner amongst us, at least of the female sex—I am myself the nearest example of it, I suppose, among the males—that even my mother, whose severity is known to you, would hold all her 'dictums' in suspense for the occasion. There is an anti-Magdalenism in the Northern constitution. No Scottish Mary staunches her tears with her hair; though those lovely penitents are generally painted with golden locks, possibly to enhance and show the difficulty and value of their repentance: nor does the Scottish Peter go out and weep bitterly under a conviction of his own irresolution in the path of virtue. It is weakness to lose your self-esteem, and weakness is a thing the Scottish mind abhors. We struggle for that self-esteem under the most untoward circumstances; as a man shipwrecked, and losing a hundred times its value, dives down into the cabin for his watch.

"When Kenneth Ross gets better, we may probably see in him a fair illustration of the impressive and agreeable distich—

" 'When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be;
But, when the Devil got well, the Devil a saint was he!'

"I know this letter will make you angry. I am glad of it. It will rouse you, and do you good. Write and scold me.

"And yet—forgive my bitterness. How can I be otherwise than bitter against one who has caused you so much—such unmerited sorrow? This man may be a true penitent. There may be more joy over him than ever there will be over me, however great may be my needs in that way; but till we see how the *rag-end* of this mis-spent life turns out, and how far

" 'Vows made in pain, as violent as void,'
are held to when pain is over, let us not trust too implicitly to the existence

of that angelic chorus which we cannot hear.

"I shall be anxious to know what Douglas writes in answer to Neil's communication. Yours ever,

"LORIMER BOYD."

A tender frightened letter from Lady Charlotte followed, speaking of Scotland as if it had suddenly become Nova Zembla, and adjuring Gertrude to remember that her father had died of consumption, "though he was taken everywhere, dear, to be cured and saved," and with some 'inconsequence' following up this dreary admission with the sentence—

"Therefore come at once (or as soon as you can) to the Isle of Wight, where I have already written to take a pastoral cottage" (what Lady Charlotte meant by "pastoral" must remain a matter of conjecture) "very near the sea, and away from people—though I must say I do *that* to please *you*, dearest Gertie, for I do not like living only with shrimps—I mean not seeing one's neighbours; not that one's neighbours are always neighbourly, and I'm sure you have reason to think so; though the ones far off are not a bit better than the neighbouring neighbours; witness my cousin Clochnaben, who has written most spiteful and cruel things even now. And she says Kenneth Ross is *shamming*, in order to get you back again, but you are afraid to go to him now, and all sorts of things of that sort. I'm sure I hope people won't think I took the pastoral cottage because we were afraid or ashamed either; but I thought *you* would like it best, and that was my reason, and the first week begins next Thursday; so I do hope you and Neil will set out; and tell him there are two boatmen, and thousands of eggs that he can have. I mean the boatmen, and they will amuse him. The birds sit screaming on the rocks, and I wish they would not, for it has such a melancholy sound; but you like those sort of things. And so God bless you, my own dear Gertie, and bring you safe to

"Your affectionate Mum,

"C. S.

"P.S.—I have got such a pretty seaside dress, dark-blue, with a quantity of white embroidery—much prettier than black; and I am pleased with it, though my cousin Clochnaben said she hated that sort of dress, and that it made women look as if they were *tattooed* like savages. Very rude, wasn't it?

"C. S.

"P.S. No. 2.—Get yourself a dark-blue linsey-wolsey, my dear Gertie, and don't cough."

And Gertie read—and sighed—and pondered—and told Neil that she did not feel well, that her mother had taken a cottage in the Isle of Wight for them, and that the rest of his holidays would be spent there. A sentence she pronounced very hurriedly and timidly, possessed as she was by a vague painful expectation of Neil "flying out," and refusing to leave the hills that enshrined his cousin Effie.

She mistook—as we do continually mistake even those we love best. Neil no sooner took in the fact that she had been suffering uncomplainingly, and required this change, than he passionately embraced her, expressing himself in broken sentences of self-blame for "being such a brute" as not to see that she was ill—"so selfish" to require to have it explained to him—"so inexcusable" not guessing that it would be better for her to get out of the cold mists of the hills to a better climate.

And with the last sentence the colour suddenly flushed his cheek, for he thought of Effie; and he looked eagerly in his mother's face, dreaming, "If we could but take my cousin with us!"

But he saw nothing in that sweet face but a look of pain and faintness, now becoming habitual.

His farewell to Effie was sad and fervent. She was to write every day, or rather every evening, at the hour that would be so blank and dismal when he should have departed; when his active bounding step should no longer cross the moor, nor his strenuous young arm shorten time by rowing the coble across

the lake—when the morning light must come, whether in mist or sunshine, without his radiant eyes; and the evening close in without his comforting voice to cheer her.

Effie wept bitterly. The last he saw of her she was weeping, and turning from his lingering farewell gaze to weep anew within the house.

He thought of those tears all the long day in the railway carriage, starting next morning for England, watching the pale meek countenance of his mother seated opposite to him, and wondering anew what the bitter, bitter quarrel could have been that made Kenneth an alien, and his poor little daughter a banished creature from Glenrossie and the love of its inhabitants.

And his mother, as she stole furtive glances at his restless, passionate, handsome face, felt the cold poison of doubt creep through her heart as she thought,

“Oh! will the day ever come when even my boy Neil shall love me less?”

And she thought, *if* that day ever came, death would be so welcome.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

TRACES OF JAMES FRERE.

LADY CHARLOTTE felt rather ill-used by the increasing ill health and depression of spirits of her daughter. She wrote a somewhat peevish and deprecatory letter to Lorimer Boyd: “I took a pretty pastoral cottage here, as you advised; and indeed only because you advised it, for I don’t much fancy pastoral things myself; only, Gertie having such reliance on your judgment and your kindness, I thought it for the best to do as you said. But you are quite mistaken in saying she would be the better for it: she is not the least better, rather worse; and she has a cough that keeps me always remembering her poor father; which is very distressing. I wish you could come from Vienna, for she is certainly better when you are in the way to talk and read to her. I am sure I would read to her

with pleasure; but I don’t understand or relish the sort of books, and it is not the same thing; and she doesn’t care for news, and I don’t know what to do with her. She has left off walking, and lies on the sofa looking at the sea; and all I can get from her is, ‘I don’t feel very strong to-day, little mother.’

“Now, of course, when you told me I should do her good by coming here, all this is very disappointing; and I hope you will write to her and advise her not to fret; for I know she *is* fretting; and the hard thing upon me is, that she frets more now than she did, though nothing new has happened; and though she used to be so fond of pastoral places, and I have got a cottage at Bonchurch just like the one in Moore’s ‘Melodies,’ about Love and Hope, you know—where ‘he opened the window and flew away.’ The roses climb right over the roof, and so does the clematis, and, except that there are gnats at night (in spite of a little beginning of frost), she might be so very comfortable! I wish we had never come across these Rosses of Glenrossie, for what with their tempers and the things that are said, and Gertrude taking a turn so unexpected, I am quite sick with vexation. I wish she had married *any* quiet man,—yourself even,—rather than that things should be as they are. Neil is well; and I go out sometimes to see that he don’t drown himself. I mean, to see that he has the right boatmen with him; for he is venturesome and reckless to a degree; a Ross all over, and as passionate as any of them; but a dear boy too. And even *he* can’t get Gertrude’s spirits up; for she says, ‘Oh my Neil,’ ‘Oh my Neil!’ in such a begging voice, it quite makes one’s heart ache; and, when he tries to guess what she would have, and says if it frightens her, this boating, he’ll give it up—she shakes her head and says, ‘No, dearest, it is not that!’ But she never says what it *is*; and it is so unlike my Gertie to be so unreasonable.”

And Lorimer, pondering much over this somewhat *decomsue* account of matters, wrote, as Lady Charlotte de-

sired, advising Gertrude "not to fret," and showing her why she ought not to fret. And he wrote also to Neil,—a long letter, taking the most vehement interest in the boating and boats, their sailing qualities and tonnage, and narrating adventures of his own in boyish days, and curious anecdotes of various kinds, all more or less connected with this new pursuit. For he thought the eager mind and body of the lad would be all the better for an absorbing occupation of that kind.

He was right.

Cousin Effie's letters came, and were most welcome, and fondly answered. But, after a post or two, they were often pocketed to read "as soon as he should be afloat in the *Sea Gull*;" and the shifting of a sail or handling of a rope would cause him to look up, and break the thread of Effie's simple and tender sentences; once, indeed, entirely lost to him; for a stiff breeze in rounding a rock, and a sudden rainbow, so engaged Neil's attention, that he suffered the open letter to escape from his hand, and only became aware of the fact, by seeing it flutter and rest like a little white bird on a distant wave, sweep over the next, and then disappear for good.

Even then, Neil bore the deprivation with very cheerful philosophy; sensibly reflecting that he had seen the first line or two, beginning, "Papa is better, and things get more and more comfortable;" and taking for granted that "all the rest of it" was in the same satisfactory strain.

It was on one of the occasions when Lady Charlotte went down to the beach with him, "to see that he did not drown himself," that an event occurred which thrilled her timid soul with extreme terror.

She was walking along a lonely bit of shore by Black Gang Chine, when a man who was sauntering in the same direction came near and joined her, as it seemed, in her walk. He was not a gentleman, nor a common sailor; Lady Charlotte could not make out what he was. She felt a mixture of anger and fear at his self-imposed companionship;

and looked anxiously about for Neil; but Neil was nowhere to be seen.

At last she summoned courage, and asked the man which way he was going, whether he "wanted anything;" "money or anything?" The man laughed, and said he would be very glad of anything the lady pleased to bestow. But, even after pocketing the half-crown which followed his reply, he continued to walk by her side. "I do mostly walk this way," he said. "I've had a hard tussle with a mate of mine, and I'm on the look-out to see him again. You see, ma'am, I'm a smuggler; or rayther I *was* a smuggler; but, getting acquainted with a farmer's daughter here, she over-persuades me like to give up them sort of ways; and her father, he made a point of it, saying no man should have his daughter that did not get his livin' in a honest way; and there was plenty of honest ways without smuggling. Well, I resolves to cut the concern, and I goes to my mate (there was two of us) and says, 'Give me my half-share of the value of the boat, for I'm going to leave her!' It didn't please him; and we had a wrangle; and he says, 'Leave you may; but the value of the boat you don't get.' I said I would; he said I shouldn't; and, when high words had passed, he clinched them with these words—'She's a smuggling craft, and you'll hardly be able to take the law of me to get her value; so be off, like a sneaking fellow as you are.' Well, I'd depended on the money for getting things for my Mary, and I thought, and thought, and thought how to be revenged on him; and sure enough in the night I went where the boat lay in the cove ready for her next run, and I sawed, and cut, and worked with a will, I can tell you, till half the boat was no more use than splinters, and then I stuck up a board with a paper on it with his own words written, against he should come: 'She's a smuggling craft, and you'll hardly be able to *take the law of me*.'"

"Oh gracious! how could you?" exclaimed Lady Charlotte, looking fearfully at the stern profile of her unwel-

come companion as he walked by her side.

"Well, you see, he was hindering me of my Mary. And he was all rags when he come here, when first I put him in the way of earning; and we'd made many a trip together, and he's over to the French coast now, among friends of mine! I only wish——"

His countenance was so fierce as he wished—whatever the wish might be—that Lady Charlotte stopped short in her walk, and stood tremblingly feeling in her reticule for more money. She found a sovereign, with which, in her agitation, she presented him, saying, civilly, "I really am very sorry for you, but you see you should not—you really shouldn't—be so unforgiving!"

Then, as she beheld the very welcome sight of Neil approaching with his boatmen, she recovered herself enough to smile a little; and she said, "I thought, at one time, that perhaps you were thinking of robbing me, do you know?"

"Well, I *was* thinking of it," said the man, carelessly, "but I didn't know who might be up among the rocks there, or whether that very young gent coming mightn't be coming to you; and, besides, you seemed such a harmless soul to take advantage of. But——"

He stopped suddenly; his eye lit, and flashed like a signal-gun. "By ——, there he is!" he exclaimed, as he darted down the rough shore. Lady Charlotte looked in that direction, and saw two figures—a man in the garb of a common sailor, and a female neatly dressed in rather a foreign peasant style. They were near enough for her to be perfectly able to distinguish both face and form; and in the common sailor she recognised—with extreme alarm—the ever-changing adventurer, James Frere—and in the foreign-looking woman, however disguised, most certainly ALICE!

They were landing when she first observed them. On seeing the man

who had been the companion of her walk running towards them, they stood still. Then James Frere leaped back again into the boat, holding out his hand to his companion, who lightly followed his example; and he pushed off from the shore just as the breathless smuggler reached the water's edge. The man shouted and swore; Frere laughed, and shook an oar menacingly at him. Then a boy, lying at the bottom of the boat—and a man in her, whom they had not yet perceived—shook out the sail, and with a bound and a dip in the waters she was off again, soon to appear only like a white speck in the distance!

The smuggler stood a while watching that boat as she danced over the waves. Then he slowly returned to the spot where Neil had rejoined Lady Charlotte.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, "and thank you! As to yon man, I'll have him yet. His things are all here. He'll need to come back before many days are out—I'll give information." And he strode away slowly over the sands.

If Lady Charlotte could have doubted the accuracy of her own vision, all doubt would have been removed by Neil, who, flushed and eager, said to her, as he came up, "There's that man I saw change his clothes in the railway—he's in the boat. I can't mistake him—he has a most strange countenance. It is he—I'll swear to him. Look, Mamma Charlotte!"

"Yes," thought Lady Charlotte, "and I'll swear to Alice Ross." And, when she regained the little gate of the "pastoral" cottage, she passed in very quickly, and told Gertrude the adventure.

"And is it not *too* dreadful, Gertie, his always coming up through a trap-door in this sort of way?—I mean like a demon who comes up, you know, through a trap-door."

CHAPTER LXIX.

JAMES FRERE IS RECOGNISED BY ANOTHER PERSON.

POOR Lady Charlotte! She was doomed in this tranquil and pastoral retreat to all sorts of agitating scenes connected with the gentleman who thus came up continually, as it were, through a trap-door!

She was standing—as she herself expressed it—“most harmlessly,” talking about the washing of her fine muslins and embroidered cuffs with an old washerwoman, whose pride it was that “she was the principallest laundress of these parts, and washed for the principallest gentry by the sea-side.”

The good old soul continued ironing all the time she talked, and looking down with affectionate smiles upon the linen benefitted by her manipulation.

“Ah!” she said, “all the visitors comes to me that *can*; and it’s a real treat to me to see the valets, and lady’s-maids, and such folk, coming here as soft-spoken as need be, a-begging and a-praying of me to give *their* lady or *their* gentleman the preference—for I can’t do all. But I mostly prefers the gentlemen’s, and some of them is really wonderful! Lord Sinclair’s—his be pretty shirts enough, to iron—werry smooth, soft linen. And Captain Greig’s,—them *are* beauties; all worked across the *breastesses*—to be sure, how they be worked! And Colonel Vavasour’s—his be wonderful, too. And Mr. Gordon’s—his’n has little frills down the fronts; they be a deal o’ trouble, surely, them little frills; but they’re a real pleasure to look at, when the Italian iron’s been under ’em. And here’s a thing was sent me to wash, that looks for all the world like somebody’s skin, but was sent here by a woman they calls a West Injian. They did say she was a wild savage—but, if she be a savage, she be werry unlike *my* notion of the creatures, for she’s as soft a spoken woman as ever I seed; but this thing is made of pink flannel, to cover her from head to foot, for she shivers with the cold here, and

she comes from some warm island—I’m sure I forgets the name—but it’s beyond seas, and there’s a governor, and he’s as good as king there.

“La! if she ain’t coming this minute, and I not half ready.”

The aged washerwoman ironed with redoubled diligence; but, before the ironing was done, the door of the cottage was darkened, and in came a sad-looking, sallow woman, past the flower of youth, but still with claims to beauty, her eyes passing languidly over all objects as she advanced, as if nothing in life was much worth noticing, and resting at last in quiet contemplation on the pink flannel garment. You saw at once that she was a Creole, but a gentlewoman.

“Is it finished?” she said, with a soft drawl. “Give it me if it is finished.”

The old washerwoman passed a final sweep of the warm iron over the sleeves of the garment in question; flattened, folded, and again passed the iron over; and then, pinning it in a white handkerchief, presented it to the new-comer.

As she did so, the threshold of her cottage was again shadowed, and close to Lady Charlotte—close to the Creole—passed in James Frere, followed by Alice Ross.

The latter started visibly at sight of Lady Ross’s mother. Fearless as she was, her presence of mind forsook her. She grasped James Frere’s arm anxiously.

“Oh, come away; come away from this place!” she said, in an agitated whisper.

But James Frere was absorbed in another recognition. Another hand lay on his arm, and the languid Creole’s eyes were warm with wonder and anger.

“Ah, James, do I see you at last! You cruel James!”

There was an effort on the part of Frere to affect unconsciousness, to affect strangeness; but he also seemed, in the bewilderment of the moment, to lose his self-possession.

“Anita!” he exclaimed.

“Yes, you cruel! Anita! And now

she has found you, she will not again be left. Oh, James, how could you leave me without one word? To wake and find you gone! Oh, James!"

Alice Ross had hitherto stood speechless and motionless, her glittering eyes only, seeming to have some movement in them, rippling like a green gleam over the ocean wave. But, as the Creole accompanied the last words by a passionate seizure of Frere's arm, she sprang upon her like a tigress, and shook her off, crying with shrill anger,—"Woman, how dare you call my husband JAMES? How dare you call him by his Christian name before me, whatever your intimacy may have been?"

"My intimacy? Your husband?" laughed the Creole. "This man is married as much as law can marry him, to me. I am his wife,—his lawful wife, and I will claim him—for I have a son—even though he deserted me in Jamaica."

CHAPTER LXX.

AILIE SURPRISED.

THERE was a brief, stormy explanation; incontestable and uncontested truths were evolved from Frere's past history; and at last the Creole, coming close to shuddering Ailie, murmured to her in a voice choked with passion, "Are you so mean a spirit? Would you not some revenge? I am his wife. You are nothing but his mistress. Have you children? I have a son. Think not that I will forgo my claim. All is not for myself. Will you not prosecute for bigamy, as they can in your country? If not, that will I do."

"Nothing but his mistress!" "Nothing but his mistress!" The words beat backwards and forward in Ailie's brain. At last, she spoke: she hissed the words fiercely through her teeth:

"Deny it!" she said, without looking at him; "deny it!"

"Nonsense!" said Frere, contemptuously. "You must have known it was

so. In the bitter gossip reported to Sir Douglas it was told. You knew it. Don't be affected. You knew it."

The light in Ailie's eyes flickered like a flame of phosphorus.

"I did not know it!" she said; and then, looking the Creole over from head to foot, she said, as if to herself, "Did he marry a slave?"

"I am no slave, but a planter's daughter!" angrily retorted the Creole, "and you had best keep your contempt for your own position. I am as educated as you are—richer than you are. My father is dead, and I have come to England. I claim my husband; but he shall be punished. My many nights of tears—he shall pay them. I will prosecute him by your laws—I will prosecute him."

Ailie looked at the man whose evil influence had joined with *her* evil, to create confusion in her destiny. A chill trembling seized her.

"Yes," she said, "you shall suffer. Call vainly on me when your punishment comes—call vainly. I will crush you, I will tread you into the earth. Deceiver!"

Two or three boatmen gathered round the door, attracted by the sound of voices in dispute. Others joined them. Among them came the smuggler. He sprang on Frere, and wrestled and strove to hold him. In a moment a knife glittered in the air; it grazed the bending head of Alice in its descent, and struck the smuggler's breast; was lifted once more,—the warm blood dropping from its pointed blade on the women's dresses, and the linen the aged washerwoman had been garrulously gossiping about,—and descended yet more vehemently. They seized him. "Devils, let me go!" he said, and, turning, shook himself free, and fled over the shore.

He was pursued, but not taken. Swift of foot, and wiry of limb, he reached an almost inaccessible crag, lifted a huge broken piece of stone, and flung it below,—scattering his pursuers as it rolled down with dust and fragments of the rock from one pointed peak to another, and coming at

last with a dead resounding thump upon the shore.

When they looked up, he was gone ! Some said he had himself fallen into the ocean, in his frantic efforts to crush those who stood below ; some that he had slid down the smooth face of the cliff, and endeavoured, by swimming and diving, to reach a distant point where there was a pathway which led to the sea.

But this much was certain, that, stare as they would along the yellow curves and indentations of the sandy shore, or up by the grey rocks where the seafowl sat mute or rose screaming into the air, no object resembling a human form dotted the distance.

James Frere was dead, or had escaped. And Ailie, too, had vanished, when Lady Charlotte at last recovered sufficiently from the horrors of the scene to look consciously on objects near her.

Ailie had vanished. Only the Creole woman stood there ; wiping her bespattered shoulder and neck, and gazing down as in a dream on the smuggler, stretched on the floor ; his strong right hand still vainly clutching the folds of linen he caught as he fell,—caught, as the drowning wretch catches at the bending reed, that goes down with him into the darkness and the depths of overwhelming death.

To be continued.

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THE PROPHET OF CULTURE.

BY HENRY SIDGWICK, FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE movement against anonymous writing, in which this journal some years ago took a part, has received, I think, an undeniable accession of strength from the development (then unexpected) of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Some persons who sympathised on the whole with that movement yet felt that the case was balanced, and that if it succeeded we should have sacrificed something that we could not sacrifice without regret. One felt the evils that "irresponsible reviewers" were continually inflicting on the progress of thought and society : and yet one felt that, in form and expression, anonymous writing tended to be good writing. The buoyant confidence of youth was invigorated and yet sobered by having to sustain the *prestige* of a well-earned reputation : while the practised weapon of age, relieved from the restraints of responsibility, was wielded with almost the elasticity of youth. It was thought we should miss the freedom, the boldness, the reckless vivacity with which one talented writer after another had dis-

charged his missiles from behind the common shield of a coterie of unknown extent, or at least half veiled by a pseudonym. It was thought that periodical literature would gain in carefulness, in earnestness, in sincerity, in real moral influence : but that possibly it might become just a trifle dull. We did not foresee that the dashing insolences of "we-dom" that we should lose would be more than compensated by the delicate impertinences of egotism that we should gain. We did not imagine the new and exquisite literary enjoyment that would be created when a man of genius and ripe thought, perhaps even elevated by a position of academic dignity, should deliver profound truths and subtle observations with all the dogmatic authority and self-confidence of a prophet : at the same time titillating the public by something like the airs and graces, the playful affectations of a favourite comedian. We did not, in short, foresee a Matthew Arnold : and I think it must be allowed that our apprehensions have been much

removed, and our cause much strengthened, by this new phenomenon.

I have called Mr. Arnold the prophet of culture : I will not call him an "elegant Jeremiah," because he seems to have been a little annoyed (he who is never annoyed) by that phrase of the *Daily Telegraph*. "Jeremiah !" he exclaims, "the very Hebrew prophet whose style I admire the least." I confess I thought the phrase tolerably felicitous for a Philistine, from whom one would not expect any very subtle discrimination of the differentiae of prophets. Nor can I quite determine which Hebrew prophet Mr. Arnold does most resemble. But it is certainly hard to compare him to Jeremiah, for Jeremiah is our type of the lugubrious ; whereas there is nothing more striking than the imperturbable cheerfulness with which Mr. Arnold seems to sustain himself on the fragment of culture that is left him, amid the deluge of Philistinism that he sees submerging our age and country. A prophet however, I gather, Mr. Arnold does not object to be called ; as such I wish to consider and weigh him ; and thus I am led to examine the lecture with which he has closed his connexion with Oxford,—the most full, distinct, and complete of the various utterances in which he has set forth the Gospel of Culture.

As it will clearly appear in the course of this article, how highly I admire Mr. Arnold as a writer, I may say at once, without reserve or qualification, that this utterance has disappointed me very much. It is not even so good in style as former essays ; it has more of the mannerism of repeating his own phrases, which, though very effective up to a certain point, may be carried too far. But this is a small point : and Mr. Arnold's style, when most faulty, is very charming. My complaint is, that though there is much in it beautifully and subtly said, and many fine glimpses of great truths, it is, as a whole, ambitious, vague, and perverse. It seems to me over-ambitious, because it treats of the most profound and difficult problems of individual and

social life with an airy dogmatism that ignores their depth and difficulty. And though dogmatic, Mr. Arnold is yet vague ; because when he employs indefinite terms he does not attempt to limit their indefiniteness, but rather avails himself of it. Thus he speaks of the relation of culture and religion, and sums it up by saying, that the idea of culture is destined to "transform and govern" the idea of religion. Now I do not wish to be pedantic ; and I think that we may discuss culture and religion, and feel that we are talking about the same social and intellectual facts, without attempting any rigorous definition of our terms. But there is one indefiniteness that ought to be avoided. When we speak of culture and religion in common conversation, we sometimes refer to an ideal state of things and sometimes to an actual. But if we are appraising, weighing, as it were, these two, one with the other, it is necessary to know whether it is the ideal or the actual that we are weighing. When I say ideal, I do not mean something that is not realized at all by individuals at present, but something not realized sufficiently to be much called to mind by the term denoting the general social fact. I think it clear that Mr. Arnold, when he speaks of culture, is speaking sometimes of an ideal, sometimes of an actual culture, and does not always know which. He describes it in one page as "a study of perfection, "moving by the force, not merely or "primarily of the scientific passion for "pure knowledge, but of the moral "and social passion for doing good." A study of this vast aim, moving with the impetus of this double passion, is something that does, I hope, exist among us, but to a limited extent : it is hardly that which has got itself stamped and recognised as culture. And Mr. Arnold afterwards admits as much. For we might have thought, from the words I have quoted, that we had in culture, thus possessed by the passion of doing good, a mighty social power, continually tending to make "reason and the will of God prevail." But we find that this

power only acts in fine weather. "It needs times of faith and ardour to flourish in." Exactly; it is not itself a spring and source of faith and ardour. Culture "believes" in making reason and the will of God prevail, and will even "endeavour" to make them prevail, but it must be under very favourable circumstances. This is rather a languid form of the passion of doing good; and we feel that we have passed from the ideal culture, towards which Mr. Arnold aspires, to the actual culture in which he lives and moves.

Mr. Arnold afterwards explains to us a little further how much of the passion for doing good culture involves, and how it involves it. "Men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest, or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest. . . . The individual is obliged, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection." These phrases are true of culture as we know it. In using them Mr. Arnold assumes implicitly what, perhaps, should have been expressly avowed—that the study of perfection, as it forms itself in members of the human race, is naturally and primarily a study of the individual's perfection, and only incidentally and secondarily a study of the general perfection of humanity. It is so incidentally and secondarily for the two reasons Mr. Arnold gives, one internal, and the other external: first, because it finds sympathy as one element of the human nature that it desires harmoniously to develop; and secondly, because the development of one individual is bound up by the laws of the universe with the development of at least some other individuals. Still the root of culture, when examined ethically, is found to be a refined eudæmonism: in it the social impulse springs out of and re-enters into the self-regarding, which remains predominant. That is, I think, the way in which the love of culture is generally

developed: an exquisite pleasure is experienced in refined states of thought and feeling, and a desire for this pleasure is generated, which may amount to a passion, and lead to the utmost intellectual and moral effort. Mr. Arnold may, perhaps, urge (and I would allow it true in certain cases) that the direct impulse towards perfection, whether realized in a man's self or in the world around, may inspire and impassion some minds, without any consideration of the enjoyment connected with it. In any case, it must be admitted that the impulse toward perfection in a man of culture is not practically limited to himself, but tends to expand in infinitely increasing circles. It is the wish of culture, taking ever wider and wider sweeps, to carry the whole race, the whole universe, harmoniously towards perfection.

And, if it were possible that all men, under all circumstances, should feel what some men, in some fortunate spheres, may truly feel—that there is no conflict, no antagonism, between the full development of the individual and the progress of the world—I should be loth to hint at any jar or discord in this harmonious movement. But this paradisaical state of culture is rare. We dwell in it a little space, and then it vanishes into the ideal. Life shows us the conflict and the discord: on one side are the claims of harmonious self-development, on the other the cries of struggling humanity: we have hitherto let our sympathies expand along with our other refined instincts, but now they threaten to sweep us into regions from which those refined instincts shrink. Not that harmonious self-development calls on us to crush our sympathies; it asks only that they should be a little repressed, a little kept under: we may become (as Mr. Arnold delicately words it) philanthropists "tempered by renouncement." There is much useful and important work to be done, which may be done harmoniously: still we cannot honestly say that this seems to us the most useful, the most important work, or what in the interests of the world is most pressing entreated and demanded. This

latter, if done at all, must be done as self-sacrifice, not as self-development. And so we are brought face to face with the most momentous and profound problem of ethics.

It is at this point, I think, that the relation of culture and religion is clearly tested and defined. Culture (if I have understood and analysed it rightly) inevitably takes one course. It recognises with a sigh the limits of self-development, and its first enthusiasm becomes "tempered by renouncement." Religion, of which the essence is self-sacrifice, inevitably takes the other course. We see this daily realized in practice: we see those we know and love, we see the *élite* of humanity in history and literature, coming to this question, and after a struggle answering it: going, if they are strong clear souls, some one way and some the other; if they are irresolute, vacillating and "moving in a strange diagonal" between the two. It is because he ignores this antagonism, which seems to me so clear and undeniable if stated without the needless and perilous exaggerations which preachers have used about it, that I have called Mr. Arnold perverse. A philosopher¹ with whom he is more familiar than I am speaks, I think, of "the reconciliation of antagonisms" as the essential feature of the most important steps in the progress of humanity. I seem to see profound truth in this conception, and perhaps Mr. Arnold has intended to realize it. But, in order to reconcile antagonisms, it is needful to probe them to the bottom; whereas Mr. Arnold skims over them with a lightly-won tranquillity that irritates instead of soothing.

Of course we are all continually trying to reconcile this and other antagonisms, and many persuade themselves that they have found a reconciliation. The religious man tells himself that in obeying the instinct of self-sacrifice he has chosen true culture, and the man of culture tells himself that by seeking self-development he is really taking the best course to "make reason and the

will of God prevail." But I do not think either is quite convinced. I think each dimly feels that it is necessary for the world that the other line of life should be chosen by some, and each and all look forward with yearning to a time when circumstances shall have become kinder and more pliable to our desires, and when the complex impulses of humanity that we share shall have been chastened and purified into something more easy to harmonize. And sometimes the human race seems to the eye of enthusiasm so very near this consummation: it seems that if just a few simple things were done it would reach it. But these simple things prove mountains of difficulty; and the end is far off. I remember saying to a friend once—a man of deep culture—that his was a "fair-weather theory of life." He answered with much earnestness, "We mean it to be fair weather henceforth." And I hope the skies are growing clearer every century; but meanwhile there is much storm and darkness yet, and we want—the world wants—all the self-sacrifice that religion can stimulate. Culture diffuses "sweetness and light;" I do not undervalue these blessings: but religion gives fire and strength, and the world wants fire and strength even more than sweetness and light. Mr. Arnold feels this when he says that culture must "borrow a devout energy" from religion; but devout energy, as Dr. Newman somewhere says, is not to be borrowed. At the same time, I trust that the ideal of culture and the ideal of religion will continually approach one another: that culture will keep developing its sympathy, and gain in fire and strength; that religion will teach that unnecessary self-sacrifice is folly, and that whatever tends to make life harsh and gloomy cometh of evil. And if we may allow that the progress of culture is clearly in this direction, surely we may say the same of religion. Indeed the exegetic artifices by which the Hellenic view of life is introduced and allowed a place in Christian preaching would sometimes be almost ludicrous, if they were not touching, and if they

¹ Hegel.

were not, on the whole, such a sign of a hopeful progress; of progress not as yet, perhaps, very great or very satisfactory, but still very distinct. I wish Mr. Arnold had recognised this. I do not think he would then have said that culture would transform and absorb religion, any more than religion transform and absorb culture. To me the ultimate and ideal relation of culture and religion is imaged like the union of the golden and silver sides of the famous shield—each leading to the same “orbéd perfection” of actions and results, but shining with a diverse splendour in the light of its different principle.

Into the difficulties of this question I have barely entered; but I hope I have shown the inadequacy of Mr. Arnold's treatment of it. I think we shall be more persuaded of this inadequacy when we have considered how he conceives of actual religion in the various forms in which it exists among us. He has but one distinct thing to say of them,—that they subdue the obvious faults of our animality. They form a sort of spiritual police: that is all. He says nothing of the emotional side of religion; of the infinite and infinitely varied vent which it gives, in its various forms, for the deepest fountains of feeling. He says nothing of its intellectual side: of the indefinite but inevitable questions about the world and human destiny into which the eternal metaphysical problems form themselves in minds of rudimentary development; questions needing confident answers, nay, imperatively demanding, it seems, from age to age, different answers: of the actual facts of psychological experience, so strangely mixed up with and expressed in the mere conventional “jargon” of religion (which he characterizes with appropriate contempt)—how the moral growth of men and nations, while profoundly influenced and controlled by the formulæ of traditional religions, is yet obedient to laws of its own, and in its turn reacts upon and modifies these formulæ: of all this Mr. Arnold does not give a hint. He may say that he is not treating of reli-

gions, but of culture. But it may be replied that he is treating of the relation of culture to religions; and that a man ought not to touch cursorily upon such a question, much less to dogmatize placidly upon it, without showing us that he has mastered the elements of the problem.

I may, perhaps, illustrate my meaning by referring to another essayist—one of the very few whom I consider superior to Mr. Arnold—one who is as strongly attached to culture as Mr. Arnold himself, and perhaps more passionately,—M. Renan. It will be seen that I am not going to quote a partisan. From “my countryman's” judgment of our Protestant organizations I appeal boldly to a Frenchman and an infidel. Let any one turn to M. Renan's delicate, tender, sympathetic studies of religious phenomena—I do not refer to the *Vie de Jésus*, but to a much superior work, the *Essais d'Histoire religieuse*,—he will feel, I think, how coarse, shallow, unappreciative, is Mr. Arnold's summing up, “they conquer the more obvious faults of our animality.” To take one special point. When Mr. Arnold is harping on the “dissidence of Dissent,” I recall the little phrase which M. Renan throws at the magnificent fabric of Bossuet's attack upon Protestantism. “En France,” he says, “on ne comprend pas qu'on se divise pour si peu de chose.” M. Renan knows that ever since the reviving intellect of Europe was turned upon theology, religious dissidence and variation has meant religious life and force. Mr. Arnold, of course, can find texts inculcating unity: how should unity not be included in the ideal of a religion claiming to be universal? But Mr. Arnold, as a cultivated man, has read the New Testament records with the light of German erudition, and knows how much unity was attained by the Church in its fresh and fervent youth. Still, unity is a part of the ideal even of the religion that came not to send peace, but a sword: let us be grateful to any one who keeps that in view, who keeps reminding us of that. But it may be done without saecers. Mr. Arnold might know (if he would

only study them a little more closely and tenderly) the passionate longing for unity that may be cherished within small dissident organizations. I am not defending them. I am not saying a word for separatism against multitudinism. But those who feel that worship ought to be the true expression of the convictions on which it is based, and out of which it grows, and that in the present fragmentary state of truth it is supremely difficult to reconcile unity of worship with sincerity of conviction; those who know that the struggle to realize in combination the ideals of truth and peace in many minds reaches the pitch of agony; will hardly think that Mr. Arnold's taunt is the less cruel because it is pointed with a text.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is as judged by his own rules and principles that I venture to condemn Mr. Arnold's treatment of our actual religions. He has said that culture in its most limited phase is curiosity, and I quite sympathise in his effort to vindicate for this word the more exalted meaning that the French give to it. Even of the ideal culture he considers curiosity (if I understand him rightly) to be the most essential, though not the noblest, element. Well, then, I complain that in regard to some of the most important elements of social life he has so little curiosity; and therefore so thin and superficial an appreciation of them. I do not mean that every cultivated man ought to have formed for himself a theory of religion. "Non omnia possumus omnes," and a man must, to some extent, select the subjects that suit his special faculties. But every man of deep culture ought to have a conception of the importance and intricacy of the religious problem, a sense of the kind and amount of study that is required for it, a tact to discriminate worthy and unworthy treatment of it, an instinct which, if he has to touch on it, will guide him round the lacunæ of apprehension that the limits of his nature and leisure have rendered inevitable. Now this cultivated tact, sense, instinct (Mr. Arnold could express my

meaning for me much more felicitously than I can for myself) he seems to me altogether to want on this topic. He seems to me (if so humble a simile may be pardoned) to judge of religious organizations as a dog judges of human beings, chiefly by the scent. One admires in either case the exquisite development of the organ, but feels that the use of it for this particular object implies a curious, an almost ludicrous, limitation of sympathy. When these popular religions are brought before Mr. Arnold, he is content to detect their strong odours of Philistinism and vulgarity; he will not stoop down and look into them; he is not sufficiently interested in their dynamical importance; he does not care to penetrate the secret of their fire and strength, and learn the sources and effects of these; much less does he consider how sweetness and light may be added without any loss of fire and strength.

This limitation of view in Mr. Arnold seems to me the more extraordinary, when I compare it with the fervent language he uses with respect to what is called, *par excellence*, the Oxford movement. He even half associates himself with the movement—or rather he half associates the movement with himself.

It was directed, he rightly says, against "Liberalism as Dr. Newman saw it." What was this? "It was," he explains, "the great middle class Liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832 and local self-government in politics; in the social sphere free trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes; in the religious sphere the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." Liberalism to Dr. Newman may have meant something of all this; but what (as I infer from the *Apology*) it more especially meant to him was a much more intelligent force than all these, which Mr. Arnold omits; and *pour cause*; for it was precisely that view of the functions of religion and its place in the social organism in which

Mr. Arnold seems at least complacently to acquiesce. Liberalism, Dr. Newman thought (and it seems to me true of one phase or side of Liberalism), wished to extend just the languid patronage to religion that Mr. Arnold does. What priesthods were good for in the eyes of Liberalism were the functions, as I have said, of spiritual police; and that is all Mr. Arnold thinks they are good for at present; and even in the future (unless I misunderstand him), if we want more, he would have us come to culture. But Dr. Newman knew that even the existing religions, far as they fell below his ideal, were good for much more than this; this view of them seemed to him not only shallow and untrue, but perilous, deadly, soul-destroying; and inasmuch as it commended itself to intellectual men, and was an intelligent force, he fought against it, not, I think, with much sweetness or light, but with a blind, eager, glowing asperity which, tempered always by humility and candour, was and is very impressive. Dr. Newman fought for a point of view which it required culture to appreciate, and therefore he fought in some sense with culture; but he did not fight for culture, and to conceive him combatting side by side with Mr. Matthew Arnold is almost comical.

I think, then, that without saying more about religion, Mr. Arnold might have said truer things about it; and I think also that without saying less about culture—we have a strong need of all he can say to recommend it—he might have shown that he was alive to one or two of its besetting faults. And some notice of these might have strengthened his case; for he might have shown that the faults of culture really arise from lack of culture; and that more culture, deeper and truer culture, removes them. I have ventured to hint this in speaking of Mr. Arnold's tone about religion. What I dislike in it seems to me, when examined, to be exactly what he calls Philistinism; just as when he commences his last lecture before a great university by referring to his petty literary squabbles, he seems to me guilty

of what he calls "provincialism."—And so, again, the attitude that culture often assumes towards enthusiasm in general seems to spring from narrowness, from imperfection of culture. The fostering care of culture, and a soft application of sweetness and light, might do so much for enthusiasm—enthusiasm does so much want it. Enthusiasm is often a turbid issue of smoke and sparks. Culture might refine this to a steady glow. It is melancholy when, instead, it takes to pouring cold water on it. The worst result is not the natural hissing and sputtering that ensues, though that cannot be pleasing to culture or to anything else, but the waste of power that is the inevitable consequence.

It is wrong to exaggerate the antagonism between enthusiasm and culture; because, in the first place, culture has an enthusiasm of its own, by virtue of which indeed, as Mr. Arnold contemplates, it is presently to transcend and absorb religion. But at present this enthusiasm, so far from being adequate to this, is hardly sufficient—is often insufficient—to prevent culture degenerating into diletantism. In the second place, culture has an appreciation of enthusiasm (with the source of which it has nothing to do), when that enthusiasm is beautiful and picturesque, or thrilling and sublime, as it often is. But the enthusiasm must be very picturesque, very sublime; upon some completed excellence of form culture will rigorously insist. May it not be that culture is short-sighted and pedantic in the rigour of these demands, and thus really defeats its own ends, just as it is often liable to do by purely artistic pedantry and conventionality? If it had larger and healthier sympathies, it might see beauty in the stage of becoming (if I may use a German phrase), in much rough and violent work at which it now shudders. In pure art culture is always erring on the side of antiquity—much more in its sympathy with the actual life of men and society. In some of the most beautiful lines he has written, Owen Meredith expresses

a truth that deserves to be set in beautiful language :

" I know that all acted time
By that which succeeds it is ever received
As calmer, completer, and more sublime,
Only because it is finished; because
We only behold the thing it achieved;
We behold not the thing that it was.
For while it stands whole and immutable
In the marble of memory, how can we tell
What the men that have hewn at the block
may have been ?

Their passion is merged in its passionlessness;
Their strife in its stillness closed for ever;
Their change upon change in its changelessness;
In its final achievement their feverish endeavour.

Passion, strife, feverish endeavour—surely in the midst of these have been produced not only the rough blocks with which the common world builds, but the jewels with which culture is adorned. Culture the other day thought Mr. Garrison a very prosy and uninteresting person, and did not see why so much fuss should be made about him; but I should not be surprised if in a hundred years or so he were found to be poetical and picturesque.

And I will go farther, and plead for interests duller and vulgarer than any fanaticism.

If any culture really has what Mr. Arnold in his finest mood calls its noblest element, the passion for propagating itself, for making itself prevail, then let it learn "to call nothing common or unclean." It can only propagate itself by shedding the light of its sympathy liberally; by learning to love common people and common things, to feel common interests. Make people feel that their own poor life is ever so little beautiful and poetical; then they will begin to turn and seek after the treasures of beauty and poetry outside and above it. Pictorial culture is a little vexed at the success of Mr. Frith's pictures, at the thousands of pounds he gets, and the thousands of people that crowd to see them. Now I do not myself admire Mr. Frith's pictures; but I think he diffuses culture more than some of his acid critics, and I should like to think that he got twice as many pounds and spectators. If any one of

these grows eagerly fond of a picture of Mr. Frith's, then, it seems to me, the infinite path of culture is open to him; I do not see why he should not go on till he can conscientiously praise the works of Pietro Perugino. But leaving Mr. Frith (and other painters and novelists that might be ranked with him), let us consider a much greater man, Macaulay. Culture has turned up its nose a little at our latest English classic, and would, I think, have done so more, but that it is touched and awed by his wonderful devotion to literature. But Macaulay, though he loved literature, loved also common people and common things, and therefore he can make the common people who live among common things love literature. How Philistinish it is of him to be stirred to eloquence by the thought of "the opulent and enlightened states of Italy, the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort and luxury, the factories swarming with artizans, the Apennines covered with rich cultivation up to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvest of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan." But the Philistine's heart is opened by these images; through his heart a way is found to his taste; he learns how delightful a melodious current of stirring words may be; and then, when Macaulay asks him to mourn for "the wit and the learning and the genius" of Florence, he does not refuse faintly to mourn; and so Philistinism and culture kiss each other.

Again, when our greatest living poet "dips into the future," what does he see?

"The heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales."

Why, it might be the vision of a young general merchant. I doubt whether anything similar could be found in a French or German poet (I might except

Victor Hugo to prove the rule): he would not feel the image poetical, and perhaps if he did, would not dare to say so. The Germans have in their way immense honesty and breadth of sympathy, and I like them for it. I like to be made to sympathize with their middle-class enthusiasm for domestic life and bread-and-butter. Let us be bold, and make them sympathize with our middle-class affection for commerce and bustle.

Ah, I wish I could believe that Mr. Arnold was describing the ideal and not the actual, when he dwells on the educational, the missionary, function of culture, and says that its greatest passion is for making sweetness and light prevail. For I think we might soon be agreed as to how they may be made to prevail. Religions have been propagated by the sword: but culture cannot be propagated by the sword, nor by the pen sharpened and wielded like an offensive weapon. Culture, like all spiritual gifts, can only be propagated by enthusiasm: and by enthusiasm that has got rid of asperity, that has become sympathetic; that has got rid of Pharisaism, and become humble. I suppose Mr. Arnold would hardly deny that in the attitude in which he shows himself, contemplating the wealthy Philistine through his eyeglass, he has at least a superficial resemblance to a Pharisee. Let us not be too hard on Pharisaism of any kind. It is better that religion should be self-asserting than that it should be crushed and stifled by rampant worldliness; and where the worship of wealth is predominant it is perhaps a necessary antagonism that intellect should be self-asserting. But I cannot see that intellectual Pharisaism is any less injurious to true culture than religious Pharisaism to true worship; and when a poet keeps congratulating himself that he is not a Philistine, and pointing out (even exaggerating) all the differences between himself and a Philistine, I ask myself, Where is the sweetness of culture. For the moment it seems to have turned sour.

Perhaps what is most disappointing

in our culture is its want of appreciation of the "sap of progress," the creative and active element of things. We all remember the profound epigram of Agassiz, that the world in dealing with a new truth passes through three stages: it first says that it is not true, then that it is contrary to religion, and finally, that we knew it before. Culture is raised above the first two stages, but it is apt to disport itself complacently in the third. "Culture," we are told, "is always assigning to the system-maker and his system a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like." Quite so: a most useful function: but culture does this with so much zest that it is continually overdoing it. The system-maker may be compared to a man who sees that mankind want a house built. He erects a scaffolding with much unassisted labour, and begins to build. The scaffolding is often unnecessarily large and clumsy, and the system-maker is apt to keep it up much longer than it is needed. Culture looks at the unsightly structure with contempt, and from time to time kicks over some useless piece of timber. The house however gets built, is seen to be serviceable, and culture is soon found benevolently diffusing sweetness and light through the apartments. For culture perceives the need of houses; and is even ready to say in its royal way, "Let suitable mansions be prepared; only without this eternal hammering, these obtrusive stones and timber." We must not forget, however, that construction and destruction are treated with equal impartiality. When a miserable fanatic has knocked down some social abuse with much peril of life and limb, culture is good enough to point out to him that he need not have taken so much trouble: culture had seen the thing was falling; it would soon have fallen of its own accord; the crash has been unpleasant, and raised a good deal of disagreeable dust.

All this criticism of action is very valuable; but it is usually given in excess, just because, I think, culture is a little sore in conscience, is uncomfort-

ably eager to excuse its own evident incapacity for action. Culture is always hinting at a convenient season, that rarely seems to arrive. It is always suggesting one decisive blow that is to be gracefully given ; but it is so difficult to strike quite harmoniously, and without some derangement of attitude. Hence an instinctive, and, I think, irrational, discouragement of the action upon which less cultivated people are meanwhile spending themselves. For what does action, social action, really mean? It means losing oneself in a mass of disagreeable, hard, mechanical details, and trying to influence many dull or careless or bigoted people for the sake of ends that were at first of doubtful brilliancy, and are continually being dimmed and dwarfed by the clouds of conflict. Is this the kind of thing to which human nature is desperately prone, and into which it is continually rushing with perilous avidity? Mr. Arnold may say that he does not discourage action, but only asks for delay, in order that we may act with sufficient knowledge. This is the eternal excuse of indolence—insufficient knowledge: still, taken cautiously, the warning is valuable, and we may thank Mr. Arnold for it: we cannot be too much stimulated to study the laws of the social phenomena that we wish to modify, in order that “reason the card” may be as complete and accurate as possible. But we remember that we have heard all this before at much length from a very different sort of prophet. It has been preached to us by a school small, but energetic (energetic to a degree that causes Mr. Arnold to scream “Jacobinism!”): and the preaching has been not in the name of culture, but in the name of religion and self-sacrifice.

I do not ask much sympathy for the people of action from the people of culture: I will show by an example how much. Paley somewhere, in one of his optimistic expositions of the comfortableness of things, remarks, that if he is ever inclined to grumble at his taxes, when he gets his newspaper he feels repaid ; he feels that he could not lay out

the money better than in purchasing the spectacle of all this varied life and bustle. There are more taxes now, but there are more and bigger newspapers: let us hope that Paley would still consider the account balanced. Now, might not Mr. Arnold imbibe a little of this pleasant spirit? As it is, no one who is doing anything can feel that Mr. Arnold hearing of it is the least bit more content to pay his taxes—that is, unless he is doing it in some supremely graceful and harmonious way.

One cannot think on this subject without recalling the great man who recommended to philosophy a position very similar to that now claimed for culture. I wish to give Mr. Arnold the full benefit of his resemblance to Plato. But when we look closer at the two positions, the dissimilarity comes out: they have a very different effect on our feelings and imagination ; and I confess I feel more sympathy with the melancholy philosopher looking out with hopeless placidity “from beneath the shelter of some wall” on the storms and dust-clouds of blind and selfish conflict, than with a cheerful modern liberal, tempered by renouncement, shuddering aloof from the rank exhalations of vulgar enthusiasm, and holding up the pouncet-box of culture betwixt the wind and his nobility.

To prolong this fault-finding would be neither pleasant nor profitable. But perhaps many who love culture much—and respect the enthusiasm of those who love it more—may be sorry when it is brought into antagonism with things that are more dear to them even than culture. I think Mr. Arnold wishes for the reconciliation of antagonisms: I think that in many respects, with his subtle eloquence, his breadth of view, and above all his admirable temper, he is excellently fitted to reconcile antagonisms ; and therefore I am vexed when I find him, in an access of dilettante humour, doing not a little to exasperate and exacerbate them, and dropping from the prophet of an ideal culture into a more or less prejudiced advocate of the actual.

STEPHENS'S ESSAY ON SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF REYNOLDS AS A PAINTER.

BY FRANCIS DOUCE.

SPLENDID nonentities, Christmas gift-books, as a class, are books but by courtesy. Designed to attract a languid perusal, to follow the roast turkey, these volumes are published only to glitter for a fortnight, illustrated only to catch the eye, compiled only to justify the illustrations. An essay on the art of Reynolds by Mr. Frederic G. Stephens is, however, an exception to this rule. Though a Christmas gift-book, splendid in gold and scarlet, and illustrated to repletion, it has a text worth reading now, although it appeared last winter, although we are in the months of summer.

Theme more worthy of English essayist than Reynolds cannot be; and to deal with such a theme Mr. Stephens is not unworthy. He bases his estimate of the technical qualities of Art on a large experience, both practical and critical. He interprets, with true insight, the thoughts of which painting forms the language. And well versed in the literature of the past century, Mr. Stephens interweaves upon theoretic disquisition many an anecdote, and much of that minute detail, such as prices asked by Reynolds for his labour, which interests because it relates to such a man.

Nor does the art with which Reynolds enriched his country stand wholly exempt from the need of explanatory criticism. Popular undoubtedly it is, in its best aspects, and with the best kind of popularity. The utter artlessness of Sir Joshua's art, when he follows his natural bent, speaks alike to the educated and to the uneducated. This is not, however, the case with all his works: some claim the aid of skilled appreciation to sift the beauty from the blenish; to ward off that hasty judgment that is the foible of the half educated. When Reynolds is himself, he

gives of course no cause for such exceptional regard. Reynolds, however, occasionally feared to trust the innate instinct. Though simple-hearted, he could be artificial; and this artificiality, being obviously assumed, is as obviously feeble, and tempts satire from the partially instructed. To such as Ruskin, for instance, the forms of those yellow, faded ladies that garland Hymen's bust prompt an admiration, all amazement. The less gifted wanderer through the Vernon gallery stands also amazed before this picture; but his wonder is the reverse of admiration.

By the technical impress of his painting Reynolds, also, more exclusively addressed himself to the unvulgar. His brush moved with resistless impetus; but was too potent to please all. George III., as is well known, could not tolerate the rough and ready touch of Reynolds: and many, now, inwardly agree with the king, even with outward expressions of approval. It is not right, however, that any picture by our greatest painter should be regarded "with admiration on the tongue, and indifference in the heart." Excellence is in all his works, though the excellence may be obscured; praise may not be unalloyed, yet all deserve praise; and in this essay the whole range of the art of Reynolds is reviewed with much discrimination. The illustrations of sacred story by this painter are duly estimated: neither sneered at according to the doctrine of the day, that demands absolute fidelity of accessory; or condemned by principles acquired in the Sistine Chapel. The measure applied by Mr. Stephens is the right measure: he judges a "Madonna" by Reynolds according to the traditions of sacred art that governed the time of Reynolds. This necessitates an examination of similar pictures by

West ; and such is the catholicity of the essayist's judgment, that he has a good word for the spirit that animated West, and for the spirit that animated his contemporaries. The evidence brought by Mr. Stephens to prove the enthusiastic warmth with which West's religious pictures were received, to us so rapid, is more than curious ; it is a valuable commentary on art. All true lovers of painting agree with Mr. Stephens ; they must acknowledge that pictures which have ever genuinely touched the world should never be despised.

Art criticism not subservient to popular maxims, out of the track of the present hour, is valuable. So, also, are the pages devoted to analysis of Reynolds as painter of landscape. It was a gift closely allied to his capacity for portraiture. Portraiture, indeed swallowed up the whole of Reynolds : yet such was his artistic instinct for all things beautiful, that he gave to landscape a new charm by absorption of the scene into the motive of the portrait. Mr. Stephens also disproves that grudging fancy that gave the face only to Reynolds, and assigned the shadowy canopies of trees that enshrine the face to an assistant. The entire harmony of these pictures, face, expression, background, attitude and all, alone refutes the idea that Reynolds was ever indebted to any other's mind ; though other fingers may have aided in the completion of his works.

One example alone may be mentioned to prove the power displayed by Reynolds over the background of his pictures ; namely, "The Sleeping Child." It occurs among the illustrations to the essay. Innocence in repose is the idea of the picture ; and both repose and innocence are in the absolute, trustful slumber of the child : he takes his rest ; to sleep is thoroughly resigned. Nor is the idea of repose restricted to the darkened room, or these relaxed limbs. The trees that wave before the window bend with a drowsy droop ; and the very heavens are brought into sympathy with innocence in repose. This is the meaning of the chasm of clear blue

sky above the tree-tops. The abyss of light speaks of the sleep of the noon-tide hour ; of that hour when the sun seems to pause in his course ; when the world basks in motionless quietude. And suggestion is carried still further by this chasm of clear blue sky. The hour of noon, restful as it is, possesses intimations of deeper significance than mere peace. The knowledge of nature's resistless strength underlies the appearance of repose : the knowledge, namely, that though the hours may seem to halt, the tide of time cannot cease its motion.

And blending thus deep rest with deep unrest, the heavens assume a portion of their Maker's power ; and seem gifted with a language like His own. Viewed thus, they speak with intimations akin to that inspired picture of the Almighty,—"fallen asleep, yet having His eyes open." Viewed thus, by one capable of expressing grief's passion, the heavens lent a noble image to human fancy. For such a glimpse it was, of the glory of the clear blue sky beating into the room above the coffin of his sister, that set before De Quincey's mind, in cruel contrast, the overlasting life of creation, and the abiding stagnation in death of her he loved. Reynolds also felt this imaginative harmony between a child in slumber and the presence of the sky ; and the contrast between the absorbed repose of humanity and the watchful rest of Omnipotence.

But we pass on to the special feature of Mr. Stephens' essay, the peg to which the illustrations hang. It is Reynolds the painter of childhood. And the motive must have been pleasant to our essayist. Reynolds in this stands alone : his perfect reflections of childhood's pure image please all, for ever. And to direct the mind to a description of what is sure to please is pleasant.

If the workings of genius submit to analysis, the perfection that Reynolds attained in child portraiture may be assigned to a signal harmony between the artist, his subjects, and his era. Simplicity, as of a little child, is needed in dealing with childhood's simplicity. Sympathy with the frolic fancy of the

careless years is gained by no other clue. And Reynolds had this clue: the whole man was simple and sincere. As artist, he esteemed whatever had light and shade; as poet, he loved the face of childhood; as workman, he set his hand with might to each successive task. And to that task his subjects came well prepared. The young visitors of his studio were uncoerced by an educative system, repressive, as was the system of the previous century. The leading principle of that rule was plenty of the rod and but little of the kiss: the custom of bended knee in the presence of the parent may be referred to as an indication of its severity. That system, however, was over, and Sir Joshua's little sitters were not thus stiffened into machines. Nor were they stiffened into priggishness by the hot-house education of to-day. Neither formal nor precocious, the children brought to Reynolds were thorough children.

Such was the artist; such his subjects. And not less harmonious in co-operation was the era he adorned. As occasionally occurs, even in this world of untoward action, the man of singular capacity arose in times singularly opportune: the special gift accorded with the special time. The direction given to thought, while Reynolds exerted himself, was eminently opportune, for it was eminently straightforward. Literature was animated by singleness of aim, akin to his simplicity: to deal with things as they really were was then the common impulse of the intellect. The idea, for instance, of tracing in the talk of childhood symptoms of the soul's immortality was not only unknown to thinkers then, but would have been unmeaning. Poet or painter in the eighteenth century sought for no "better lore" from an infant, than what lies obvious in its smiles and tears. The cares of children distressed Goldsmith, and "their welfare pleased;" but childhood excited in him no rapture. The fancy that the cradle is a meeting point between earth and heaven would have been a ludicrous fancy to Dr. Johnson. Babies were to him things to feed and to keep warm. Swift

even had proposed to boil and eat them: and though they fared better at the hands of Steele, yet he relates that sweet narrative of boyish grief, caused by a father's death, not to illustrate childish impulses, but the growth of the author; and though he describes his son "employing himself on the floor of the room, sweeping the sand with a feather," this pretty picture was to please "his Prue," and not the public.

Above all, the clammy paw of the sentimentalist was not then laid upon childhood. Sterne turned for images of pathos to a jackass and a starling. The choice indicates the popular direction given to the pathetic fancy! Cruel agony, such as Dickens and Victor Hugo wring out of infantine sorrows, excited emotion too poignant for the earlier sentimentalist—such agony would have upset the harmony of Sterne's pictures; and his writings harmonize with his time. Had his readers wished it, Sterne would not have left unexplored such a fertile mine for tears as childhood.

Thus English education, English culture, and our great English artist met in fortunate accord. Reynolds's fine intellect was left unbiassed. He did not try to convert his little sitters into opportunities either for preachment or pathos; to paint childhood as it was, and is, was his artistic aim. And there was another origin to the perfect achievement attained by Reynolds; namely, that common cause—that is so uncommon—an honest heart. Not putting first picturesque action, or playful incident, or the artist's power, Reynolds gave his first, last, and every thought to the portraiture of his sitters. Likeness, veracity, was enough to rouse him to the full; and with veracity came the purest poetry.

That this devoted surrender to portraiture is not possible to all is proved by the present exhibition in Trafalgar Square. On one wall of the East Room is a "Portrait of Master Cayley," on another the picture called "Asleep." Both pictures are from one hand—the gifted hand of Millais; both alike represent children; in other respects they are most unlike. The little gentleman's face

is sufficiently brightly painted, for it is by Millais; but all the brightness is derived from the clever application of paint, and workmanship of a reasonably good quality has been reserved to the face alone. The attitude is commonplace. The accessories are slighted. The hands are portrayed with positive slovenliness. Delicacy, purity, sweetness, are reserved for the "incident" picture, the picture of the child "asleep." The tossed hair upon the pillow; the flush of warm breathing on the resting cheek; those gently curved fingers, all asleep and all perfection; are pictorial charms, that show what this artist can do when prompted by the stimulus of an incident. That the stimulus was needed when Millais turned to direct portraiture is proved by the treatment, half clever, half contemptuous, that he awards to Master Cayley.

Reynolds craved no stronger excitement than a child's sweet face to elicit his best power. If this picture had issued from his studio, the portrait would have been an image of boyhood, as individual as is Master Cayley himself, and yet a poetic creation for the delight of the whole world.

Child portraiture at the hand of Reynolds is, as said before, a pleasant theme. Mr. Stephens evidently found it so; the pages he devotes to this subject contain apt description and discriminating criticism. The illustrations, also, are satisfactory, — photographic copies of good engravings of Sir Joshua's works, both known and unusual. In subject they are select and varied; and as good as photographs can be, firm and keen in tone. But they show no attempt to obviate that objectionable feature of the photograph—a shiny surface. This glossy, light-catching coat is an almost inevitable evil in oil pictures; the flat surface of a fresco is one of the advantages of fresco painting, and it used to be the certain characteristic of works of art on paper. Till chemistry can supply an escape from surfaces greasy with a varnish of egg-flip, the photograph must be, to a certain extent, a distasteful production.

Tempting as would be the excursion, we cannot venture in among the Reynolds' child-gallery. But description to awake enthusiasm for those delightful pictures is needless. The "Strawberry Girl" is as much an accepted type of beauty, as the Venus of Milo, or Raffaello's Cardellino; as perfect in its kind, as firmly imprinted on the memory.

In his treatment of childhood Reynolds adopted two broad defining principles. Boys are regarded generally as creatures of fun and whim. And so he paints them—mimicking the strut of the imperious Henry, crouching sulky in the corner, or sitting with each hand pressed upon each knee, staring round-eyed, with looks that would be loutish, were they not so quaint. In dealing with girlhood Reynolds displayed a greater variety. Many of his little maidens were fortunately happy in their lot; they smile sunny-faced; rejoice in a mother's caress; or survey the world from the exaltation of her shoulder. More, however, are of pensive mien. In one of these pictures Reynolds attains the highest level of the art; it shall be described, to prove his claim to stand second to none, even as a religious painter. It was the "Penelope Boothby" that graced the Great Exhibition of 1862. She appears in her portrait as a little girl, barely emerged from infancy. She sits straight before us, looking straight at us, with blue-grey, lucid eyes. Her attitude bespeaks a trustful tranquillity; her look is pensive, steadfast rather than sad, yet makes appeal to all, with motionless emotion. And on this hinted regret is based the painter's intention. The meaning of the picture is to tell the story of her early death, of a death without death's bitterness, and the story is told with a touch most gentle. This sadness has no sorrow, the dark valley has to her no shadow; the regret that enfolds Penelope is not her regret, but ours.

And upon this expression rests the portrait's essential motive, the pure imaging of innocent, unconscious childhood. The child is utterly unwitting,

not only of the emotion she excites, but of the influence under which she sits subdued. Death's cloud encloses her, but her sky is not darkened. She is resigned, with resignation granted by the Hand she does not yet recognise; calm, with a calmness of which she is unheedful; innocent, by the absence of all evil; docile, from a docility that cannot imagine disobedience. Heaven is reflected in her eyes; but she does not know that. She becomes a celestial vision, because she is so absolutely a little girl.

"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

A picture such as this, or the "Age of Innocence," or the "Angel Faces" in the National collection, places Reynolds foremost among religious painters. Beauty, purity, reverential awe, and the repose of childlike faith, are certainly heaven-descended thoughts; as certainly

are such thoughts the surest paths to heaven; and nowhere in art do such thoughts find expression more absolute than in these pictures. It is all very well to say that Reynolds is "a long way in the rear of the grand old painters," of spiritual "essences and their like." He is the painter of spiritual reality; and that is far better, for it is far truer. If ever may be found in our work-a-day world "the bridal of the earth and sky," it is in the face, "so calm, so bright," of this Penelope.

Fra Angelico, in cloistered dreams, exalted by prayer and fasting, sought to see beatified expressions on imaginary features, the clearest realization of the divine influence. In his way he has attained this. Yet he never revealed in his angelic representations the overshadowing of God's presence more truly than Reynolds has by simple portraiture.

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE PRINCESS'S TALISMAN.

"Is he dead?" said the Princess scornfully to James, coming up to him while he was quietly smoking in the sun in front of the Colonel's quarters at Pozzo d'Orno.

"Is who dead?" asked James, in surprise.

"Your new friend, Colonel Silcote; the man for whom I have sacrificed everything, and who has taken up with a boy like you; excluding me, and refusing to see me. Is he dead?"

"No, my lady. He is going on very well."

"He and I were both better dead. Will he see me?"

"My lady, he says he will see no one whatever."

"Except you?"

"Except me, my lady. He is a little off his head. He wants to fight again. I have told him that he is not fit for it; but he insists."

"And swears at you? Good!"

"He swears, certainly, but not at me."

"Would he swear at me, do you think, if I saw him?" said the Princess.

"I doubt he would, my lady."

"He has been doing it already, I suppose?"

"No," said James, suddenly and promptly. "If he had done it once, I should not have allowed him to do it twice. But he has not done it once. My dear lady, he loves you as well as ever, but wants to fight again, and

thinks that you would dissuade him from it. If you saw him, and did so, he would swear at you certainly. I will tell you the simple truth. He has forbidden me to let you see him."

"This is the very basest ingratitude," said the Princess.

"On the contrary," said James, "he merely fears that you will persuade him to fight no more; and that he will not have strength of purpose to resist you."

"Have you been persuading him to fight?" asked the Princess. "No. I am a credulous and foolish woman; but I cannot believe that you, with your gentle young face, could be such a wretch, such a villain, as that. Any money which you may get by the murder of Colonel Silcote will be a lifelong misery to you."

James thought she was mad. "You have puzzled me two or three times lately, my lady, and you are puzzling me more than ever now. I have tried to dissuade the Colonel from fighting any more, and indeed have pointed out that he, as an Englishman, has no business to be fighting at all. But he is resolute. God knows I would stop him if I could."

The Princess seemed satisfied. She came and sat beside James on the bench. James put down his cigar.

"You are a young smoker," she said, "and are extravagant. That cigar is one of Tom's own regalias, and cost sixpence. I paid for that cigar, and consequently I know its price."

"I thought that the smoke would annoy your ladyship; that is all," said James.

"I see," said the Princess. "Your manners are very good. You are not one of those wretched young prigs of the present day who puff their tobacco-smoke into every lady's face as a matter of course, without any apology. But I regret to say that Tom has spoilt me in this matter. I like the smell of tobacco."

James of course took up his cigar.

"Now we shall be comfortable together," said the Princess. "You like cigars?"

"I like them very much."

"What else do you like?"

Arthur had put this question to him before; and he had answered "Several things;" but it was a very difficult question. He gave a general answer.

"I think that I like most things, my lady."

"Do you like jewels?"

"I daresay I should if I had ever seen any," said James. "But then you know I have not."

"They are very nice, these jewels," said the Princess. "Believe an old woman when she says that nothing satisfies the soul like jewels. A beautiful young man is a glorious thing: a beautiful young woman is still more glorious. But they don't last. Your beautiful young man comes in time to look out of a bow-window in St. James's Street; and your beautiful young woman—why as for her, she may become in personal appearance anything which you like to put a name to. Do you understand me?"

"I thank God I don't," replied James.

"But with regard to jewels. *They* never change. Look at this sapphire. This is one of the finest sapphires in Europe. None but a Silcote would wear it on a battle-field. It is a frosted sapphire, the very rarest of jewels, scarcely ever seen. Ten thousand years ago the stone was exactly the same. Seven hundred years ago a magician in Thibet engraved these letters on it, which, as you see, let the eye through the frosted surface into the wine-dark depth of the jewel. Do you see?"

"It is wonderfully beautiful, even to my eyes, madam."

"It is a talisman, in fact. The magician sold it to Ghengis Khan; it descended to Kublai Khan; Kublai Khan gave it Maffeo Polo, who gave it to his nephew Marco; Marco, on his return to Venice from Genoa, gave it to the then Dandolo, from whom it descended to the Castelnuevos. The last Castelnuevo gave it to me, and I will give it to you—if you will let me see him."

"I doubt I should not know what to do with it, madam," replied James,

extremely amused at finding himself named as last successor of a line which begun by an Asian magician, went through Genghis Khan, Polo, Dandolo, and ended in himself. She had used the exact kind of humbug which a London-bred boy, like him, would be the first to detect and laugh at, and he did not care a bit for the jewel, though indeed it was perfectly unique.

"Will you take it?" said the Princess.

"I think not, my lady."

"I *will* see him," said the Princess.

"Then why did you not go in at once, half an hour ago, before you tried to bribe me? I have no authority to stop you; go in now. I think that you ought to do so. I certainly cannot stop you."

"I never thought of that," said the Princess. "How very curious. Well, here is the bracelet for you at all events. The setting is common, but it is a valuable jewel."

"I must decline it, my lady."

"I am glad of that," said she. "I will give you something else. Do you like rabbits?"

"Why, my lady?"

"Boys generally do, and I would have given you some. Or a toy terrier, or a set of cricketing things; or a boat; or a pair of carrier pigeons; or a set of *Waverley* novels; or anything which you boys like. But I am glad you did not take my jewel. I should have hated you if you had, I know. I would sooner bind myself to pay your expenses at Cambridge than part with one of my jewels. Well then, I will go in and see him, and get sworn at. Is he alone?"

"He is quite alone. I must warn you, my lady, that his temper is very awkward. But it is right that you should see him. He will be furious with me, but it is right that you should see him. Be gentle with him."

"Gentle with him, boy? That I should be told to be gentle with him! Will he be gentle with me; with the woman he has ruined?"

"I fear not, my lady."

CHAPTER LV.

THE COLONEL RIDES AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS.

THE room was darkened from the blazing Italian sun, and she could scarcely see him. He was standing beside a window, the blinds of which were down, in full uniform, ready for the route, tightening some buckles of his swordbelt."

"Is that you, Sugden?" he said.

"No, love, it is I."

"Aunt? Why, I forbade him to let you in."

"But I came, nevertheless. Don't swear at me, Tom. I only wanted one little kiss before the next battle. It was not so much to ask. Don't swear at me."

"Swear at you, Aunt?" said Colonel Silcote. "Am I a dog?"

"You do swear at me sometimes, now, you know. Let me have one more ten minutes of you. Let me love you, and kiss your dear curls once more. I swear that I will urge nothing. I swear that I will not urge you not to fight. Go; fight, my darling, if you will; and, if you are killed, I will abide the bitter end. Remember, Tom, that I am but a poor ruined old woman. They have all left me but you. Be kind to me for ten minutes. It is not much to ask. Only ten minutes."

She took out her little heavily jewelled watch and laid it on the table. "Only ten minutes of you," she said.

Colonel Silcote, with his sword clanking by his side, came to her and embraced her. "Aunt," he said, "I believe that you are the best woman in the whole world."

"I am only the most foolish," she said.

"I fear so also. Why could you not have given your money and your love to some one more worthy of them, instead of to such a worthless dog as your nephew Tom?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I suppose it was that I was fond of you."

She sat down, and he, taking a footstool, sat at her knees, as he had been

used to do in times gone by, long ago, when his curls were purple-black, and not grizzled as now. Then his head rested itself in its old place upon her knee, and her hand found its old accustomed place among his hair.

"Like old times, Aunt," he said.

"Like the *very* old times," she answered. "I was thinking, just at that moment, whether, if my brother could see us two, the foolish outcasts of the family, he would forgive us?"

Colonel Silcote was not sentimental, at least in words, unless in the flurry and confusion succeeding a battle. He had been sentimental with James, certainly; but then James's wonderful likeness to his mother had something to do with that. Besides, he was suffering from the effects of a broken head.

"Do you know, Aunt, that the governor is on the whole a great trump? You may say what you like; I know how you have always backed me up; but, on the whole, it must be allowed that he has behaved much better to me than I have to him. I have done very badly. I don't think any one ever did much worse. I have done everything that a fellow could probably do, I think."

"You never drank, my darling," said the Princess, weeping.

"Bless me, no more I did," said the Colonel. "I doubt there will hardly be time to develop my character in that direction. I never thought of that before. I quite forgot that I have one virtue left, until you reminded me of it."

"You were always a faithful and dutiful nephew to me," said the poor old woman.

"And showed it by ruining you, and, by your own confession, bullying you and swearing at you. Aunt, my dear old Aunt, for your own sake do face facts."

"I am always facing the most disagreeable facts," she replied. "If Kreigsturm is not a fact, I don't know what is."

"Aunt," said Colonel Silcote, "do you want to get rid of that man?"

"No. I rather like him, to tell you the truth. But he is very expensive."

"I *cannot* make anything of you," he said, testily.

"No one ever could," she replied.

He muttered to himself, "I won't swear the very last night, poor old girl," and then tried her on a new tack.

"Aunt, dear, don't you think there has been a deal of confusion, botheration, plotting, and humbug in our family for a whole generation?"

"A great deal too much. But it is I who have done it all."

"With my assistance. But don't you think that it is time for all this to end?"

"Most certainly," said the Princess; "but who is to unravel this fearful story?"

"I should say, No one. What the dickens do you want to unravel it for?"

"Will you, dear Tom, allow me to explain it to you in a few words?"

"If you attempt to do anything of the kind I shall leave the room at once."

"But you believe that I am innocent as a babe unborn?"

"Certainly; but then this is more to the purpose. If any wrong has been done at your hands to my father, you ought frankly to explain it. You ought to clear up everything: never mind the consequences, Aunt. It is right and not wrong. My father has been abused among you. Is it not so? Come?"

"It is true."

"Throw yourself on his generosity. You told me just now you were innocent. I believe you, although I do not understand the business. Prove that innocence to him, and I will go bail he will forgive you everything. He forgave *me* often enough. Now do, like a dear old soul, throw yourself on your brother's generosity; and let there be an end and finish of all these wretched complications—complications so interwoven that I don't believe that any one but old Raylock thoroughly knows them from beginning to end. *She* does. Heaven save any friend of mine from hearing her tell them!"

"But *your* prospects, my darling?"

said the Princess. "I have loved you, and striven for you through it all. I would rather have kept my jewels, dear, if it were possible; but I want my brother's forgiveness for you, dear, not for myself. And if we don't get his forgiveness for you, where are we? Never mind; it does not matter now that I have my fingers in your curls, and you are your old self towards me once more: what are a few bright stones? They are all yours. I only thought of *your* prospects."

"Bend down and kiss me," said Colonel Silcote, quietly. "Aunt, dear, I expect the route every minute. One complication will soon be removed from among the Silcotes. My prospects lie in the rice-fields towards Palestro."

Suddenly she rose up, and he rose also. And he, in a solemn humour before, got more solemn as he watched her. She began walking swiftly up and down the room, with her arms held up, clasping and unclasping her jewelled hands rapidly, the dim rays of the sinking sun reflecting themselves on the agitated crystals, so precious, and yet so worthless, as though there were lightning in the room. She made three turns, and then she spoke.

"I loved them, but I love you better. You are the last left to me after a miserable worthless life. There are sixty thousand pounds' worth of them, and I will give them all to you, here on the spot, if you will let me have that little Czech doctor back, and let him invalid you."

"Aunt, you must be quiet; death comes to all men. Do you think that I could live in such miserable dishonour as that? Aunt, you must be quiet. Time is very short, and I expect my route every minute. Sit down."

She sat down, and began pulling off her rings. "The most of them are at Vienna," she said, "but they are all yours if you will be invalidated. See here," she added, "here is the great Polo sapphire, with which I tried to bribe that boy to let me see you. It is in reality worth four thousand pounds. Take it, but be invalidated."

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"Aunt, dear," said Colonel Silcote, with irritation, "if you could contrive to leave off making yourself foolish, it would be so much better. Don't you see that, if I am killed, your jewels are no use to me; and, if I am not, they are of great use to you. Besides, I have to say some important things. I must go; my character would not be worth a rush, and you would alter your mind. The time is very short."

"Take this one jewel, dear, at all events."

"What, your sapphire! Well, I will. I may be taken prisoner: who knows," he said, more cheerfully, "and then it would come in useful. So I will take it. It is an absolute gift, then, Aunt?"

"It is."

"Well, now, I have something more to say. Stay by me while I do a little job, and talk the while. There are scissors in my travelling-bag; cut off a large lock of your hair: we will wrap this in it, and I will hang it round my neck, and will direct it to be taken to you. A Frenchman will most likely do it, either on sentimental grounds, or in the hope of a very large reward from a real princess, not knowing that the value of the jewel, even if he undoes the little parcel, exceeds any reward you can give him fifty fold. You will see your jewel again, but it will not be yours. I destine it for some one else."

"You will come back again, and we will give a ball with the money, my dear. But if the jewel comes back alone, it shall be done with as you desire."

"Did you know that I was married?"

"Kriegsturm told me you were; but I did not care to ask too many questions."

"I was; and it was the worst thing I ever did. You do not seem surprised."

She was not. She would not have been surprised to hear that he had been married five or six times over, and was very nearly saying so right out, but did not. She said,—

"I think marriage is a good thing in the main. I am not surprised at your being married."

"I was married once, and only once : to a woman I would make my duchess to-morrow, were I but a duke. I left her in poverty and in obscurity. She may be dead. I have carefully banished her from my thoughts for many years, and she has as carefully refused to be banished ; and the eyes of this young artist who has been nursing me have, strangely enough, brought her before me again more prominently than ever. I have done many evil things, but what I did to her was the worst of them all. Now to business. If the jewel comes back without me, sell that jewel, find that woman, and provide for her with the money. Will you do this? You will find the necessary papers in the despatch-box."

"I will do it, dear, certainly. But supposing all this misery happens, and I cannot find her, what then?"

"Give the money to this young artist. I love that fellow who has nursed me. She was the only woman who ever had the least influence over me for good. I treated her worse than any woman ever was treated; and yet, in gaming-hells and other places, that woman has often risen before me, and tried to scare me from evil."

"Have I had no good influence?" said the Princess.

"Scarcely, Aunt, scarcely. And yet—yes. At a time like this I will say yes. Come, decidedly, yes. You have loved me so truly, so persistently, so uninterestedly, that you *have* had a good influence over me. Why you have loved me so foolishly and so well, I cannot dream. Yet now I, to whom the morrow is death, can see that your persistent and disinterested love for me has done much for me. It has shown me—at least now, when it is too late—that there is a life higher than my own miserable, selfish form of life. Your standard, dear Aunt, has been a low and foolish one, I doubt; but how immeasurably higher it has been than mine! But men in their pleasures are so selfish; women must share their pleasure, or they have none. See about this poor wife of mine, and tell her that I tried to forget her, but

never could succeed; and, above all things, attend to this artist lad, James Sugden. Idiot Kriegsthum is of opinion that my father will leave him the Silcote property, but that is bosh. Make friends with my father, and tell him it is the best thing he could possibly do. I hear a sound at the door, which you do not. Old Algy is dead, and so I shall see him before you. Tell Arthur to cure his priggishness; he did me no good by it. Marry Reginald and Anne on the first of April—for where should we all be if the propagation of fools had been stopped? There is nearly a twelvemonth before them: let them spend it in courting, and develop their folly."

"She don't like him," said the Princess.

"She has not seen his idiocy near enough, that is all. She thinks she can find a greater fool than herself. Put her fairly *en visoge* with him, and she will give up the business as a bad job; she is quite clever fool enough to see that she will never suit herself with so great an ass again. Time is short; kiss me. You are still too young and handsome to kiss me before strangers. Let us part without scandal."

She kissed him, and said, "I heard nothing. Do not let us part while you are in this wild sarcastic mood."

"It has come," he said, and kissed her again. "Now attention, Aunt; you can hear *now*."

The door was thrown open by James, who said, looking curiously at his father,

"The adjutant, sir."

The adjutant stalked in, in a long white cloak, like a ghost, clinking his spurs on the stones. "We have got the route, my colonel; towards Mizaglio. Are you ready to march?"

"I am ready, Von Gerolstein. Was I not always ready?"

"Too ready, my colonel. But you are wounded, and we had hoped that you were invalided."

"Do the men want another to take them into action, then?"

"God forbid, colonel. They only hoped that, if things went wrong, they

might creep back again to rally round the kindest, best, and gentlest colonel they have ever had. Are you really coming with us?"

"I am coming with you," said Tom Silcote.

"Then God deliver those who fall in our way," said the adjutant. "I will then sound to mount."

"Sound to mount," said Tom Silcote. "Good-bye, Aunt. James, follow as near us as you can, and take care of my aunt. Keep three or four trees in an irregular line between you and the artillery, *always*. Keep your horses' heads *towards* the French artillery *always*, because there may be time to avoid a *ricochet*, and the trajectory of these new cannon of theirs is very low; and don't ride over dead bodies, or apparently dead bodies. Our fellows tell me that it is in bad taste, and dangerous. Give my love to my father, Aunt. I won't disgrace the family."

The night was dark and moonless; only a few of the files nearest the inn, on which the light shone, could be seen with any distinctness; tall, solemn, mounted figures, draped in white, getting dimmer and more ghostly as they stretched out along the road right and left. Kissing the Princess, and shaking hands with James, Silcote mounted his charger and sent the word of command ringing clear through the night. The whole regiment began to wheel, to clash, and to swing into order; then, at another word, he rode away with his escort of sheeted ghosts, and the darkness swallowed him.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO.

"My dearest Archy," said Miss Lee to Arthur, "how much further are we to be dragged in the rear of the conquering army?"

"Further than we want, I fear, my love. But don't object. Both the governor and my sister-in-law are bent on going on. Are you frightened?"

"No. I am not frightened with you.

Still, I did not expect to be brought into the presence of death when I came, as I have been the last two days."

"I daresay not. Neither did I. It will do both of us good. We have looked on death too seldom. Mrs. Silcote does not mind it much."

"How she goes up and down among the dying!"

"And among the dead. I dread that she will find something—some day."

"What do you mean?"

"Merely that those white and blue heaps which we saw at Ginestrello were men of Tom's regiment."

"Arthur, how horrible!"

"It is their discovery of this fact which makes them push on so fast."

"Good heavens! do they wish him dead?"

"I think not. I think they have some idea that they will find him wounded. I cannot say what they have in their heads. They are wonderfully subdued and quiet, and in continual confabulation with Boginsky. We had better walk faster, my own, and regain the carriages."

"Let us stand aside, and see this battery pass," said Miss Lee to her lover. "How beautiful it is!"

"You admire it more than anything in all this brilliant hurly-burly," remarked Arthur.

"I do. There is something in the rattle and rumble of artillery which attracts me more than anything. Yet how beautiful these French have made their destructive apparatus."

"Yet military beauty is but a barbarous and unartistic style of beauty. No painter has ever succeeded in making anything of it when close to the eye. The Chinese make their apparatus of war purposely hideous. I am not sure that their civilization is not in that respect higher than our own." And he walked dogmatising in the old style under the mulberry trees, with the French artillery passing them; and she hung on the wonderful words of wisdom which fell from his mouth, and treasured them up.

"Hark!" she cried, suddenly, burying

her head in his bosom ; "there it is again ! That fearful shattering rattle of French musketry ; and some beautiful human form ruined, maimed, or dead every three seconds. There is the artillery beginning. Arthur, take me away from all this. I cannot bear it."

"Other women do, and you must," said Arthur, quietly. "It will do you good. It will make you see what life is made of. Come, my love, the carriages are waiting for us."

Mrs. Silcote, the Squire himself, and Boginsky were a mile ahead. They had got the carriages drawn up on the side of the road, and were having breakfast in the first of them."

"Where are those two fools?" said Silcote, while drinking his coffee. "Their coffee will be cold before they come."

"They dropped behind for a lovers' walk," said Mrs. Thomas. "They will be here directly."

"That too — that cousin of yours, Miss Lee, will spoil Arthur again. She will make him as great a prig as ever."

"I don't see that," said Mrs. Thomas.

"I do," said the Squire. "There is not a word he says but what she believes in. And at times he talks outrageous rubbish."

"For example——" said Mrs. Thomas.

"Not for example at all," said Silcote.

"I am not going to give a specimen of my own son's imbecility to please you or any one. I only say that she believes in every word he says."

"But sure it is right for a wife to believe in her husband's opinion to a great extent," urged Mrs. Silcote.

"If he has been among men of mark ; if he has been in the world ; if he has heard questions argued—she should trust him while discussing with him. But Arthur has heard little else in his life but crass common-room talk ; and he generalises on all things in heaven and earth on the shortest notice ; and this woman believes that he is a Solomon. He will be a greater prig than ever."

"You used to have such a high opinion of his judgment," said Mrs. Silcote.

"Argumentum ad hominem," growled the Squire ; "the real woman's argument. When I was fool enough to lock myself up for twenty years, I was also fool enough to believe that his folly was somewhat less than my own. What on earth is the use of quoting my own folly against myself? The general woman's argument is this : You said so once, and now you say so no longer ; therefore you are inconsistent. Therefore it does not matter what you say, it is unworthy of attention. Will you women ever get it into your heads that what *you* call inconsistency is often the highest wisdom—into *your* heads, the most inconsistent of created beings? I say that this woman will make him, with his schoolmaster ideas, a greater prig than ever."

"Yet a woman should surely believe in her husband," said Mrs. Silcote.

"Yes, if he really knows the world and its ways, and its ways of thought. But Archy don't."

"But they will hit it off."

"Oh, they'll hit it off fast enough. She is fool enough for anything. But she will spoil him : and he has been spoilt enough already."

"You are very disagreeable this morning, my dear," said Mrs. Silcote.

"It is quite possible," said Silcote, "because I don't altogether approve of this match."

"She has four thousand a year ; she is beautiful ; and you know you love her."

"That is perfectly true. And this is also true, that I am going to make Arthur richer than she is. If Arthur had ever done anything in the world, I could not so much care about his getting a wife who would simply flatter him. But then Arthur has done nothing. No one ever heard of him. And this woman is going to flatter him into the belief that he is the finest fellow on the face of the globe."

"What does it matter, so long as they are comfortable together?" asked Mrs. Silcote.

Boginsky the gentle interposed here, seeing that the argument was likely to get warm.

"My grandmother, the old Countess Boginsky, surnamed the Terrible, was a very remarkable woman of German extraction, with a great knowledge of the world, and a wonderfully sharp tongue. She shut herself up for very many years in her Castle of Rabenstein, in the Teufelswald, and, like Silcote here, got herself the name in those parts as he did in England for being preternaturally disagreeable without cause, and for power of the repartee. My English is bad. Do I give offence?"

"Not a bit," said the Squire; who winced, however. "Go on."

"Madame, my grandmother," continued Boginsky in perfectly good faith, "was more *affraisement difficile*, more transcendently disagreeable, than ever was my excellent friend Silcote. Yet she was wonderfully clever. My aunt had a difficulty with her husband; indeed left him to go to my grandmother, and put her case before her. 'My dear,' said my grandmother, 'you should believe in your husband.' 'But I cannot,' said my aunt; 'he lies so.' 'My dear,' said my grandmother, 're-cast his own lies for him, and tell them to him again the next day; he will then believe them to be originated by you, and you will get on charmingly.' 'But I cannot believe in them,' said my aunt. 'Tell them a few times, and you will get over that difficulty,' said my grandmother."

"Your grandmother seems to have been a very sensible sort of person, M. Boginsky," said Silcote, quoting the words of Louis XVI. on a very sad occasion.

"This conversation seems to me to be very silly, unprofitable, and immoral," said Mrs. Silcote. "I wonder where those two geese are? I would sooner listen to the deadly old music in staccato than such nonsense. Your grandmother ought to have been ashamed of herself, M. Boginsky."

"She was not one of those who fulfilled every engagement in life, as madame has done," said Boginsky; "and I very much fear that she never fulfilled the duty of being ashamed of herself. In fact, I know she did not."

"If we sit here in this burning sun, waiting for these two geese, we shall quarrel," said Mrs. Thomas. "Hark, they are at it again: the French are engaged. By heaven, I should know that loose, wild rattle by now. Silcote, dear, we cannot get the carriages forward further; come with me on foot. You are not angry with me?"

Silcote laughed good-humouredly, and they got out and started along the road at once. Boginsky looked after them for a moment; looked at the square, stalwart figure of the Squire, and at the graceful, elastic figure of Mrs. Silcote, as they walked rapidly away; and he remarked,—

"You belong to a strange nation, and you are the strangest pair of that nation I have ever seen. What on earth do you propose to yourselves: are you mad?"

He got a little canteen out of the carriage, which he slung round him. He told the courier that they were going to the extreme front on foot, and that he must do the best he could. The courier urged that the Austrians were massed on the left, and that the upshot of the day was extremely doubtful. Could not Signor Boginsky persuade monsieur and madame to stay by their carriages? In case of a failure in turning the Austrian right, monsieur and madame would find themselves in irremediable difficulties.

Boginsky perfectly agreed with him. "We shall make a fiasco of a retreat if necessary. But they are resolute to go, and I must go with them. Tell Mr. Arthur Silcote about our having gone forward. Don't move from here until he comes up, and take your orders from him." So he ran off after the Squire and his daughter-in-law, whom he quickly overtook.

"Ha!" said the Squire, "are you coming with us? This is kind. We did not think of you."

"I do not think that you considered anything, sir, when you made this determination of going to the front alone with madame. It is a very mad resolution: cannot I persuade you from it?"

"Why is it mad? We have before

us there, the one a husband, the other a son. We have talked together about him so much, that we have determined to find him, for we have both forgiven him. Is there anything mad in that?"

Boginsky thought it a rather Bedlamite whim; but he had long before been told that the Squire was mad, and that Mrs. Thomas was odd, and so he said nothing, but walked behind them, and found that he had to walk fast too.

The Squire and his daughter-in-law were talking eagerly as they walked. There came a heavy shower, without thunder, which wetted them all, and yet they walked on still, talking eagerly. Mrs. Silcote walked on the path to the right of the road, and Silcote walked on her left in the road. There came some artillery passing them at a trot, taking the right side, as they do on the Continent. The trooper on the right of the gun nearly rode over Silcote; Silcote merely put up his left shoulder and got out of the way, joining Mrs. Silcote again at once, and beginning the conversation as eagerly as ever.

Boginsky wondered what they could be talking about. He went up to caution the Squire, and overheard them.

"I am quite prepared for what you propose, my dear," said the Squire, "as I have said a dozen times before this week. If he chooses to acknowledge you, without knowing of your great inheritance, let us give him another chance. If he is not man enough for that, you are a fool if you allow him to recognise you."

"Might I ask, sir, once more," demanded Boginsky, "what is your particular object in this very insane expedition?"

"We are going after Colonel Silcote," replied the Squire. "We have information that his regiment is in the extreme Austrian right. We wish to go towards the Austrian right."

It caused no particular astonishment to the Squire to see that Reginald was standing beside Boginsky; there was too much noise to be surprised. He, however, thought it worth while to ask

Reginald whence he had come, and where was James?

"He is in the Austrian lines, with Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary. But I came away, and got here through the rice-fields. I did not care to stay with them, for they are sure to be beaten. Uncle Tom calls me a fool, and Aunt is mad."

"Monsieur also is very mad," said Boginsky. "Will monsieur be so good as to cease talking in an excited way to madame on family matters, which surely may keep until this hell has burnt itself to cinders, to listen and to look? *That* is the Austrian right: will you go *there* after him?"

To their left was a field of blossoming maize, more than breast high, in which grew poplars, planes, mulberries, all now in full leaf,—a very little field, which dipped, not a hundred yards away, into squashy, green rice-ground, intersected by runnels of water, through which blue-coated soldiers were trotting and splashing. Behind, a hillock and a red-roofed building. Beyond, a vast cumulus of artillery smoke, driven away from them by the wind; so great and so vast, that it competed with the real cumulus of the thunderstorm which was rapidly approaching from the south-east. Beyond this fictitious gunpowder cumulus rose a distant squarely-shaped Alp.

So much for what they saw; what they heard was still more terrible. A shattering rattle of musketry close to them, getting more furious and more prolonged as it grew more distant; beyond, the staccato of rapidly-worked artillery, striking the ear. Boginsky was alongside of them now, and said, "That is the Austrian left: you will surely turn back."

But Mrs. Silcote said "No," adding, what seems to be improbable, that she had heard heavier firing from mere field-pieces before. "Reginald," she said, "you can guide us over the ground you passed yesterday?"

Reginald demurred strongly. It was a bad road enough on horseback—utterly impassable on foot. He had great

difficulty in getting through yesterday. The way lay on causeways, through rice-fields, and the waters were let out for irrigation. He almost refused.

"Are you afraid?" asked Mrs. Silcote.

"Yes," said Reginald, petulantly.

"What are we to do now, then?" asked Mrs. Thomas. "Reginald, who could have guided us, has turned coward."

"Why, we must go on alone, my dear," replied Silcote, "and leave Reginald and Boginsky."

"I am going with you, monsieur," said Boginsky. "I think that we are behaving like mad people, but I will go with you. Come, young gentleman, think yet once again, and show us the way by which you came."

"It is not safe," said Reginald. "We shall have to go under fire."

"Don't force the boy," said Silcote, in perfect good humour. "Let us pull through it together."

"But he knows the way," said Boginsky; and added some flowers of speech in his own language, the meaning of which could only be guessed by their emphasis. "If you *will* go on this expedition," he said aside to Silcote, "I think that your only chance lies with this young gentleman. And I fancy that he wants bribing."

"The infernal young coward," said Silcote. "I would bribe him fast enough, but I don't know what he wants. I'll give him three or four thousand pounds, if that is any good."

"He would take a bribe if you knew what to give him," replied Boginsky.

"Let me bribe him," said Mrs. Silcote. "I will soon manage the matter for you. I will not wait for your leave. Here goes."

"Reginald," she said, "you will just be pleased to take us to your uncle's regiment at once, and as quickly as possible. Your grandfather emphatically *orders* you to do so."

And he said not another word, but went. He had been used all his life to being ordered, and had only just broken loose from James, the last person who

had ordered him. He was not displeased to find himself ordered about again, even though the order was to go under fire. He was not physically *afraid* of going with them; he hated more the bustle and the excitement of the thing than the danger. Yet, by his ten minutes' hesitation at Palestro, he cleverly and dexterously disposed of all *his* chances of heirship which seemed so fair while his grandfather was in a sentimental mood about his wronged son Algernon.

"What a pity it is that Betts is not here; what he might do in shares, for instance, with the telegraph! A man with so much capital in hand as I have might have made a quarter of a million by the intelligence I have gained in the last ten minutes."

"I do not understand you, dear father," said Mrs. Silcote, as she took his hand to help her over a runnel in the rice-fields.

"I will explain," said Silcote. "That furious volcano, for which we have been pushing, has ceased its eruption—there, you have slipped your foot in, and have wetted it—you should jump further; that furious volcano has ceased, and that means that the Austrian right is turned, and that they are in retreat."

Reginald and Boginsky had been going swiftly before them until now. She said quietly, "Call Reginald and Boginsky back."

Her voice reached them, and they turned to come. "Is the right really turned?" she asked Silcote.

"There is no doubt of it. Why this comparative silence, otherwise?"

"Then we shall see him. He is not one to be left behind. I shall see him, after twenty years, once more."

Reginald and Boginsky were beside them now.

"Is the Austrian right turned?" she asked. Boginsky pointed to a mass of scarlet and red on a hill, backed by the smoke of musketry fire, and said, "The luck of the Tedeschi has forsaken him. He would not be crowned, and so Hungary is avenged in bitter tears. The star of the Second of December is in the ascendant."

"I do not happen to understand your allusions," said Mrs. Silcote. "All I ask is this: Are the Austrians beaten?"

"They are most certainly beaten."

They passed on more swiftly now, for the way led out of the rice-fields, and passed round a low hill, whose few trees were ripped and broken by cannon shot. Reginald, getting excited, guided them well and swiftly. The firing was getting less furious, and more distant.

They were passing over the ground which had been crossed by the division of Cialdini only a few hours before: and were among the dead. At first the corpses lay few and far between—no wounded here, all killed by artillery at a long range: but as they went on they grew thicker and thicker. A few ambulances were standing or moving among them; and sometimes, when they were walking beside one, the shuddering defensive motion of an arm, or the ghastly stare of an agonized face, would tell them that some poor fellow had not passed the gate of death, but was too near it to care much whether he was succoured or not. This was the fair work of musketry; and soon they came on the first white uniform lying solitary among the blue around. Boginsky took off his hat respectfully.

"The foremost man, sir," he said to Silcote. "The hero of the day. In '49 I prayed to be cold and stark like him in the post of honour. I can at the least take off my hat to him now."

Silcote only nodded at him, for a growing awe was upon him; Reginald was going so straight and so swift. Towards what?

"We are close to Ponte Minbriole, now," said Reginald, turning suddenly. "That is it among the trees."

"Why are we going there?" asked Silcote under his breath.

"They were there this morning," replied Reginald. "Aunt and James, and Uncle Tom. But they will not be there now. It is all silent."

Very nearly. There were a few live figures moving about, but there were more dead than living. A little sluggish

stream, crossed by a stone bridge, against which abutted, over the stream, a low white one-storied house with a red roof; close by, among fine trees, was a mansion with a cupola which rose above them; a little further away another, very like it. In front, to the eastward, beyond the woods, the war was feverishly growling itself into a temporary silence; but here, by this little bridge, there was silence, almost peace.

"There they are," whispered Reginald.

"There are who?" replied Silcote, also in a whisper.

"Aunt and James," replied Reginald, aloud. "That is aunt sitting down under the wall, and James is standing by her. I don't see Uncle Tom."

"Thank God," said Silcote. "He and his cavalry are far away, by now."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Reginald. "His regiment was ordered to the rear, and he saw that he was too weak to ride any further, and volunteered to stay with the 11th Jägers. Did not I tell you that? No, by the way, I don't think I did."

"Stay back, all of you," said Mrs. Silcote. "The worst has happened, for I see her sitting there and rocking herself to and fro. No one has so good a right there as myself, as she, and James. Keep them back, Silcote. After so many years!——"

He had fallen quite dead, from a suddenly mortal wound, headlong on his face which was only saved from laceration on the ground by the sword-arm, held up in defiance, upon which his face had fallen. He looked as though he was asleep when they found him, and then, when James raised his heavy head upon his knee, they thought he was alive; for death had come so sudden and so swift that the last fierce challenge had been but half uttered, and had left its expression in his half-opened mouth; and a dim ghost of the fury of battle was still looking at them out of his staring eyes.

It is very difficult to know what to say, and what to leave unsaid. The reader must place himself in the situation. The Princess was more experienced

in one little attention, we shall all want some day, than was James. When that was done, she sat down and began rocking herself to and fro, singing.

Singing in a very low voice, sometimes in German, sometimes in Italian. Her grief was so deep that Providence in His mercy had dulled it. There was a deep, bitter gnawing at her heart, which underlay every thing else; as the horror of his doom must make itself felt in the last quiet sleep of a criminal before his execution, let him sleep never so quietly. Yet her feeble intellect was for a time numbed, and, as James feared, mercifully crazed: it refused to acknowledge what had happened. These half-witted women can love wondrous well.

No help had come near them. James thought of his position. "The living," he thought, "are more than the dead. If I can get her away I will."

He made two or three efforts, but she only pointed to what lay beside them. The third time she answered him, "We must wait till he wakes." And then, believing that she was crazed, he said no more, and so stood against the wall, while she sat on the ground, rocking herself to and fro, singing in a low voice.

I suspect you will see sights like these, and far worse, if you follow the track of war. I have seen much worse in times of profound peace and unexampled commercial prosperity.

It was no surprise to James to see his mother coming swiftly towards them through the dead. He was perfectly aware of the direction in which Reginald had gone, and was sure that his mother would follow him to the very verge of safety. She had had previous experience of battle-fields: he almost expected her. But when, without noticing him, she knelt beside the dead man's side first, gazed in his face, which now, the conventionalities of death having been gone through, was dull, calm, and expressionless, when she kissed him, and smoothed his curls—my hand is too rude to go on. When he saw all this he was both surprised and frightened.

Still more so when the poor Princess roused herself to say, "I know you, my fine madam: you are Mrs. Sugden. He belongs to me, I gave up all for him." And his mother replied, still looking on the dead man, "You were a good friend to him, and I thank you, but I gave up more to him than you did. I am his widow."

The Princess could not understand this at first, but began her loud singing again. The next thing which James noticed was Silcote himself, with his great square solemn face, looking down upon his dead son.

Mrs. Silcote looked up in his face. "I won't reproach you more than I can help, my dear," she said; "but, if you had not made that concealment about my inheritance to me, this could never have happened. It would have been better that he had had it and spent it all a hundred times over, than that this should be."

Silcote bowed his head and said nothing. The next voice which was heard was that of the good Count Boginsky. "My dear friends," he said calmly, "to whom am I to address myself concerning arrangements?"

Silcote went away with him. "What would you recommend?" he asked. "This is a terrible thing for us, my dear Count. That poor corpse which lies there was once my favourite son; that lady kneeling by him is his wife. He had quarrelled with both of us, and we were pursuing him to force him into a reconciliation, and we find him dead and stark. Our only object was to renew our love to him, sir. He had been very extravagant, and had not treated her well, but we could have tamed him, and now he is dead. I cannot realize it. I meant to have forgiven him all for her sake, if he had only acknowledged her."

"You *have* forgiven him, have you not?" said Boginsky, who since the defeat of the Austrians was taking a higher line altogether.

"God knows I have," said Silcote. "But details. I do not know how to arrange matters. I never was at fault

before, but I am infinitely shocked and distressed. It is inconceivable at present, but it will be terribly conceivable soon. *Can you arrange?*"

"As a friend. You and yours have been good friends to me. I shall be in a different position soon. Will you give me the title of friend, as an equal, and let me manage matters for you in that capacity? May I order as I please?"

"You may order as you please."

"Then go to that poor Princess, your own sister, and comfort her, and win her confidence. Go and do that, Silcote. She has been a misguided woman, but a loving one. Go and save her heart from breaking. Now that he lies cold and dead, she has no one left but you."

CHAPTER LVII.

SUNT LACHRYMÆ RERUM.

AND so Boginsky went among the others, while Silcote went alone to his sister.

She still sat on the ground. The movement of the others around her, and her jealous wonder at Mrs. Silcote having taken her place solemnly and silently beside the corpse, had aroused her, and had enabled her to pass into the second stage of her grief, that of terror. She sang no more, but sat and looked around her fearfully. At this time Silcote came and bent over her. She spoke first, looking wildly up into his face.

"Any time but now, brother," she said hurriedly. "I know that I cannot die for many years. You shall reproach me for the rest of my weary life for all my wickedness towards you, if you will only spare me now. Any time but now. There is a feeling of deep horror on me at this time, which is almost too much to bear. All this is my doing. I have no right to ask for mercy; I have ruined your life and have killed him. I do not ask you to spare me; I only ask for a little time."

"Sister," said Silcote gently.

"I do not ask to be spared, brother.

I will bear any penance you may put upon me. I only ask you not to begin it just yet. I cannot repair the wrong I have done, I cannot replace the papers I stole, I cannot bring the dead to life. But I can bear my penance. I only ask you to spare me just now. I know that you are just and hard, and that you will be hard and just with me; which will be terrible. Only remember that I have not one human soul left to love me in the whole world: except perhaps Kriegsthum.

"Mary, my dearest old girl," said the Squire."

"I beg your pardon?" said the Princess.

"My good old Mary: my dear old sister. I will love you."

The poor woman drew herself away from him. "Don't speak like that," she said. "You had better begin on me at once than speak to me like that. Because," she added, almost quaintly, "you don't know everything yet, and so, if you forgive me now, we shall have to go through the whole business again. I wish you would leave me alone. I can bear it all if I have time. But I am frightened."

"My dearest Mary," said Silcote, bending over her and kissing her, "you are mazed with this dreadful catastrophe. Can you listen to me? I will speak very slowly. I know everything, or believe I know everything, and will seek, if you wish it, to know nothing more. Everything is entirely forgiven, even if it were a hundredfold as much."

"It was Kriegsthum," said the mazed Princess. "It was he who committed that unutterable wickedness. She was pure and good, and I was innocent of that."

"Of course you were. But listen carefully, my poor Mary. Suppose that hellish device had been yours, which I never believed, I have so entirely forgiven everything that I could take you to my bosom just the same as I do now."

She repulsed him. "Not yet," she said. "I will not kiss you till you

know the whole truth. Old Raylock can tell it. I am perfectly certain that you do not know the whole truth."

"If old Raylock does, most other folks do," remarked Silcote. "Come, Mary, don't reject me and my love after so many years' estrangement. Let there be an end of all this shameful, miserable plotting and counterplotting. We have served one another ill. You served me ill once forty years ago, and I have served you ill ever since. Let there be a finish and an end of it. By Jove, that is near!"

The thunderstorm which followed Palestro was on them. The lightning had struck a tree within sight, and the rain began to come down furiously. "We must move, sister," he said, and she raised herself on his arm. He took her into a little doorway in the wall of the little white house, and they sat down together on the ground side by side, as they had done often as children. In a minute or so her head lay upon her brother's breast, and she turned her eyes up into his.

"Is it really true that you are not going to be cruel to me, after all my folly?" she asked.

And he kissed her tenderly. "We will give the rest of our lives to one another, and to others. All hard words and hard thoughts must be buried in the grave which Boginsky is getting

ready yonder. Let us sit here and watch the storm."

The war had roared itself into stillness, and the storm was past, leaving the Italian blue unstained overhead where they all stood, a silent party, round the grave which the hired peasants had just completed. It is by the side of the canal among the trees, in a very quiet place, quite out of sight of the village, or indeed of any building except one tall campanile, which rises from among the trees close to him, and seems to keep him company as he sleeps.

"I little thought how well I loved him" said Silcote.

"Few could help it," said James quietly. "I did so, little dreaming that he was my father."

"I little thought that you two would meet, and meet so," said Mrs. Silcote. "God has been very good to you and to him in that matter. Come, and let us leave him to his rest."

They were all dry-eyed, and only the Princess had not spoken. Seeing that she did not hear him, Silcote took her tenderly by the arm to lead her away. She did not speak even then, only set up a low childish wail so mournful, so desolate, so unutterably sad, that the flood-gates of their grief were loosened, and they walked away together with bowed heads.

To be continued.

LIFE AT THEBES.

BY LADY DUFF-GORDON.

November, 1866.

A LETTER from home, all about little R——'s country life, school feasts, &c. made me cry, and brought before me—oh how vividly!—the difference between East and West; not quite *all* to the advantage of home however, though mostly.

What is pleasant here is the primitive ways. Three times since I have been here, lads of most respectable

families at Luxor have come to ask hospitality, which consists in a place on the deck of my boat, and liberty to dip their bread in the common dish with my black boy and Achmet. The bread they brought with them;—"bread and shelter" therefore were not asked, as they slept *sub dio*. In England, I must have refused the hospitality on account of the *gène* and expense. The chief object to

the lads was the respectability of being under my eye while away from their fathers, as a satisfaction to their families; and while they ate and slept like beggars, as we should say, they read their books and chatted with me when I was out on the deck on perfectly equal terms, only paying the respect proper to my age. I thought of the "orphanages and institutions," and all the countless difficulties of that sort, and wondered whether something was not to be said for this absence of civilization in knives, and first and second tables, above all. Of course climate has a good deal to do with this, as well as the facility with which widows and orphans are absorbed here.

My Reis spoke such a pretty parable the other day that I must needs write it. A Coptic Reis stole some of my wood, which we got back by force, and there was some reviling of the Nazarenes in consequence from Hosein and Ali; but Reis Mohammed said, "Not so. Girgis is a thief, it is true, but many Christians are honest: and behold all the people in the world are like soldiers; some wear red, and some blue—some serve on foot, others on horseback, and some in ships; but all serve one Sultan, and each fights in the regiment in which the Sultan has placed him, and he who does his duty best is the best man—be his coat red, or blue, or black." I said, "Excellent words, O Reis, and fit to be spoken from the best of pulpits." It is surprising what happy sayings the people here hit upon: they cultivate talk for want of reading, and the consequence is great facility of narration and illustration. Everybody enforces his ideas, like Christ, in parables. Haggi Hannah told me two excellent fairy tales, which I will write for little R—, with some Bowdlerizing, and several laughable stories which I will leave unrecorded, as savouring too much of Boccacio's manner, or of that of Margu rite of Navarre. I told Achmet to sweep the floor after dinner just now; he hesitated, and I called again: "What manner is this, not to sweep when I bid thee?" "By the most high God,"

said the boy, "my hand shall not sweep in thy boat after sunset, O Lady; I would rather have it cut off than sweep thee out of thy property." I found that you must not sweep at night, nor for three days after the departure of a guest whose return you desire, or of the master of the house. "Thinkest thou my brother would sweep away the dust of thy feet from the floors of Luxor?" continued Achmet; "he would fear never to see thy fortunate face again." If you don't want to see your visitor's face again, you break a *gulleh* (water-jar) behind him as he leaves the house, and sweep away his footsteps.

I won't write any politics; it is all too dreary, and Cairo gossip is odious, as you may judge by the productions of Mesdames Audenarde and Lott;—only remember this, there is no law nor justice but the will or rather the caprice of one man: it is nearly impossible for any European to conceive such a state of things as really exists here. Nothing but perfect familiarity with the governed or oppressed class will teach it: however intimate a man may be with the rulers, he will never fully take it in. If the farce of a constitution ever should be acted in Egypt, it will be superb.

I arrived here on the morning of the 11th, and I meant to have written sooner, but I caught cold after four days, and have really not been well. We came up best pace, as my boat is a flyer now: fourteen days to Thebes, and to Keneh only eleven. Then we had bad wind, and my men pulled away at the rope and sang about the "*Reis el arees*" (bridegroom) going to his bride. We were all very merry, and played practical jokes on a rascal who wanted a pound to guide me to the tombs: making him run miles, fetch innumerable donkeys, and then laughing at his beard. Such is boatman's fun. On arriving at Luxor, I heard a *charivari* of voices, and knew I was "at home" by the shrill pipe of the little children, "*El Sitt, el Sitt, el Sitt.*" Visitors all day, of course. At night comes up another dahabieh: great com-

motion—as it had been telegraphed from Cairo (which I knew before I left) and was to be stopped.

This dahabieh contained an Indian *walee* (a saint), with a large harem and suite. He huffs Pashas and Moodirs ruthlessly, and gives away immense charity to the poor. The government have him watched, though I cannot conceive why, as he is perfectly outside of all that could affect Egyptian politics, his estates being at Hyderabad. After Assouan, he will be dogged by arnouts, or something of the sort. He is a good straightforward sort of fellow, whether he be saint or magician. He gave me some sort of pills to take; some men urge me to take them, and others on no account to do so, but to throw them into the Nile, lest they should turn me into a mare or a donkey. I keep them till I find a chemist to analyse them.

When the dahabieh arrived, I said, "O Mustafa, the Indian saint is in 'thine eye, seeing that an Indian is all 'as one with an Englishman." He asked, "how did I know there was an Indian 'and a saint, &c.?" Meanwhile the saint had a bad thumb, and some one told his slave that there was a wonderful English doctress; so in the morning he sent for me, and I went inside the harem. He was very friendly, and made me sit beside him; told me he was fourth in descent from Abd el Kader el Gylamee, of Bagdad,¹ but his father settled at Hyderabad, where he has great estates. He said he was a *walee* or saint, and would have it that I was in the path of the Derweeshes, gave me the pills I have mentioned for my cough, asked me many questions, and finally gave me five dollars and asked me if I wanted more. I thanked him heartily, kissed the money politely, and told him I was not poor enough to want it, and would give it in his name to the poor of Luxor, but that I would never forget that the Indian sheykh had behaved like a brother to an Englishwoman in a

strange land. He then spoke in great praise of the "laws of the English," and said many more kind things to me, adding again, "I tell thee thou art a Derweesh, and do not thou forget me."

Another Indian from Lahore, I believe the sheykh's tailor, came to see me—an intelligent man: and a Syrian doctor. The people here said the latter was a *bak-lawar* (a rope-dancer or gymnast). The authorities detained the boat with fair words till orders came from Keneh to let them go up further. Meanwhile the Sheykh came out and performed some miracles which I was not there to see; perfuming people's hands by touching them with his own, and taking English sovereigns out of a pocketless jacket; and the doctor told wonders of him—anyhow he spent ten pounds in one day here, and he is a regular Derweesh. He and all the harem were poorly dressed, and wore no ornaments whatever. I hope Seyd Abdurachman will come down safe again. It is the first time I ever saw an Oriental travelling for pleasure. He had about ten or twelve in the harem—among them his three little girls; and perhaps twenty men outside—Arabs from Syria, I fancy.

Well, next day I moved into the old house, and found one end in ruins, owing to the high Nile and want of repair: however, there is plenty more safe and comfortable. I settled my accounts with my men, and made an inventory in Arabic, which Sheykh Yussuf wrote for me, and which we laughed over hugely. How to express a sauceboat, a pie-dish, &c. in Arabic, was a poser. A genteel Effendi who sat by, at last burst out in uncontrollable amazement: "There is no god but God: 'is it possible that four or five Franks 'can use all those things to eat, drink, 'and sleep on a journey?" (N.B.—I fear the Franks will think the stock very scanty). Whereupon Master Achmet, with the swagger of one who has seen cities and men, held forth: "O 'Effendin! that is nothing: our Lady 'is almost like the children of the 'Arabs: one dish or two, a piece of

¹ Abd-el-Kader is the saint of Bagdad. The Bedouins firmly believe in him, and occasionally see him. He appears once a year, mounted on a splendid horse and fully armed.

"bread, a few dates, and peace!" (as we say, there is an end of it). "But thou shouldst see the merchants of Scandareeh—3 tablecloths, 40 dishes, to each soul 7 plates of all sorts, and 7 knives and 7 forks and 7 spoons, large and small, and 7 different glasses for wine and beer and water." "It is the will of God," replied the Effendi, rather put down; "but it must be a dreadful fatigue to them to eat their dinner."

Then came an impudent merchant who wanted to go down to Cairo with his bales and five souls in my boat for nothing. But I said, "O man, she is my property, and I will eat from her of thy money, as of the money of the Franks;" whereupon he offered 1*l.*, but was bundled out amid general reproaches for his avarice and want of shame. Then all the company said a *fathah* for the success of the voyage, and the Reis Mohammed was exhorted to "open his eyes," and he should have a *tarboosh* if he did well.

Then I went out to visit my friend, the Maohn's wife, and tell her all about her charming daughter and grandchildren. I was of course an hour in the streets, salaaming, &c. *Sheerafteenee Baladna*, "thou hast honoured our country," on all sides. "Blessings come with thee," &c.

Everything is cheaper than last year, but there is no money to buy with, and the taxes have grown beyond bearing; as a *Fellah* said, "a man can't sneeze without a cavass being ready to levy a tax on it." The ha'p'orth of onions we buy in the market is taxed on the spot, and the fish which the man catches under my window. I paid a tax on buying charcoal, and another on having it weighed. People are terribly beaten to get *next year's* taxes out of them, which they have not the money to pay.

The Nubian M.P.'s passed the other day in three boats towed by a steamer, very frightened and sullen. I fell in with some Egyptians on my way, and tried the European style of talk. "Now you will help to govern the country:

"what a fine thing for you," &c. I got such a look of rueful reproach. "Laugh not thou at our beards, O Effendin: God's mercy, what words are these? and who is there on the banks of the Nile who can say anything but '*Hader*'" (ready—with both hands on the head and a salaam to the ground) "even to a Mudir; and thou talkest of speaking before Effendina! Art thou mad, Effendin?" and the wretched delegates to the Egyptian Chamber (God save the mark!) are going down with their hearts in their shoes.

The first steamer full of travellers has just arrived (20th Nov.), and with it the bother of the ladies all wanting my side-saddle. I forbade Mustafa to send for it, but they intimidate the poor old fellow, and he comes and kisses my hand not to get him into trouble with one old woman who says she is the relation of a consul and a great lady in her own country. I am what Mrs. Grote calls "cake" enough to concede to Mustafa's fears what I had sworn to refuse henceforth. Last year five women all sent for my saddle, besides other things—campstools, umbrellas, beer, &c.

The big people are angry with the Indian saint, because he treated them like dirt everywhere. One great man went to see him, and asked him to sell him a Memlook, a pretty boy. The Indian, who had not spoken or saluted, burst forth, "Be silent, thou wicked one! Dost thou dare to ask me for a soul, to take it with thee to hell?" Fancy the surprise of the "distinguished" Turk. Never had he heard such language. The story has travelled all up the river, and is of course much enjoyed.

Last night Sheykh Yussuf gave an entertainment, killed a sheep, and had a reading of the *Sirat er Russool*; it was the night of the Prophet's great vision, and is a great night in Islam. I was sorry not to be well enough to go. Now that there is a Cadi here, Sheykh Yussuf has much business to settle; and he came to me and said, "Expound to me the laws of marriage and inheri-

"tance of the Christian, that I may do
"no wrong in the affairs of the Copts,
"for they won't go and be settled by
"the priest out of the Gospels; and I
"can't find any laws, except about marriage, in the Gospels." I set him up with the text of the tribute-money, and told him to judge according to his own laws, for that Christians had no laws other than that of the country they lived in. Poor Yussuf was sore perplexed about a divorce case. I refused to "expound," and told him all the learned in the law in England had not yet settled which text to follow.

Do you remember the German story of the lad who travelled "*um das gruseln zu lernen*" (to learn how to tremble)? Well, I, who never *gruselte* (quaked) before, had a touch of it a few mornings ago. I was sitting here quietly drinking tea, and four or five men were present, when a cat came to the door. I called "*bis! bis!*" and offered milk; but puss, after looking at us, ran away. "Well dost thou, Lady," said a quiet sensible man, a merchant here, "to be kind to the cat, for I dare say he gets little enough at home: his father, poor man, cannot cook for his children every day;" and then, in an explanatory tone to the company: "That is Alee Nasseeree's boy Yussuf; it must be Yussuf, because his fellow twin Ismaeen is with his uncle at Negadeh." "*Mir gruselte*" (I shuddered), I confess: not but what I have heard things almost as absurd from gentlemen and ladies in Europe, but an "extravagance" in a *kufian* has quite a different effect from one in a tail-coat. "What! my butcher-boy, who brings the meat—a cat?" I gasped. "To be sure, and he knows well where to look for a bit of good cookery, you see. All twins go out as cats at night, if they go to sleep hungry; and their own bodies lie at home like dead meanwhile, but no one must touch them, or they would die. When they grow up to ten or twelve they leave it off: why, your own boy Achmet does it." Ho, Achmet! Achmet appears. "Boy, don't you go

"out as a cat at night?" "No," said Achmet, tranquilly, "I am not a twin. My sister's sons do." I inquired if people were not afraid of such cats. "No, there is no fear; they only eat a little of the cookery; but if you beat them, they tell their parents next day. "So-and-So beat me in his house last night," and show their bruises. No, they are not *afreets*; they are *beni Adam*. Only twins do it, and if you give them a sort of onion broth and some milk the first thing when they are born, they don't do it at all." Omar professed never to have heard it; but I am sure he had; only he dreads being laughed at. One of the American missionaries told me something like it, as belonging to the Copts; but it is entirely Egyptian, and common to both religions. I asked several Copts, who assured me it was true, and told it just the same. Is it a remnant of the doctrine of transmigration? However, the notion fully accounts for the horror the people feel at the idea of killing a cat.

A poor pilgrim from the far black country was taken ill yesterday at a village six miles hence; he could speak a few words of Arabic only, and begged to be carried to the Ababdeh. So the Sheykh el Beled put him on a donkey, and sent him and his little boy, and laid him in Sheykh Hassan's house. He called for Hassan, and begged him to take care of the child, and to send him to an uncle somewhere in Cairo. Hassan said, "Oh, you will get well, &c. and take the boy with you." "I cannot take him into the grave," said the black pilgrim.

Well, in the night he died, and the boy went to Hassan's mat, and said, "Oh, Hassan! my father is dead." So the two Sheykhs and several men got up and went and sat with the boy till dawn, because he refused to lie down, or to leave his father's corpse. At daybreak he said, "Take me now and sell me, and buy new cloth to dress my father for the tomb." All the Ababdeh cried when they heard it, and Hassan went and bought the cloth,

and sweet-stuff for the boy, who remains with him.

Such is death on the road in Egypt. I tell it as Hassan's slave told it me; and, somehow, we all cried again at the poor little boy rising from his dead father's side to say, "Come now, sell me to dress my father for the tomb." These strange black pilgrims always interest me. Many take four years to Mecca and home, and have children born to them on the road, and learn a few words of Arabic.

I must leave off, for Mahboobeh has come to rub me after the fashion of her country, with her soft brown hands and with oils, to take the pains out of my bones. Kiss my R—— for me. What would I give to see her face!

I meant to have sent you a long letter by the Consul General's steamer, but ever since he went up to Assouan I have been in my bed. The weather set in colder than I ever felt it here. . . . An Egyptian doctor who has studied in Paris, wants me to spend the summer up here, and take sand-baths, *i.e.* bury myself up to the chin in the hot sand, and to get a Dongola girl to rub me. A most fascinating Derweesh from Esneh gave me the same advice. He wanted me to go and live near him at Esneh, and let him treat me.

I wish you could see a friend of mine: he is a sort of remnant of the Memlook Bey's—a Circassian who has inherited his master's property, and married his master's daughter. The master was one of the Beys; also a slave, inheriting from his master. After being a terrible *shaitan* (devil) after drink, women, &c. my friend has repented, and become a man of pilgrimage and prayer and perpetual fasting; but he has retained the exquisite grace and charm of manner which must have made him irresistible in his *shaitan* days, and also the beautifully-delicate style of dress: a dove-coloured cloth *gibbeh* over a pale blue silk *kufian*, a turban like a snow-drift, under which flowed the silky fair hair and beard, and the dainty white hands under the long muslin shirt-sleeve, made a picture; and such a smile, and such

ready, graceful talk! He was brought to me as a sort of doctor, and also to try to convert me on one point.

Some Christian had made some of my friends quite miserable by telling them of the doctrine that all unbaptized infants went to eternal fire; and, as they knew that I had lost a child very young, it weighed on their minds that perhaps I fretted about this, and so they could not refrain from trying to convince me that God was not so cruel and unjust as the Nazarene priests represented him, and that *all* infants whatsoever, as well as all ignorant persons, were to be saved. "Would that I could take the cruel error out of the minds of all the hundreds of thousands of poor Christian mothers who must be tortured by it," said he, "and let them understand that their dead babies are with Him who sent and took them." I own I did not resent this interference with my orthodoxy, especially as it is the only one I ever knew my friends attempt.

Another doctor came up in the passenger-boat, a Shereef, and eminently a gentleman. He called on me, and spent all his spare time with me. I liked him better than the bewitching Derweesh, he is so like my old love, Don Quixote. He was amazed and delighted at what he heard here about me. "Ah, Madame, on vous aime comme une sœur, et on vous respecte comme une reine; cela rejouit le cœur des honnêtes gens de voir tous les préjugés oubliés et détruits à ce point." We had no end of talk about things in general. My friend is the only Arab who has read a good deal of European literature and history. He said, "Vous seule, dans toute l'Égypte, connaissez le peuple, et comprenez ce qui se passe; tous les autres Européens ne savent absolument rien que les dehors; il n'y a que vous qui ayez inspiré la confiance qu'il faut pour connaître la vérité." I don't repeat this as a boast, but it is a proof of the kind thoughts people have of me, simply because I am decently civil to them.

In Egypt we are eaten up with taxes: there is not a penny left to any one. I

saw one of the poor dancing-girls the other day ; each woman is made to pay according to her presumed gains, *i.e.* her good looks. It is left to the discretion of the official who farms the taxes, and thus these poor girls are exposed to all the caprices and extortions of the police.

Such a queer fellow came here the other day, a stalwart Holsteiner—I should think, a man of fifty—who had been for years up about in the Soudan and Sennaar, and, being penniless, had walked all through Nubia, begging his way. He was not the least “down upon his luck,” and spoke with enthusiasm of the hospitality of Sir Samuel Baker’s “tigers,”—“Ja das sind die rechten ‘Kerls!’ das ist das glückliche Leben!” (“These, indeed, are the right sort of ‘fellows!’ that is a glorious life!”) His account is, that if you go with an armed party, the blacks naturally show fight, as men with guns, in their eyes, are always slave-hunters ; but if you go alone and poor, they kill an ox for you, unless you prefer a sheep, give you a hut, and generally anything they have to offer, “*merissey*” (beer) to make you as drunk as a lord, and young ladies to pour it out for you, and you need not wear any clothes. If you had heard him, you would have started for the interior at once. I gave him a dinner and a bottle of common wine, which he emptied, and a few shillings, and away he trudged merrily towards Cairo. I wonder what the Nubians thought of a *hawagah* (gentleman) begging! He said they were very kind, and that he often ate what he was sure they pinched themselves to give—dourrah-bread and dates.

In the evening we were talking of this man’s stories, and of “anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow” to a prodigious height, by means of an edifice woven of their own hair and other queer things, when Hassan told a story which pleased me particularly.

“My father,” said he, “Sheykh Moham-med (who was a taller and handsomer man than I am) was once travelling very far up in the black country, and he and the men he was with had very little to eat, and had killed nothing for many days. Presently they heard a sort of wailing out of a hole in the rock, and some of the men went in and dragged out a creature—I know not, and my father knew not, whether a child of Adam, or a beast. But it was like a very foul-faced and ill-shaped woman, and had six toes on its feet. The men wanted to slay it, according to the law, declaring it to be a beast, and lawful food ; but when it saw the knife, it cried sadly, and covered its face with its hands in terror ; and my father said, ‘By the most high God, ye shall not kill the poor woman-beast, which thus begs its life. I tell you it is unlawful to eat one so like the children of Adam.’ And the beast or woman clung to him, and hid under his cloak, and my father carried her for some time behind him on his horse, until they saw some creatures like her, and then he sent her to them ; but he had to drive her from him by force, for she clung to him. Thinkest thou, lady, it was really a beast, or some sort of children of Adam?”

“God knows, and He only,” said I, piously ; “but, by His indulgent name, thy father, O Sheykh, was a true ‘nobleman.’” Sheykh Yussuf chimed in, and gave a decided opinion that a creature able to understand the sight of the knife, and to act so, was not lawful to kill for food. You see what a real Arab Don Quixote was : it is a picture worthy of him ; the tall, noble-looking Ababdeh sheltering the poor “woman-beast”—most likely a gorilla or chimpanzee—and carrying her *en croupe*.

THE OLD BARDIC POETRY.

BY WILLIAM BARNES, B.D.

THAT the Britons and Gauls, as Celts, had, in the time of the old writers of Greece and Rome, a body of lore, whether of history, divinity, law, or science, is as trustworthy as any other truth of which those writers are our witnesses. And no less true is it that the Celtic lore was held and taught by a body of men who are known as the Bards, in Welsh *Beirdd*, the plural of *Bardd*.

To deny that there was bardship in Gaul or Britain at the time when the Romans wrote of it, would be to deny that they knew anything of Britain. And on the other hand, to allow that there was then bardship (*barddaeth*) is to allow that there was bardic lore (*barddas*); and in that lore poetry is as clearly bound to bardship by its very Celtic names—Welsh *barddoniaeth*, Irish *bardad*—as it is by the early history of bardship and poetry. The sundry opinions which may now be held of the age of the oldest British verse that has come down to us, may stand upon sundry grounds of fair thought or of foreformed conclusions. For while some would make the works of the British bards of as late, and others of as early, a time as they possibly can, there are some, again, who would try them fairly by their own word-forms and matter.

Many men may be ready to believe that poetry belongs only to a fair refinement of life, or to a so-called cultivated or written tongue; and that poetry came with the pen, and the bard with the book. The truth seems to be rather that there has never been a full-shaped tongue that has sounded from the lips of generations of any tribe without the voice of song; and that to a bookless and unwriting people verse is rather a need than a joy.

Wherever there have been deeds that were great to the minds of the tribes to whom they belonged, there has been felt a want of history; and the history of a bookless people is verse. I should not readily trust to the statement of any man who has not come into communion with the mind-life of a tribe, nor a full knowledge of their speech, that they have neither laws nor poetry. The Tonga men were found by Mariner, who was almost bred up among them, to have a poetry; the tribes of Australia were found by Mr. William Ridley, who as a missionary had learnt their speech, to have a refined law of word-lock; and the Maories, says a writer, seem to be a poetic people, and he gives some bits of their songs, not less poetic than some lines of our grave-stones and verse-books.

Whether the oldest of the bard-songs which have come to our hands be or be not of the early time to which some believe we owe them, I should hold that the Britons had a body of poetry hundreds of years before that time found those, or other poems, on their lips. Many may believe, however, on a little thought, that the school of poetry of a bookless people would differ from that of a people with a book-preserved lore, since an unwritten poetry, of history, mythology, or law, should be not only good enough to be welcome to the learner's mind, but should be of a form in which the mind could best hold it fast. Thence verse for the memory should have, more fully than prose, sundry locks to keep together the true text, and fasten it on the learner's mind. Now, the main of such locks are—metre, which, where it is true, will forbid a word to be put in for another of less or more syllables; voice-rhyme, which keeps many words from

displacement by any but those of a like sound; clipping-rhyme, or the rhyming of articulation, or alliteration; and especial forms of verse with hinge-words, or the keeping of the same word through sundry verses, for the sake of oneness of time, or subject, or thought. Welsh is a so readily rhyming language that it would not be easy to find another which it might not at least match in the sundry kinds of verse-locks; in one of which, clipping-rhyme—or *cyngan'edd*, as the Welsh call it—it has hardly now a rival.

One of the word-locks of Saxon-English poetry is a kind of clipping-rhyme, though unlike that of the British bard. It is, in its fulness, that at two strong points of the former line of a couplet, and at the first strong point of its fellow line, there should be the same clipping or consonant, as—

“To swéop hine, and to swende,
Thurh his swithan miht.”

(He swept, and swung it away
Through his great might.)

But the *cyngan'edd* of the Welsh poetry—which, in the thirteenth century, if not much earlier, had been brought to a high refinement by strait rules—was that there should be a matching of clippings or consonants in the two halves of a line, as in the first line of a poem of a later bard on London:—

“Dinas vawr—dan nos o' vŵg”

(Great city under a night of smoke),

in which line you have *d, n, s, v*, in each half of the line. So a good instance of *cyngan'edd* is given in the following two lines, from a Welsh *englyn* on the nightingale:—

“Ar lawes maes—irlaes mwyn,
Eos glwyslais—is glaswyn.”

(By the field-side, free and sweet,
Clear-voiced nightingale, beneath the green grove.)

In the former line the *cyngan'edd* is, *r, l, s, m—r, l, s, m*; in the latter, *e, s, g, l, s, l—i, s, g, l, s, l*. This form of poetic art, however, shows itself, though less regularly, in the poems of the old bards. By Llywarch Hên, *n, b, d* are repeated in:—

“Lle ni bo dawn | ni bydd disg.”

(Where there is no gift (talent), there is no learning.)

So *n, d, w*,—

“Namwyn Duw | nid oes dewin.”

(Besides God there is no (all) foreseer.)

As Butler says:—

“Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
By which, like ships, they steer their courses:”

so others may hold, on good grounds, that the word-locks of measure, voice-rhyme, and clipping-rhyme, may so far hamper the writer that he cannot well pour out his thoughts in free speech; and so his poetry must be the less good as it is of a more skilful form.

A writer says, that the search after this ornament (*cyngan'edd*, or alliteration) may lead to the neglect of the much more essential beauty of appropriate diction; which may be true, and well said by a man who could take a piece of clipping-rhyme verse, and put in more appropriate words than those that hold the rhyme: but yet a good poet will most likely feel, like a master painter, what he can and cannot do well. And, moreover, bardic poetry is understood to have been for the singer with his harp, and the *cyngan'edd*, besides that it was a verse-lock, might have come in, as a sweetness for the British ear, with the accents of the tune.

When, moreover, a man writes with a skill that conceals skill, and his lines, while they keep all the strait rules of verse, yet flow as freely as if they were wholly untied—as flow some of the lines of such a poem as the “Caniad y Gôg” (The Cuckoo's Song), to Merioneth by Lewys Morys, called Llew Du—we cannot but feel that kind of pleasure which is afforded by the easy doing of a high feat, besides that which is afforded by good writing. The main questions of bardic poetry have been about its antiquity, and its quality as poetry. For some read as bad verse that which to others may seem very fair poetry, and would show a bardic poem to belong to a time as far later as they can

than the earliest to which another may have assigned it.

In some songs which have lately come under my hands, and which were written in the old English speech of the Strongbow colony, in the Baronies of Forth and Bargy, in the county of Wexford, Ireland, I have found a case—not unworthy of thought in the rating of the age of an unwritten poem which may have come down from tongue to ear through more or fewer generations, as it would show that the presence in a poem of a word of late form, or use, does not needfully prove that the poem was not written before the common use of such a word.

Some of the songs were written down about forty years ago, from the lips of an old man, Lett Sealy; and in the following year *corrections* of the versions were taken from the voice of another man, Toby Butler. Now, these *corrections* were the restorations of a few old Forth words for modern English ones, which, with the train of singers through whom the song had come to Sealy, had taken their places.

“*Thae* priesth,”

said Sealy;

“*A* priesth,”

said Toby Butler.

“*So when* aul was ower,”

said one of them;

“*So fan* aul was ower,”

said the other.

“*Earch* man took his laave,”

said Lett;

“*Earch* man took his laave,”

said Toby.

The words *a*, *fan*, and *earch*, were the old Forth words for the later English ones, *the*, *when*, and *each*; so that, after all, the song was written, not in the later time of the use of the modern words, but in the earlier time of the use of the older words, which old Toby Butler put in, by correction of the wording. This case may afford a hint that, although the poems which have

come down to us as the writings of Myrddin, or Merlin, may not be wholly the true words or strains of his song, yet he did leave a body of verse, into which may have slipped a few newer words or verses; for, as it was deemed to be prophetic, rather than historical, so it was handled through the run of time as that which belonged to any point of it. This case of the Forth poems shows also the good of the word-locks, since these infoisted words could not have kept their place unless they had been of the same length as were the output ones.

The use of the word-locks of rhyme, both clipping-rhyme and voice-rhyme, may be sometimes found in the forms of words belonging to the laws or ceremonies of tribes, who might have first used them in their bookless times. So, in an old Saxon-English law-form for the sale of land, the seller words it that he thenceforth holds a right neither in “plot nê ploh; nê turf nê toft; nê furh nê fôtmæl; nê land nê laesse; nê ferse nê merse; nê ruh nê rûm; nê sandes nê strandes:”—neither in plot nor ploughland; nor turf nor toft; nor furrow nor foot-track; nor land nor leasow; nor freshet nor marsh; nor rough nor wide; nor sand nor strand: with the words bound in pairs, some by clippings and others by voice-rhymes.

In rating the quality of bardic or other old poetry, and especially poetry of a bookless race, we should bear in mind what was the aim of the poem under thought: whether it was one of history, in a form of words for the memory; or one of passion, in winged words for the heart. If we take some of the historical triplets of the Welsh which tell the places of warriors' graves, we must not think that they should burn with passion, or charm us with fine imagery. Even the metre and rhyme may be given no less as a help to the memory than as a sweetness for the ear; and the poet can relieve the flatness of such historical truths, as Homer did the roll of his ships or leaders, only with a few epithets.

After a late Welsh *Eistedd'vod*, some

little merriment was made for the English readers of one of our daily prints, at the badness of a Welsh poem which had won a prize, and which was presented to them in an English version. I have not seen the Welsh poem, but I was not sure that it was as bad as was its so-called version. An English version of a poem in another speech would be better or worse, or more or less worthy of a good original, as the translator might write with a full knowledge of the foreign speech, and with *awen* (genius) and good will; or with either knowledge, genius, or good will singly, without the other two fitnesses; or with any two without the third; or with neither of the three: though a man without a good will, or with an evil will to make the worst version that could be formed within the meaning of the words, would never win a poet much honour out of his own speech. Man after man has given us, with a good will, as well as more or less genius and knowledge, English strains for the lofty ones of Homer; and yet how many of them have brought over all the grace of his wording and music and thought? But Welsh poetry, with the rhyme and *cynghanedd* of that ready-rhyming tongue, is even more hard to bring fully into English verse. Homer himself, however, sometimes dozes, and Dryden was bold enough to pour out more wrath than music on the smallpox. In a poem on the death, from smallpox, of Lord Hastings, he asks:—

“Was there no milder way than the smallpox,
The very filthiness of Pandora’s box?”

Again, Ovid writes—

“*Sulmo, mihi patria, est gelidis uberrimus undis,*
Milia qui nonies distat ab urbe decem;”

and Heylin the geographer gives it as:—

“*Sulmo, my birthplace, full of rivers cleere,*
From Rome is distant ninety miles well neere.”

An early, if not the earliest known, form of British verse was the warriors’ triplet (*triban milwr*), sometimes called the *englyn milwr* (the warriors’ verse). The *triban* is a verse of three lines,

each of seven or eight syllables, and all ending with syllables of one rhyme; and it may be taken, with the triad, as another token of the British use of the number three. “The old bards,” says a bardic writing, “sang in bare rhyme; “that is, without *cynghanedd*” (or clipping rhyme), “and laid the stress of the “harmony on the accentuation.”

The triplet (*triban*) has been tried in English:—

“Fly from Olinda, young and fair,
Fly from her soft engaging air,
All wit, in woman found so rare;
Although her looks to love advise,
Her yet unconquered heart denies,
And breaks the promise of her eyes.”

The form of the warriors’ triplet is that of the historical “Verses of the Graves” (*Englynion y Beddau*) of about two hundred heroes of early times, down to the seventh century. These memorials of the great run in this strain:—

“Whose rest is this four-cornered bed?
Two stones at feet and two at head.
The furious Madoc here is laid.”

Another is on Cynddy’lan, on whose death Llywarch wrote an elegy:—

“After wounds of bloody fight,
And trappings worn on steeds of white,
Cynddy’lan’s grave is here in sight.”

Another is on a hero called by the not uncommon name of “Tarw Trîn,” the “Bull of Battle:”—

“Whose grave on yonder cliff is seen?
His hand to foes a foe has been.
Be mercy on him, Tarw Trîn.”

The three great British bards of the olden time whose works are come down with their names to our days are—Llywarch (High-ruler), usually called Llywarch Hên (Llywarch the Old); Taliesin (Bright-forehead or Bright-face); and Aneurin.

Llywarch Hên, son of Elidyr Llydanwyn, of the Vale of Clyde, was by birth a prince of the North British Cymri, who have left their name in Cumberland, though they held the lands from Cumberland to the Picts’ Wall. He was driven into Wales by the inroads of the Saxon-

English ; and he lost some of his many sons in the struggles of the Britons for their land. He withdrew with some of his sons to the friendly dominions of Cynddyl'an, Prince of Powis, and dwelt for a time in a cottage at Aber Cuawg, now Dôl Giog, in Montgomeryshire ; but it is thought that he ended his great length of days in a place called Pabell Llywarch Hên (The Tent of Llywarch Hên), at Llanvawr, near Bala, at the church of which parish he was buried.

A triad makes him to have been one of the three main counsellors of King Arthur ; whom another makes him to have left, as one of the three discontented guests of his court ; and by a third triad he is called one of the three disinterested princes of Britain, though he was a bard only by *awen* (genius), and was not bred up as a fellow of the bardic body, of whose rules his war-waging life was a strong violation.

One of the poems of Llywarch Hên is on the death of Geraint ab Erbin (Geraint, the son of Erbin), a kingling of Cornwall, who was slain in the battle between the British and English at Llongborth. This answers well to the battle of Portesmutha (Portsmouth) of the Saxon Chronicle, which tells that there was slain a young Briton of high nobility ; for Llongborth means Portesmutha, or the mouth or opening of the haven.

The poem is in the measure of the "warriors' triplet." It has seventeen verses in praise of Geraint ; all but five of them beginning with the words, "Yn Llongborth:" and it ends with nine verses in praise of his horses, beginning with the words, "Oedd re redaint" (They were swift). The Llongborth verses are of this form :—

- " In Llongborth saw I strife begun,
With men to rage, and blood to run
Before Geraint, his sire's great son.
- " At Llongborth saw I warriors led
To onsets, with their feet blood-red :
' Who helps Geraint, haste on ahead !'
- " Before Geraint, the foemen's dread,
I saw the steeds with foam bespread,
And then a shout, and then the dead.

" In Llongborth were to Arthur slain
His brave steelwielders of his reign,
The lord and wielder of the train."

The verses of the horses are of this form :—

- " The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, on barley fed ;
As brushfire on the hills they sped.
- " The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, with grain high fed,
And bay ; as eagles bold they sped.
- " The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, with grain in highest plight,
All bay, and swift as eagles white.
- " The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, with grain well fed,
And bay, as swift as eagles red.
- " The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, and with their grain full
gray,
And bay, as swift as eagles gray.
- " The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, and wheat-fed, sleek of
hide,
And bay, as swift as eagles pied.
- " The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, with grain supplied,
And gray, with manes in silver tied."

The taking up of a hinge-word at the beginning of each triplet of a strain belongs, in a way, to the supposed poetic grace, called in bardic lore "Cymmmeriad," or Resumption ; though *cymmmeriad* is mostly that of the same or like clippings or sounds in successive verses.

Southey, in his notes to his "Sir Thomas More," has observed that the general strain of the poems of Llywarch is as melancholy as it is rude. Upon what knowledge of the Welsh and the forms of the poems he found them rude I know not, as I take to be rude that which is unshapen or ill-formed. But Llywarch's verses are of so very true a measure and rhyme that, with their *cymmmeriad*, besides their many pretty word-settings, which cannot well be brought into English, I should call them of severe form rather than rude. Llywarch's treatment of his subject, it is true, differs much from that with which an English poet would now handle it ; but this does not itself make his verses rude, unless there was never a good school of poetry but that of our days.

Llywarch has left some satirical triplets on a coward of the name of Maenwyn, who was steward (*maer*) to Maelgwn, who, as are we are told by Gildas, his contemporary, was King of Wales from about 534 to 550. Llywarch sings to Maenwyn :—

“Maenwyn, when I in thy youth woke,
Men would not trample on my cloak,
Nor plough my land, without a stroke.

“Maenwyn, when I, like thee, was found
In youthful bloom, all body-sound,
The stranger would not break my bound.”

Another poem of Llywarch is on the death of Urien, prince of Reghed (about Cumberland), who gathered his men together against the Saxons under Ida, and was at last assassinated, from some hatred, by a man of the Scots, his allies, of the name of Llovan, afterwards called Llovan Llawdivro, “Llovan of the fleeing-hand,” or the outlaw. Llywarch was the war-mate of Urien; and his elegy is in five strains, of verses in the form of the warriors’ triplet. The first is of the vengeance for the deed of the wicked hand; and the next is on the head of Urien, as borne away home by the warrior bard. Each of its triplets begins with the words, “Pen a borthav” (I bear a head), as :—

“I bear a head from Pennoe’s beach;
Far and wide his warfares reach;
Urien, famed, and sweet of speech.

“I bear upon my arm a head,
He in the land of Brynaich¹ sped.
Steeds after battle draw the dead.

“Still’s the gale, once loud with song;
To few will praises now belong,
Since Urien heads no more his throng.

“A head upon my left I bear;
Better his life, than mead, to share,
The shield of helpless eld’s grey hair.”

Then follows a strain on the burial of Urien, in three triplets beginning with “Y gelain veinwen” (His fair body). Then he touches on the grief of Urien’s brother and sister, and, after other strains, ends with one on the sad sight of the weather-beaten hearth of Urien’s fallen house. The triplets of this strain all hinge on the words “Yr aelwyd hon” (This hearth).

¹ Brynaich, the hilly land; from Bryn, a hill. Bernicia.

Llywarch Hên has also left an elegy on the death of Cynddyl’an ab Cyndrwn, or Cynddyl’an, the son of Cyndrwn. It is noted in the Saxon Chronicle, under the year 577 :—“This year Cuthwine and Cawlin fought against the Britons, and they slew three kings, Comail and Condidan and Farinmail, at a place which is called Deorham, and took from them three cities—Gloucester and Cirencester and Bath.” It would seem from other Welsh writings, and the poem of Llywarch Hên, that the name *Condidan* stands in the Saxon Chronicle,—by some writer’s or reader’s change of *l* into *d*,—for *Condil’an* or *Cynddyl’an*.

Llywarch Hên makes Cynddyl’an’s palace to be at Pengwern (the head of the flat land), which, as is thought, is near Shrewsbury. He defended Tren, a town by a stream of that name, and, as its name would seem to show, a swift or much-flooded stream, and it may be the Tern. His place was by a slope (*rhiw*) near a height (*pen*), and not far from the rock of *Hydwyrth*, which would mean “channel-side,” or “long-channel.”

For the “Farinmail” of the Saxon Chronicle, Llywarch Hên gives “Caran’mael” as the war-mate of Cynddyl’an. Cynddyl’an and Caran’mael are more likely than the two names of the Saxon Chronicle to be the true names of Britons, as they are of likely British form and meaning. Cynddyl’n, or Cynddel’n, would mean the Pattern, or paragon, and Caran’mael would mean the Head-iron or helmet; and it may be observed that the stem, *mael*, for iron, and mail, comes into many words of trading and gain, and might have been taken in a trade-meaning in a time of iron ring-money, such as that of which we are told by Cæsar.

Among the epithets bestowed on his hero by Llywarch Hên are “calon-goddaeth” (brushfire-hearted, with a heart as eager as the brushfire on the land); “calon-milgi” (greyhound-hearted); “calon-hebawg” (hawk-hearted); “gwydd-hwch” (wildboar-hearted). A token of the early age of

the elegy is that it makes Cynddyl'an to wear the torque of the old British noble :—

"Cynddyl'an, all his people's stay ;
With torque, and stubborn in the fray ;
The shield of Tren, his father's sway."

The following triplet will show how the verses of a strain of this school of poetry are varied upon the same model :—

"Cynddyl'an, high of wit and thought ;
With torque, and sturdy where he fought :
The shield of Tren, ere Tren was nought."

"Cynddyl'an, wildboar-hearted knight ;
When once arose the dust of fight,
Then there was slaughter left and right."

"Cynddyl'an, make thy hill-mound good ;
'Tis there the foes must be withstood,
Though call we not a tree a wood ;"

that is, the foes are not so mighty as they may be thought. The French have the saying, "*Un arbre ne fait point une forêt.*"

The poem on Cynddyl'an is of many strains, each of which is of more or fewer triplets on the same head ; as on the hero, on his fallen palace, or on Pengwern, the field of battle : and almost every triplet begins with a *cymmeriad* (resumption) of the same word or thought, as a verse-head. The triplets on Cynddyl'an begin with his name, and those on his hall begin with "The Hall of Cynddyl'an," "Ystavell Cynddyl'an." The strain on the hall of Cynddyl'an is of triplets of a very sad cast :—

"Cynddyl'an's hall is all in gloom—to-night ;
No fire, no lighted room :
Amid the stillness of a tomb."

"Cynddyl'an's hall is left alone—to-night :
A hall with none to own.
O Death, take me where he is flown."

"Cynddyl'an's hall is now unblest—to-night ;
On Hydwyrrh's rocky crest
No lord is there, no meal, no guest."

"Cynddyl'an's hall ! It makes me wan
To see cold hearths, and roofing gone.
My lord is dead, and I live on !

"Cynddyl'an's hall is sad within—to-night ;
For sons of Cyndrwyn,
Cynon, Gwion, and Gwyn."

One of the triplets of the poem names Brocmael, Prince of Powys, who fought

with Ethelred, King of Northumberland, at the battle of Chester ; and, in a verse on the churches, the bard says :—

"The churches of Bassa are enriched—to-night ;
My tongue has done it ;"

thinking, it may be, that his war-song, in the field, had sent the Britons to slaughter ; for, as late as the time of Hoel Dda, the bard had to go into the battle-field ahead of the men, singing the national song—

"Unbenaeth Brydain"
(The monarchy of Britain).

A triplet on "Y Tref Wen," The Fair Town (of Cynddyl'an's people), shows how many struggles there were between Britons and Saxon foes ; for he says that it was there as usual to behold the broken shield brought back, as to see the ox come home in the evening.

Heledd, a sister of Cynddyl'an, is made to bewail the loss of three brothers. She says, in a triplet,

"At once I mourned three brothers' fall—
Cynan, Cynddyl'an, Cynvraith—all
In guarding Tren's now wasted wall."

Another triplet is—

"Thin the gale, the rumour loud ;
Sweet the ridge that lost ones ploughed :
Those that now the graves enshroud."

The triplets upon Caran'mael show that he was very brave, and the son of Cynddyl'an, and that he was childless, and the last of the line of Cyndrwyn :—

"Caran'mael, in the strife not slow,
Cynddyl'an's son, whom all men know,
Of no weak old man was his blood."

Cyndrwyn had many daughters, some of whom are commemorated in triplets of Llywarch's poem :—

"There once were fair, to sons of men,
The daughters dear of Cyndrwyn—
Heledd, Gwlad'us, and Gwenddwyn."

Cynddyl'an is made to say of three more :—

"I sisters had, and loved them well ;
To lose them all it me befell—
Freuer, Meddlan, Meddwyll."

And again of three others :—

" Sisters to me were born and bred,
But all at once are lost and dead—
Gwled'yr, Meisyr, and Ceinvryd."

Llywarch's song of the "Cuckoo" in the vale of Cuawg, in Montgomeryshire, where he lived in his later years, may be taken as a fellow poem with the ode on "Old Age, and the Loss of his Sons." It seems to have been written on hearing the cuckoo, when he was low in health and mind from years and sorrow, and when he could say

" Short now is my way,
And my dwelling decayed."

The words "my dwelling" (*vy nhyddyn*) may mean his body, or earthly tabernacle, though we may believe that the "tyddyn" of the poor fallen man at Aber Cuawg was not over trim.

His complainings, at places, have somewhat of the tone of those of Job. He says, in one of his triplets :—

" At May-day, when the flowers are bright,
And to the field rides forth the knight,
I go not—I have lost my might."

He has woven into his triplets a few proverbs, such as :—

" The cheek hides not the heart's grief ;"

and his so headed Englynion are verses of proverbs, very skilfully put together, with the rhymes and measures of the Englyn. Two of them are :—

" The eye will glance where the heart loves ;"
and

" The hearth of the faithless will be lonely."

Of Llywarch's ode on "Old Age and the Loss of his Sons," the triplets of the strain of verses—the strain of one crutch—begin with "Baglan bren" (Crutched staff), and are spoken to the crutch of his weakness :—

" My crutch : is not the winter here,
When round the mead is merry cheer ?
No greeting by my couch I hear."

In another he seems touched with what seems to him a token of his falling life, a dead leaf :—

" Th' leaf, now falling in the blast
Of wind, not long its life-days last :
Most old before one year is past.

It may be to a son that he sings :—

" If thou shouldst flee, I should complain,
And I should weep if thou wert slain :
Be bold where thou the breach wouldst gain."

Other strains are on his sons, who were slain in the war with the Saxons. He gives several triplets on his beloved son Gwen, with whose name they begin. The third line in one of them is :—

" He was my son, and so he never fled."

And in another he cries :—

" He was my son, and so he did not shrink."

One of the strains on his sons is made up of triplets beginning mostly with the words :—

" Pedwar meib ar ugain"
(Four and twenty sons).

" The sons I had were four and twice-told
ten,
All golden-torqued, and leaders of their
men :
And oh ! the best of all my sons was Gwen.

" The sons I had were four and twice-told
ten,
And all with golden torque, and princely
men,
But all were striplings by the side of Gwen.

" Twice twelve sons bore Llywarch's name,
Men full bold, unstained by shame,
Quick their march ; and great their fame."

It may be seen that the above-quoted triplets have a special form. In that which begins with a *cymmeriad* in the words "Cynddyl'an's Hall," ("Ystavell Cynddyl'an,") and others, each takes after the first measure of the first line the word "to-night" (*heno*) ; and thus the triplet shows the beginning of the form of verse called the Englyn, which is the form of the Welsh epigram. The uptaking of a standing word, as of *heno*, at the end of the first measure, is found in a poem of triplets of "The Warrior in Distress," of which the manuscript is in University College, Cambridge, whither Villemarqué went to see it. He says of it that it is impossible to overrate its importance.

The Englyn is a verse of four lines, with four fellow-rhymes ; or of a long measure (invented by Taliesin), followed by two lines of fellow-rhymes. It is of

several forms ; sometimes of four lines of even measure, though a more skilful, and not less common, form has the first line of ten syllables, the next of six, and the other two of seven. The first two lines, called the shaft (*paladr*), as of an arrow, has in it a rhyme-point for the other lines, and, beyond the rhyme-point, two or four syllables ending with the so-called "cyrch" or mid-point word, as is the word "heno" (to-night) in the triplets of Llywarch. The following has the form of an Englyn, and gives nearly the substance of an Englyn of late times, on a "Yellow Greyhound :"—

"Hound yellow, light of tread—the cunning
 foe
 Of deer bedappled red ;
 He of the wind¹ gets not ahead,
 Nor yet is by the wind outsped."

The two lines down to "red" are the shaft, and the other two are the head or wings, "esgyll" (feathers), as of the arrow. Here "tread" is the main-word to which the other lines rhyme. Sometimes the cyrch-word is answered by a rhyme in the next line, and the Englyn becomes the cyrch-rhyme verse, as the following Englyn on Home :—

"Whatever land I pace—wherever *find*
 Friends *kind*, or woman's grace ;
 Where'er my way, where'er my place,
 Still fondly home I turn my face ;"

in which the cyrch-word "find" is answered by the rhyme of "kind" in the following line.

The less severe forms of verse (*penill*) which English versewrights take, are also used in Welsh. The following is the form and substance of a verse on a man's coming back, after many years, to his childhood's home :—

"Here, where I daily played of yore,
 The people know me now no more ;
 By one or two I'm known again—
 By two to day, for hundreds then."

Among the poems of Llywarch Hên, with some seemingly older ones, are many verses of folk-lore, or homely wisdom. In form some of them answer to the little poems of the landfolk of

Tuscany, where they are called "stornelli." Most of them are triplets, and they bind up, in a proverb, some truth in the outward world of matter, with some word of wisdom for the life of man. One of the triplets of a set called "Y Gorwynnion" (The Bright Things) is of this form :—

"Bright is the briar's bloom : no law hath
 need :¹
 From impure deeds withdraw ;
 Ill manners are the greatest flaw."

The thought-bond in the Welsh is "nid moes" (no law) or no manners of need, and the shame of bad manners, "anvoes."

"Bright is the service-tree ; the old
 Are care-sought, (as) by bees the wold ;²
 'Tis God alone will vengeance hold."

"Bright are the gorse-blooms : make thy
 friend
 The wise, nor to the fool attend :
 God only knoweth every end."³

As by the symbolism of Freemasonry every tool of the mason hinted a good thought, so, in the verse-bond of the moral truth to the natural object, the Briton found a repetition of a good teaching in his footsteps over the ground.

Some triplets, which have been imputed to Llywarch Hên, "Y Gwiall" (The Saplings, or Boughs) are called by Jones, in his "Relics of the Welsh Bards," Druidical verses ; and Druidical, or of the time of the Druids, some such may be, though I do not think that they hold any Druid mystery. Three of them begin with "Marchwial bedw briglâs."

"O birch-tree twig, so greenly fair,
 Draw out my foot from this my snare :
 Let not thy man thy secret share."

"O sapling of the oak-tree shade,
 Draw out my feet, by chains down-
 weighed :
 Tell not thy secret to thy maid."

"Thou oak-twig of the leafy wold,
 Pull out my feet that fetters hold :
 Be not to blabs thy secret told."

¹ Necessity hath no law.

² Cares settle on the old as naturally as bees on wild flowers.

³ Or, knows how all things will end.

¹ I.e. the wind with the scent.

The writer of "A Summer Ramble in the Himalayas" writes of the Puharee poetry :—"The first line in each couplet "has no meaning in connexion with the "song—being only to rhyme to. This is "the general system of the rude Puharee "poetry. The idea they wish to express "is made to rhyme to a sentence having "no connexion at all with it." This may be true as well of such bardic verses as we have last given ; for, while I seem to see the bearing, which some others have not seen, of some first lines to the others in some Welsh triplets, I do not see such bearings in all of them. But it does not therefore follow that there never were any such bearings. A cricketer may sing a couplet of his bat—

"The willow by the water grows :
A better bat hits better blows"—

and a man of a thousand years hence, not knowing that the word *willow* had been a fancy name for a cricket-bat, might not perceive any connexion between a willow-tree and the bat-blows.

A set of proverbial Englynion show a *cymmeriad*, or resumption, of the word *gnawd* (it is usual) at the beginning of each line. It is usual, say the verses, that such and such things should happen in the outer world, and so usual that so-and-so should happen with man.

The *cymmeriad* of another set of verses is *bid* (let be). Among the verses of Llywarch are some on the "Calangauav," or, the First Day of the Winter, answering to our All Saints' Day. Each of the triplets begins with "Calangauav ;" and they show that at that time of year the plough was in the furrow and the ox at work, and that it was the time when the herdsmen left the *havyd* or *havod* (summer-hut) on the hills, and came down to the *kendrev* (or old house) in the plain.

"Let swineherds smile to hear the moan¹
Of winds : be love to meekness shown :
The mischievous shall be o'erthrown.

"Let knights be seen, and thieves let cower :
A girl may be deceived through dower :
Bad shepherds give the wolf his power.

"Let bark the cubs ; let sting the snakes :
The ford is swum beside the stakes :
Adultery a robbery makes."

I am so bold as to take this line otherwise than both Owen and Villemarqué :—

"Bid noviaw rhyd wrth beleidyr."

Owen makes it—"In passing a ford with spears, let there be swimming," though one cannot readily perceive why men with spears, any more than men without them, should swim over a river. Villemarqué makes it, "Qu'on passe le gué à la nage, malgré les lances" (Let men swim over the ford notwithstanding the spears)—of foes on the other side. But the line, as is shown by its proverbial fellows, tells not of what should be done, but of what is known, by observation, to happen. *Paladr*, plural *pelydr*, means a beam, shaft, or stake, and the haft of a spear; but here it may mean stakes driven in a line over the fords to mark the good footing at the shallow water. If this is the true reading, and the stake-fords were known to the early English settlers, it may be a clue to the name of so many English places : Stafford, as the Staefford, or Stakeford. I do not know that the word *novio* (to swim) was ever used for wading, but Herodian had understood that the Britons were much wont to swim or wade through water.

Aneurin was brother of Gildas Albanus, the British historian, and lived under the patronage of Mynyddawg, prince of Edinburgh. He was himself a chief of the Britons of Gododin (the Otodeni), and one of the greatest bards of his time.

The "Gododin" of Aneurin is written on a battle between the North Britons and the Saxon-English, under a leader called by Aneurin "Ffamddwyn" (or, The Flame-bearer). The battle seems to have happened at a gathering of the Britons at a yearly feast, and at a place called Cattraeth, or Caltraeth—which word *traeth* means a strand or sand-beach ; and it was by the sea in the land called

¹ Because they blow down the mast for him.

Godod'in, or Gotod'in, the land of the Otadeni, or Gotadeni of Ptolemy, reaching from about Newcastle to Edinburgh. It was fought near the Roman Wall, which reached from the mouth of the Forth to that of the Clyde, and which, at Caltraeth, was then a mound with a line of stakes. This wall passed by a river, the Calder, which it is thought gave the name of "Cal-traeth" (The strand of the Calder) to the place of the fight. The tribes on the foe side were the Angles and the Scots, who had become their allies, under a leader, Domnal Brech (or Domnal the Variegated or Pied Man)—the tattooed man, as Villemarqué takes it, but, as I think, the plaided, and so striped or variegated, man.

The battle of Caltraeth seems to have been fought after that of Llongborth, which was sung by Llywarch Hên: since some of the wielders of the sword at Caltraeth were the later kindred of the heroes of Llywarch; and since Aneurin curses a woman (Bun) whom he calls the fair traitress, who is said by a triad to be one of the three shameless women of Britain, and to have wedded Ida the Saxon. So the battle has been referred to the time of Ida's son.

Although Aneurin was not very much later than Llywarch, yet his form of verse, either as that of his own mind or that of a new school of poetry, differs from that of the old bard. Llywarch wrote mostly in the triplet and Englyn form of verse; whereas Aneurin writes mostly in *awdlau*, or free sets of lines of one rhyme. Of his hero Owen he gives a verse of the form and meaning:—

"The shield he bore, though light, yet wide,
Hung down before his charger's hide,
And he, with blade bright blue each side,
With golden spurs was wont to ride."

He gives two strains of verses of eight one-rhymed lines, and of the former strain each verse begins with the words "Calawe Cynhorawc" (The Wreathed or Crowned Leader). A couplet says of the Bernicians—

"O house of Brynaich, were you judged by
me,
One shadow of a man you would not see."

Of the forthgoing of the king he says:

"In time of dawning light,
The sun arose in sight,
The king in glory dight,
On blue-skied Britain's height,
Bad spear on shield to smite,
For prey of foes in fight."

Taliesin was, like Aneurin, a *Pen-beirdd* (or head of the bards), and lived under the favour of Maelgwn Gwynedd, King of Wales. His abode was, for a time, by the lake Llyn Geirion'ydd, for he says:—

"A minnau Daliesin, o lan Llyn Geirion'ydd."
(And I am Taliesin, of the place Llyn Geirion'ydd.)

He is said, in the book of Welsh verse-lore, to have invented five new metres. One of these is the *toddad* (or melting metre), which has been often used as a melting or *rallentando* movement for the end of a stanza. It is of two lines, mostly of ten or eight, and of nine or eight, syllables. The first line has a rhyme-syllable (1) within it, and another rhyme syllable (2) at its end; while the other line rhymes to the former syllable at the end (1), and the latter in the middle (2); thus:—

"Where'er the battle-horn may call, (1) to
wield (2)
Deadly spear or shield, (2) they stay or
fall" (1).

A poem of Taliesin's is on the Battle of Argoed Llwyfyn—a battle fought between the North Britons of the Clyde Vale, under Urien, and the Saxons under Flamddwyn, or Ida:—

"The battle lasted from the opening light
Of morning, till the sun went down at night;
When came Flamddwyn, with his four
bands' might,
On Godeu and on Reghed for the fight."

He says of the foe:—

"In length, they stood from hill to wood,
In time, one day alone they stood."

Another stanza tells of Flamddwyn's call for the hostages, and the answer with which it was met:—

"Then loudly cried Flamddwyn, blustering
high,
'Give me your hostages: have you them
nigh?'

Then answered Owen, with the sworded
 'high,
 'None have we, none there are, none will be
 nigh.'
 And Keneu, Coel's son, cried he would die
 Ere he to bring a hostage forth would try."

In praise of Urien Reghed he writes
 a stanza of this kind :—

"No, till my weakness drops the pen,
 And I shall end my days with men,
 May I not wear a smile but when
 I sing the praise of Urien."

In the same kind of verse he sings
 the glory Urien had won in another
 battle at Gwen Estrad, and he honours
 him as a "Baptized Ruler" (*Rwyv-
 bedydd*), unlike the heathen Saxons.

Taliesin sings in sundry changes of
 verse as respects the length both of the
 lines and verses. One of his poems has
 a string of couplets of this form :

"If a groan is in the glade,
 Is not Urien's the blade ?
 If a groan is on the height,
 Is not Urien's the fight ?
 If a groan is on the plain,
 Did not Urien give the pain ?
 If a groan from walls you hear,
 Is it not from Urien's spear ?
 Groans from road and open ground,
 Groans on every side around."

Of Owen, the brave son of Urien, he
 sings in another form of verse :

"Of foes the mower dire,
 Worthy his sire ;
 His house's pride :
 Fflamddwyn found no shield withstand
 His deadly hand—
 But, smitten, died."

That these bardic poems are trust-
 worthy as writings of the sixth century is
 strongly shown by their many points of
 coincidence with other writings, Saxon
 and British, and with the truths of
 ancient and modern geography, as well
 as with each other. Touching as they
 do, for example, in sundry places on
 the "tan y goddaeth" (or brushwood
 fire of spring), they must, I think,
 have been written when the kindling
 of the fire was a usual practice ; they
 must have been written while yet the
 golden torque was the badge of the
 prince and noble, and when the Britons
 were Christians, and the Saxons were
 as yet heathen ; and, though Welsh may
 have changed within a thousand years
 much less than the English, the lan-
 guage of the old bards, as that of the
 Gododin, differs widely enough from the
 Welsh of our days to show itself some
 hundreds of years older.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

BY ROBERT HAYNES CAVE, M.A.

XVI. OF MEN WHOM THE WORLD HAS LOVED.

ONE morning, taking counsel with my-
 self, I sallied forth for a "constitutional"
 walk after an autumnal nor'-west gale of
 two days' continuance had nearly spent
 its fury. Shut up in the house for those
 two days, I had occupied myself in
 following the life of a man who may
 be taken as the representative of a class
 sadly too common ; men who are loved
 by their fellow-men, and are in every-
 way loveable, but whose characters are
 marred by one fatal flaw : we may call
 them men of good principles and weak
 wills. Such men were Steele (poor
 Dick Steele !), Fielding, Charles Lamb,
 Burns, Coleridge. I but pick a hand-

ful of names out of the literature of one
 age ; but from King David's time to our
 own what a roll-call might not be made
 out of these, the "greatest, wisest,
 weakest of mankind !" Taking with me
 the remembrance of these men, of their
 troubled lives, and of the rich legacy
 of wit and thought and love which
 they have left to us—a remembrance to
 which the wild wind and the gloomy
 sky formed fitting adjuncts—I reached
 at last the end of my walk, a hill some
 half-a-dozen miles from home. A long
 stretch of fallow land, rising black with
 twilight hues against the western sky,
 shut out the horizon. Behind it the
 storm clouds had broken their ranks,
 and had drifted low down into strange
 fantastic forms, between which the

amber glow of sunset shone brilliantly, melting into faint pale green, and then into the pure blue of the upper sky. And there, where the sun-rays still rested, the cirrus clouds, flaming in vermillion and gold and orange, trailed their long lines of feathery spray through leagues of quivering stainless azure.

And is it not so—the mocking wind seemed to whisper as I turned somewhat sadly homeward—is it not so with all that pertains to this earth of ours? Yonder sunset gold is but a pestilent congregation of vapours after all, brethren of the fen mist and the London fog. And the men you have named have been loved rather for their vices than for their virtues. The world, in fact, has loved them as old women prize certain kinds of china, for their cracks and flaws. Not wholly so, I reply. There have been cracked vessels enough which the world has never stored in its cabinets; men of genius whom their fellows have never loved. Swift was, without doubt, a clever man enough; but what Tory even ever felt the slightest spark of affection for the Dean of St. Patrick? Sterne sentimentalized and drew largely upon the human heart, but his bills have been dishonoured. But the world has always felt a tenderness for certain of its teachers who could command its love when they were unable to command its respect. For it has felt that these were true men even when they were most false to their own principles. Against Steele, Fielding, Burns, Lamb, and Coleridge the devil and his advocates may substantiate many a heavy charge of recklessness and ill living. But we feel instinctively that these men had the root of the matter in them. We feel that they were better than their lives; that there was a deep tap root of religion and goodness beneath the tree, even though its bark was cankered and its fruit sour. And the world in judging thus has judged rightly, even though it may have arrived at the truth through instinct rather than by any reasoning process. For men's hearts are ever wiser than their heads. The majority of men may be fools; but the majority of men are

benevolent, and humane, and well intentioned.

Poor Dick Steele!—for he it is whose life suggested these thoughts. — You have read the “Spectator” of course, and you have been accustomed to associate all that is best of it with the name of Addison. But its worst (and some of Steele's Essays are by no means the worst) is better, and wiser, and nobler than the age which gave birth to it. And I think there are few who have loved and lost who can read Steele's Essay upon the death of his mother, in No. 181 of the “Tatler,” without being touched, even to tears. Steele is in fact eminently human. All the relationships of life are dear to him. He is warm hearted, affectionate, and impulsive. His religious principles are excellent; but from his youth up he suffers the terrors of God with a troubled mind, as all men must do whose faith is a constant protest against their lives. For his life is a continued struggle against temptation and a yielding to sin, until you are weary and sick at heart with following the fortunes of a combatant who is always being beaten. All his sympathies are in favour of religion and morality, and all his practices, unhappily, on the other side. As a desperate chance, a last throw to make a good man of himself, while he is still young, he publishes a book called the “Christian Hero.” He hopes, poor soul, that this public profession of religion, in the face of a sneering irreligious world, may yet ballast the ship of life. Alas! the Christian Hero is discovered next morning in the kennel, drunk; having so celebrated his victory in a duel which has been forced upon him about a woman of bad character.

Is it necessary that the moralist should mark and enforce the distinction between religion and morality, should assert boldly that a religious man may be immoral, and that a moral man may be absolutely irreligious? Much, in truth, that wears the appearance of religion may be but worldly selfish prudence after all. There are last that shall be first, and there are first that shall be last. “One of the

"most persuasive arguments for a future state," says Coleridge, "rests on the belief that, although by the necessity of things our outward and temporal welfare must be regulated by our outward actions, there must yet needs come a juster and more appropriate sentence hereafter, in which our intentions will be considered, and our happiness and misery made to accord with the grounds of our actions. Our fellow-creatures can only judge what we are by what we do; but in the eyes of our Maker what we do is of no worth, except as it flows from what we are. Though the fig-tree should produce no visible fruit, yet if the living sap is in it, and if it has struggled to put forth buds and blossoms which have been prevented from maturing by inevitable contingencies or untimely frosts, the virtuous sap will be accounted as fruit: and the curse of barrenness will light on many a tree from the boughs of which hundreds have been satisfied, because the omniscient Judge knows that the fruits were threaded to the boughs artificially by the outward working of base fear and selfish hopes."

Many vices are but virtues gone astray, and every type of human cha-

racter has its own characteristic faults. The fault of clever men is their impatience of fools, their scorn. Earnest men are given to be intolerant. And the fault of the poetic mind is its love of pleasure, its voluptuousness. For the very essence of the imaginative faculty is that it shall feel more sensitively, taste more keenly of pleasure and of pain than its fellows, than that common run of men who have scarcely soul enough in them to keep their bodies from corruption. It demands an ideal beauty, a larger vastness, a loftier goodness than the world can give, and is tempted to seek them—or their shadows—in the excitement of dram-drinking and opium-eating, forgetful that conscience cannot be drugged to sleep. Hence the miserable lives of many men whom the world still needs must love. Haply even with them the clouds have broken ere the sun of life went down. And after all, methought, as I turned for one more look towards the west, it is your stormy day which gives you the finest sunset; heaven's heraldry—gules, and or, and azure—is often blazoned the most gloriously over a foaming sea and a wreck-strewn shore.

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?

I.

THERE probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon, with universal self-congratulation and flinging up of caps; nor one in which,—with no Norman Invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to bridle and regulate it for us (little thinking it was *for us*), and guide it into higher and wider regions,—the question of utter death or of nobler new life for the poor Country was so uncertain. Three things seem to be agreed upon by gods and men, at least by English men and gods; certain to happen, and are now in visible course of fulfilment.

1° *Democracy* to complete itself; to go the full length of its course, towards the Bottomless or into it, no power now extant to prevent it or even considerably retard it,—till we have seen where it will lead us to, and whether there will *then* be any return possible, or none. Complete "liberty" to all persons; Count of Heads to be the Divine Court of Appeal on every question and interest of mankind; Count of Heads to choose a Parliament according to its own heart at last, and sit with Penny Newspapers zealously watching the same; said Parliament, so chosen and so watched, to do what trifle of legislating and administering may still be needed in such an

England, with its hundred and fifty millions 'free' more and more to follow each his own nose, by way of guide-post in this intricate world.

2° That, in a limited time, say 50 years hence, the Church, all Churches and so-called religions, the Christian Religion itself, shall have deliquesced,—into "Liberty of Conscience," Progress of Opinion, Progress of Intellect, Philanthropic Movement, and other aqueous residues, of a vapid badly-scented character;—and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably thenceforth, but evaporate at its leisure.

3° That, in lieu thereof, there shall be Free Trade, in all senses, and to all lengths: unlimited Free Trade,—which some take to mean, 'Free racing, ere long with unlimited speed, in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*;'—this beautiful career, not in shop-goods only, but in all things temporal, spiritual and eternal, to be flung generously open, wide as the portals of the universe; so that everybody shall start free, and everywhere, 'under enlightened popular suffrage,' the race shall be to the swift, and the high office shall fall to him who is ablest if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it.

These are three altogether new and very considerable achievements, lying visibly ahead of us, not far off, and so extremely considerable, that every thinking English creature is

tempted to go into manifold reflections and inquiries upon them. My own have not been wanting, any time these thirty years past, but they have not been of a joyful or triumphant nature; not prone to utter themselves; indeed expecting, till lately, that they might with propriety lie unuttered altogether. But the series of events comes swifter and swifter, at a strange rate; and hastens unexpectedly, — 'velocity increasing' (if you will consider, for this too is as when the little stone has been loosened, which sets the whole mountain side in motion) 'as the square of the time':—so that the wisest Prophecy finds it was quite wrong as to date; and, patiently, or even indolently waiting, is astonished to see itself fulfilled; not in centuries as anticipated, but in decades and years. It was a clear prophecy, for instance, that Germany would either become honourably Prussian or go to gradual annihilation: but who of us expected that we ourselves, instead of our children's children, should live to behold it; that a magnanimous and fortunate Herr von Bismarck, whose dispraise was in all the Newspapers, would, to his own amazement, find the thing now doable; and would do it, do the essential of it, in a few of the current weeks? That England would have to take the Niagara leap of completed Democracy one day, was also a plain prophecy, though uncertain as to time.

II.

The prophecy, truly, was plain enough this long while:—"Δόγμα γὰρ αὐτῶν τίς μεταβάλλει; For who can change the opinion of these people?" as the sage Antoninus notes. It is indeed strange how prepossessions and delusions seize upon whole communities of men; no basis in the notion they have formed, yet everybody adopting it, everybody finding the whole world agree with him in it, and accept it as an axiom of Euclid; and, in the universal repetition and reverberation, taking all contradiction of it as an insult, and a sign of malicious insanity, hardly to be borne with patience. "For who can

change the opinion of these people?" as our Divus Imperator says. No wisest of mortals. 'This people cannot be convinced out of its "axiom of Euclid" by any reasoning whatsoever; on the contrary, all the world assenting, and continually repeating and reverberating, there soon comes that singular phenomenon, which the Germans call *Schwärmerie* ('enthusiasm' is our poor Greek equivalent), which means simply 'Swarms,' or the 'Gathering of Men in Swarms,' and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing, when thrown into that miraculous condition. Some big Queen Bee is in the

centre of the swarm ;—but any commonplace stupidest *bee*, Cleon the Tanner, Beales, John of Leyden, John of Bromwicham, any bee whatever, if he can happen by noise or otherwise, to be chosen for the function, will straightway get fatted and inflated into *bulk*, which of itself means complete capacity ; no difficulty about your Queen Bee : and the swarm once formed, finds itself impelled to action, as with one heart and one mind. Singular, in the case of human swarms, with what perfection of unanimity and quasi-religious conviction the stupidest absurdities can be received as axioms of Euclid, nay as articles of faith, which you are not only to believe, unless malignantly insane, but are (if you have any honour or morality) to push into practice, and *quàm primum* see done, if your soul would live ! Divine commandment to vote (“Manhood Suffrage,”—Horsehood, Doghood ditto not yet treated of) ; universal “glorious liberty” (to Sons of the Devil in overwhelming majority, as would appear) ; count of Heads the God-appointed way in this universe, all other ways Devil-appointed ; in one brief word, which includes whatever of palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity, universally believed, can be uttered or imagined, on these points, “the equality of men,” any man equal to any other ; Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakspere ; Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ ;—and Bedlam and Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem, shall we say ? If these things are taken up, not only as axioms of Euclid, but as articles of religion burning to be put in practice for the salvation of the world, —I think you will admit that *Swarmery* plays a wonderful part in the heads of poor Mankind ; and that very considerable results are likely to follow from it in our day !

But you will in vain attempt, by argument of human intellect, to contradict or turn aside any of these divine axioms, indisputable as those of Euclid, and of sacred or quasi-celestial quality to boot : if you have neglected the one method (which was a silent one) of dealing with them at an early stage, they are thenceforth invincible ; and will plunge

more and more madly forward towards practical fulfilment :—once fulfilled, it will then be seen how credible and wise they were. Not even the Queen Bee but will then know what to think of them. Then, and never till then.

By far the notablest result of *Swarmery*, in these times, is that of the late American War, with Settlement of the Nigger Question for result. Essentially the Nigger Question was one of the smallest ; and in itself did not much concern mankind in the present time of struggles and hurries. One always rather likes the Nigger ; evidently a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with affections, attachments,—with a turn for Nigger Melodies, and the like :—he is the only Savage of all the coloured races that doesn't die out on sight of the White Man ; but can actually live beside him, and work and increase and be merry. The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a Servant. Under penalty of Heaven's curse, neither party to this pre-appointment shall neglect or misdo his duties therein ;—and it is certain (though as yet widely unknown), Servantship on the *nomadic* principle, at the rate of so many shillings per day, *cannot* be other than misdone. The whole world rises in shrieks against you, on hearing of such a thing :—yet the whole world, listening to the cool Sheffield disclosures of *rattening*, and the market-rates of murder in that singular “Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited),” feels its hair rising on end ;—to little purpose hitherto ; being without even a gallows to make response ! The fool of a world listens, year after year, for above a generation back, to “disastrous strikes,” “merciless lockouts,” and other details of the nomadic scheme of servitude ; nay is becoming thoroughly disquieted about its own too lofty-minded flunkies, mutinous maid-servants (ending, too often as “distressed needle-women ;” thirty thousand of these latter now on the pavements of London), and the kindred phenomena on every hand : but it will be long before the fool of a world open its eyes to the taproot of all that,—to the frantic notion, in short, That

servantship and mastership, on the nomadic principle, was ever, or will ever be, except for brief periods, possible among human creatures. Poor souls, and when they have discovered it, what a puddling and weltering, and scolding and jargoning, there will be, before the first real step towards remedy is taken!

Servantship, like all solid contracts between men (like wedlock itself, which was *once* nomadic enough, temporary enough!), must become a contract of permanency, not easy to dissolve, but difficult extremely,—a “contract for life,” if you can manage it (which you cannot, without many wise laws and regulations, and a great deal of earnest thought and anxious experience), will evidently be the best of all. And this was already the Nigger's essential position. Mischief, irregularities, injustices did probably abound between Nigger and Buckra; but the poisonous taproot of all mischief, and impossibility of fairness, humanity, or well-doing in the contract, never had been there! Of all else the remedy was easy in comparison; vitally important to every just man concerned in it; and, under all obstructions (which in the American case, begirt with frantic “Abolitionists,” fire-breathing like the old Chimæra, were immense), was gradually getting itself done. To me individually the Nigger's case was not the most pressing in the world, but among the least so! America, however, had got into *Swarmery* upon it (not America's blame either, but in great part ours, and that of the nonsense *we* sent over to them); and felt that in the Heavens or the Earth there was nothing so godlike, or incomparably pressing to be done. Their energy, their valour, their &c. &c. were worthy of the stock they sprang from:—and now, poor fellows, *done* it is, with a witness. A continent of the earth has been submerged, for certain years, by deluges as from the Pit of Hell; half a million (some say a whole million, but surely they exaggerate¹) of excellent White Men, full of gifts and faculty, have slit one another into horrid death, in a

temporary humour, which will leave centuries of remembrance, fierce enough: and three million Blacks, men and brothers (of a sort), are completely “emancipated;” launched into the career of improvement,—likely to be “improved off the face of the earth” in a generation or two! That is the dismal prediction to me, of the warmest enthusiast to their Cause whom I have known of American men,—who doesn't regret his great efforts either, in the great Cause now won, Cause incomparably the most important on Earth or in Heaven at this time. *Papae, papae*; wonderful indeed!

In our own country, too, *Swarmery* has played a great part for many years past; and especially is now playing, in these very days and months. Our accepted axioms about “Liberty,” “Constitutional Government,” “Reform,” and the like objects, are of truly wonderful texture: venerable by antiquity, many of them, and written in all manner of Canonical Books; or else, the newer part of them, celestially clear as perfect unanimity of all tongues, and *Vox populi vox Dei*, can make them: axioms confessed, or even inspirations and gospel verities, to the general mind of man. To the mind of here and there a man, it begins to be suspected that perhaps they are only conditionally true; that taken unconditionally, or under changed conditions, they are not true, but false and even disastrously and fatally so. Ask yourself about “Liberty,” for example; what you do really mean by it, what in any just and rational soul is that Divine quality of liberty? That a good man be “free,” as we call it, be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable;—to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be “free,”—permitted to unfold himself in *his* particular way, is contrariwise, the fatallest curse you could inflict on him; curse and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing;

¹ “More than half a million.” (Lunt, *Origin of the late War*: New York, 1867.)

if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing,—then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one “blessing” left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quàm primum*. Oh, my friends, whither are you buzzing and swarming, in this extremely absurd manner? Expecting a Millennium from “extension of the suffrage,” laterally, vertically, or in whatever way?

All the Millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a “chaining of the Devil for a thousand years,”—laying *him* up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as the preliminary. You too have been taking preliminary steps, with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back; but they seem to be all in the opposite direction: a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you might find them; pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter: a general repeal of old regulations, fetters, and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you,—with loud shouting from the multitude, as strap after strap was cut, “Glory, glory, another strap is gone!”—this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became “Reform Parliament;” victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum, or tatter of rope or leather left upon it:—there needs almost super-

human heroism in you to “whip” a Garotter; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be meddled with, under penalties; hardly a murderer, never so detestable and hideous, but you find him “insane,” and “board him at the public expense,” a very peculiar *British* Prytaneum of these days! And in fact, THE DEVIL (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of words) is likewise become an Emancipated Gentleman; lithe of limb, as in Adam and Eve’s time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him *tied* any more. And you, my astonishing friends, *you* are certainly getting into a millennium, such as never was before,—hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam. Better luck to you by the *way*, my poor friends;—a little less of buzzing, humming, *swarming* (i.e. tumbling in infinite noise and darkness), that you might try to look a little, each for himself, what kind of “way” it is! But indeed your “Reform” movement, from of old, has been wonderful to me; everybody meaning by it, not “Reformation,” practical amendment of his own foul courses, or even of his neighbour’s; no thought of that whatever, though that, you would say, is the one thing to be thought of and aimed at;—but meaning simply Extension of the Suffrage! Bring in more voting; that will clear away the universal rottenness, and puddle of mendacities, in which poor England is drowning; let England only vote sufficiently, and all is clean and sweet again. A very singular *swarmery* this of the Reform movement, I must say.

III.

Inexpressibly delirious seems to me, at present in my solitude, the puddle of Parliament and Public upon what it calls the “Reform Measure;” that is to say, The calling in of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from our previous supplies of that bad article. The intellect of a man who believes in the possibility of “improvement” by such a method is to me a

finished off and shut up intellect, with which I would not argue: mere waste of wind between us to exchange words on that class of topics. It is not Thought, this which my reforming brother utters to me with such emphasis and eloquence; it is mere “reflex and reverberation,” repetition of what he has always heard others imagining to think, and repeating as orthodox, indisputable, and the gospel of our salvation in this world. Does not all Nature groan

everywhere, and lie in bondage, till you give it a Parliament? Is one a man at all unless one have a suffrage to Parliament? These are axioms admitted by all English creatures for the last two hundred years. If you have the misfortune not to believe in them at all, but to believe the contrary for a long time past, the inferences and inspirations drawn from them, and the "swarmeries" and enthusiasms of mankind thereon, will seem to you not a little marvellous!—

Meanwhile the *good* that lies in this delirious "new Reform Measure,"—as there lies something of good in almost everything,—is perhaps not inconsiderable. It accelerates notably what I have long looked upon as inevitable;—pushes us at once into the Niagara Rapids: irresistibly propelled, with ever-increasing velocity, we shall now arrive; who knows how *soon*! For the last thirty years it has been growing more and more evident that there was only this issue; but now the issue itself has become imminent, the distance of it to be guessed by years. Traitorous Politicians, grasping at votes, even votes from the rabble, have brought it on;—one cannot but consider them traitorous; and for one's own poor share, would rather have been shot than been concerned in it:—but, after all my silent indignation and disgust, I cannot pretend to be clearly sorry that such a consummation is expedited. I say to myself, "Well, perhaps the sooner such a mass of hypocrisies, universal mismanagements and brutal platitudes and infidelities ends,—if not in some improvement, then in death and finis,—may it not be the better? The sum of our sins, increasing steadily day by day, will at least be less, the sooner the settlement is!" Nay, have not I a kind of secret satisfaction, of the malicious or even of the judiciary kind (*schadenfreude*, 'mischief-joy,' the Germans call it, but really it is *justice-joy* withal), that he they call "Dizzy" is to do it; that other jugglers, of an unconscious and deeper type, having sold their poor Mother's body for a mess of Official Pottage, this

clever conscious juggler steps in, "Soft you, my honourable friends; I will weigh out the corpse of your Mother (mother of mine she never was, but only stepmother and milk-cow);—and you shan't have the pottage: not yours, you observe, but mine!" This really is a pleasing trait of its sort.

Perhaps the consummation may be now nearer than is thought. It seems to me sometimes as if everybody had privately now given up serious notion of resisting it. Beales and his ragamuffins pull down the railings of Her Majesty's Park, when Her Majesty refuses admittance; Home Secretary Walpole (representing England's Majesty) listens to a Colonel Dickson talking of "barricades," "improvised pikes," &c.; does *not* order him to be conducted, and if necessary, to be kicked downstairs, with orders never to return, in case of worse; and when Beales says, "I will see that the Queen's Peace is kept," Queen (by her Walpole) answers, "Will you, then; God bless *you*!" and bursts into tears. Those 'tears' are certainly an epoch in England; nothing seen, or dreamt of, like them in the History of poor England till now.

In the same direction we have also our remarkable "Jamaica Committee;" and a Lord Chief Justice 'speaking six hours' (with such "eloquence," such &c. &c. as takes with rapture the general Editorial ear, Penny and Threepenny), to prove that there is no such thing, nor ever was, as Martial Law;—and that any governor, commanded soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfullest Mob-insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round *his* neck, by way of encouragement to him. Nobody answers this remarkable Lord Chief Justice, "Lordship, if you were to speak for six hundred years, instead of six hours, you would only prove the more to us that, unwritten if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws, and first making written laws *possible*, there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with Human Society, from its first

beginnings to its ultimate end, an actual *Martial Law*, of more validity than any other law whatever. Lordship, if there is no written law that three and three shall be six, do you wonder at the Statute Book for that omission? You may shut those eloquent lips, and go home to dinner. May your shadow never be less; greater it perhaps has little chance of being."

Truly one knows not whether less to venerate the Majesty's Ministers, who, instead of rewarding their Governor Eyre, throw him out of window to a small loud group, small as now appears, and nothing but a group or knot of rabid Nigger-Philanthropists, barking furiously in the gutter, and threatening one's Reform Bill with loss of certain friends and votes (which could not save it, either, the dear object),—or that other unvenerable Majesty's Ministry, which on Beales's generous undertaking for the Peace of an afflicted Queen's Majesty, bursts into tears.

Memorable considerably, and altogether new in our History, are both those ministerial feats; and both point significantly the same way. The perceptible, but as yet unacknowledged truth is, people are getting dimly sensible that our Social Affairs and Arrangements, all but the money-safe, are pretty universally a Falsehood, an elaborate old-established Hypocrisy, which is even serving its own poor private purpose ill, and is openly mismanaging every public purpose or interest, to a shameful and indefensible extent. For such a Hypocrisy, in any detail of it (except the money-safe), nobody, official or other, is willing to risk his skin; but cautiously looks round whether there is no postern to retire by, and retires accordingly,—leaving any mob-leader, Beales, John of Leyden, Walter-the-Pennyless, or other impotent enough loud individual, with his tail of loud Roughts, to work their own sweet will. Safer to humour the mob, than repress them, with the rope about *your* neck. Everybody sees the Official slinking off, has a secret fellow-feeling with it; nobody admires it;

but the spoken disapproval is languid, and generally from the teeth outwards. "Has not everybody been very good to you?" say the highest Editors, in these current days, admonishing and soothing down Beales and his Roughts. So that if loud mobs, supported by one or two Eloquentes in the House, choose to proclaim, some day, with vociferation, as some day they will, "Enough of kingship, and its grimacings and futilities! Is it not a Hypocrisy and Humbug, as you yourselves well know? We demand to become *Commonwealth of England*; that will perhaps be better, worse it cannot be!"—in such case, how much of available resistance does the reader think would ensue? From official persons, with the rope round their neck, should you expect a great amount? I do not; or that resistance to the death would anywhere, 'within these walls' or without, be the prevailing phenomenon.

For we are a people drowned in Hypocrisy; saturated with it to the bone:—alas it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still:—and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it! It has lasted long, that unblessed process; process of 'lying to steep in the Devil's Pickle,' for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate *return* of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing; finis on any terms whatever! Possibly it will not be death eternal, possibly only death temporal, death temporary.

My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that it will almost certainly be New-birth, a Saturnian time,—with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever. As for us we will say, Rejoice in the *awakening* of poor England even on these terms. To lie torpid, sluttishly gurgling and

mumbling, spiritually in soak 'in the Devil's Pickle' (choicest elixir the Devil brews, — is not unconscious or half-conscious *Hypocrisy*, and quiet *Make-*

believe of yourself and others, strictly that ?) for above two hundred years : that was the infinitely dismal condition, all others are but finitely so.

IV.

Practically the worthiest inquiry, in regard to all this, would be : "What are probably the steps towards consummation all this will now take ; what are, in main features, the issues it will arrive at, on unexpectedly (with immense surprise to the most) *shooting Niagara*, to the bottom ? And above all, what are the possibilities, resources, impediments, conceivable methods and attemptings of its ever getting out again ?" Darker subject of Prophecy can be laid before no man : and to be candid with myself, up to this date, I have never seriously meditated it, far less grappled with it as a Problem in any sort practical. Let me avoid branch *first* of this inquiry altogether. If "immortal smash," and shooting of the Falls, be the one issue ahead, our and the reformed Parliament's procedures and adventures in arriving there are not worth conjecturing in comparison !—And yet the inquiry means withal, both branches if it mean, "What are the duties of good citizens in it, now and onwards ?" Meditated it must be, and light sought on it, however hard or impossible to find ! It is not always the part of the infinitesimally small minority of wise men and good citizens to sit silent ; idle they should never sit.

Supposing the *Commonwealth* established, and Democracy rampant, as in America, or in France by fits for 70 odd years past,—it is a favourable fact that our Aristocracy, in their essential height of position, and capability (or possibility) of doing good, are not at once likely to be interfered with ; that they will be continued farther on their trial, and only the question somewhat more stringently put to them, "What *are* you good for, then ? Shew us, shew us, or

else disappear !" I regard this as potentially a great benefit ;—springing from what seems a mad enough phenomenon, the fervid zeal in *behalf* of this "new Reform Bill" and all kindred objects, which is manifested by the better kind of our young Lords and Honourables ; a thing very curious to me. Somewhat resembling that bet of the impetuous Irish carpenter, astride of his plank firmly stuck out of window in the sixth story, "Two to one, I *can* saw this plank in so many minutes ;" and sawing accordingly, fiercely impetuous,—with success ! But from the maddest thing, as we said, there usually may come some particle of good withal (if any poor particle of *good* did lie in it, waiting to be disengaged !) —and this is a signal instance of that kind. Our Aristocracy are not hated or disliked by any Class of the People, but on the contrary are looked up to,—with a certain vulgarly human admiration, and spontaneous recognition of their good qualities and good fortune, which is by no means wholly envious or wholly servile,—by all classes, lower and lowest class included. And indeed, in spite of lamentable exceptions too visible all round, my vote would still be, That, from Plebs to Princes, there was still no Class among us intrinsically so valuable and recommendable.

What the possibilities of our Aristocracy might still be ? this is a question I have often asked myself. Surely their possibilities might still be considerable ; though I confess they lie in a most abstruse, and as yet quite uninvestigated condition. But a body of brave men, and of beautiful polite women, furnished *gratis* as they are,—some of them (as my Lord Derby, I am told, in a few years will be) with not far from two-thirds of a million sterling annually,

—ought to be good for something, in a society mostly fallen vulgar and chaotic like ours! More than once, I have been affected with a deep sorrow and respect for noble souls among them, and their high stoicism, and silent resignation to a kind of life which they individually could not alter, and saw to be so empty and paltry: life of Giving and receiving Hospitalities in a gracefully splendid manner. "This, then" (such mute soliloquy I have read on some noble brow), "this, and something of Village-schools, of Consulting with the Parson, care of Peasant Cottages and Economies, is to be all our task in the world? Well, well; let us at least *do* this, in our most perfect way!"

In past years, I have sometimes thought what a thing it would be, could the Queen "in Council" (in Parliament or wherever it were) pick out some gallant-minded, stout, well-gifted Cadet,—younger son of a Duke, of an Earl, of a Queen herself; younger Son doomed now to go mainly to the Devil, for absolute want of a career;—and say to him, "Young fellow, if there do lie in you potentialities of governing, of gradually guiding, leading and coercing to a noble goal, how sad is it they should be all lost! They are the grandest gifts a mortal can have; and they are, of all, the most necessary to other mortals in this world. See, I have scores on scores of 'Colonies,' all ungoverned, and nine-tenths of them full of jungles, boaconstrictors, rattlesnakes, Parliamentary Eloquences, and Emancipated Niggers, ripening towards nothing but destruction: one of these *you* shall have, you as Vice-King; on rational conditions, and *ad vitam aut culpam* it shall be yours (and your posterity's if worthy): go you and buckle with it, in the name of Heaven; and let us see what you will build it to!" To something how much better than the Parliamentary Eloquences are doing,—thinks the reader? Good Heavens, these West-India Islands, some of them, appear to be the richest and most favoured spots on the Planet Earth. Jamaica is an angry subject, and I am shy to speak of it. Poor Dominica itself is described to me in a way to kindle

a heroic young heart; look at Dominica for an instant:

Hemispherical, they say, or in the shape of an Inverted Washbowl; rim of it, first twenty miles of it all round, starting from the sea, is flat alluvium, the fruitfulest in Nature, fit for any noblest spice or product, but unwholesome except for Niggers held steadily to their work: ground then gradually rises, umbrageously rich throughout, becomes fit for coffee; still rises, now bears oak woods, cereals, Indian corn, English wheat, and in this upper portion is salubrious and delightful for the European,—who might there spread and grow, according to the wisdom given him; say only to a population of 100,000 adult men; well fit to defend their Island against all comers, and beneficently keep steady to their work, a million of Niggers on the lower ranges. What a kingdom my poor Frederick William, followed by his Frederick, would have made of this Inverted Washbowl; clasped round, and lovingly kissed and laved, by the beautifullest seas in the world, and beshone by the grandest sun and sky! "For ever impossible," say you; "contrary to all our notions, regulations, and ways of proceeding or of thinking!" Well, I dare say. And the state your regulations have it in, at present, is: Population of 100 white men (by no means of select type); unknown cipher of rattlesnakes, profligate Niggers, and Mulattoes; governed by a Piebald Parliament of Eleven (head Demosthenes there a Nigger Tinman),—and so exquisite a care of Being and of Well-being that the old Fortifications have become jungle quarries (Tinman "at liberty to tax himself"), vigorous roots penetrating the old ashlar, dislocating it everywhere, with tropical effect; old cannon going quietly to honeycomb and oxide of iron in the vigorous embrace of jungle: military force nil, police force next to nil: an Island capable of being taken by the crew of a man-of-war's boat. And indeed it was nearly lost, the other year, by an accidental collision of two Niggers on the street, and a concourse of other idle Niggers to see, who would not go away again,

but idly re-assembled with increased numbers on the morrow, and with ditto the next day; assemblage pointing *ad infinitum* seemingly,—had not some charitable small French Governor, from his bit of Island within reach, sent over a Lieutenant and twenty soldiers, to extinguish the devouring absurdity, and order

it home straightway to its bed; which instantly saved this valuable Possession of ours, and left our Demosthenic Tinman and his Ten, with their liberty to tax themselves as heretofore. Is not "Self-government" a sublime thing, in Colonial Islands and some others? But to leave all this.

V.

I almost think, when once we have made the Niagara leap, the better kind of our Nobility, perhaps after experimenting, will more and more withdraw themselves from the Parliamentary, Oratorical or Political element; leaving that to such Cleon the Tanner and Company as it rightfully belongs to; and be far more chary of their speech than now. Speech, issuing in no deed, is hateful and contemptible:—how can a man have any nobleness who knows not that? In God's name let us find out what of noble and profitable we can *do*; if it be nothing, let us at least keep silence, and bear gracefully our strange lot!—

The English Nobleman has still left in him, after such sorrowful erosions, something considerable of chivalry and magnanimity: polite he is, in the finest form; politeness, modest, simple, veritable, ineradicable, dwells in him to the bone; I incline to call him the politest kind of nobleman or man (especially his wife the politest and gracefulest kind of woman) you will find in any country. An immense endowment this, if you consider it well! A very great and indispensable help to whatever other faculties of *kingship* a man may have. Indeed it springs from them all (its sources, every kingly faculty lying in you); and is as the beautiful natural skin, and visible sanction, index, and outcome of them all. No king can rule without it; none but potential kings can really have it. In the crude, what we call unbred or *Orson* form, all "men of genius" have it; but see what it avails some of them,—your Samuel Johnson, for instance,—in that crude

form, who was so rich in it, too, in the crude way!

It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that the population has no wild notions, no political enthusiasms of a "New Era" or the like. This, though in itself a dreary and ignoble item, in respect of the revolutionary change, may nevertheless be for good, if the Few *shall* be really high and brave, as things roll on.

Certain it is, there is nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations, resolutions or desires, in this Epoch. It is all a peaceable mouldering or tumbling down from mere rottenness and decay; whether slowly mouldering or rapidly tumbling, there will be nothing found of real or true in the rubbish-heap, but a most true desire of making money easily, and of eating it pleasantly. A poor ideal for "reformers," sure enough. But it is the fruit of long antecedents, too; and from of old our habits in regard to "reformation," or repairing what went wrong (as something is always doing), have been strangely didactic!

And to such length have we at last brought it, by our wilful, conscious and now long-continued method of using *varnish*, instead of actual repair by honest *carpentry*, of what we all knew and saw to have gone undeniably wrong in our procedures and affairs! Method deliberately, steadily, and even solemnly continued, with much admiration of it from ourselves and others, as the best and only good one, for above two hundred years. Ever since that *annus mirabilis* of 1660, when Oliver Cromwell's dead clay was hung on the gibbet, and a much easier

"reign of Christ" under the divine gentleman called Charles II. was thought the fit thing, this has been our steady method: varnish, varnish; if a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpable, and is so inexpressibly ugly that the eyes of the very populace discern it and detest it,—bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty; and lay it on handsomely. Don't spare varnish; how well it will all look in a few days, if laid on well! Varnish alone is cheap and is safe; avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing and hammering on the old quiet House;—dry-rot is in it, who knows how deep; don't disturb the old beams and junctures: varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men! This is called the Constitutional System, Conservative System, and other fine names; and this at last has its fruits, such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe; all men become, unconsciously or half or wholly-consciously,—*liars* to their own souls and to other men's; grimacing, finessing, periphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of *word*, by way of varnish to continual past, present, future misperformance of *thing*:—clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence, about the appetites of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these. From a Population of that sunk kind, ardent only in pursuits that are low and in industries that are sensuous and *beaverish*, there is little peril of *human* enthusiasms, or revolutionary transports, such as occurred in 1789, for instance. A low-minded *pepus* all that; essentially torpid and *ignavum*, on all that is high or nobly human in revolutions.

It is true there is in such a population, of itself, no *help* at all towards reconstruction of the wreck of your Niagara plunge; of themselves they, with whatever cry of "liberty" in their mouths, are inexorably marked by Destiny as *slaves*; and not even the immortal gods could make them free,—except by making them anew and on a different pattern. No help in them at all, to your model Aristocrat, or to

any noble man or thing. But then likewise there is no hindrance, or a minimum of it! Nothing there in *bar* of the noble Few, who we always trust will be born to us, generation after generation; and on whom and whose living of a noble and valiantly cosmic life amid the worst impediments and hugest anarchies, the whole of our hope depends. Yes, on them only! If amid the thickest welter of surrounding glutony and baseness, and what must be reckoned bottomless anarchy from shore to shore, there be found no man, no small but invincible minority of men, capable of keeping themselves free from all that, and of living a heroically human life, while the millions round them are noisily living a mere beaverish or dog-like one, then truly all hope is gone. But we always struggle to believe Not. Aristocracy by title, by fortune, and position, who can doubt but there are still precious possibilities among the chosen of that class? And if that fail us, there is still, we hope, the unclassed Aristocracy by nature, not inconsiderable in numbers, and supreme in faculty, in wisdom, human talent, nobleness and courage, "who derive their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God." If indeed these also fail us, and are trodden out under the unanimous torrent of brutish hoofs and hobnails, and cannot vindicate themselves into clearness here and there, but at length cease even to try it,—then indeed it is all ended: national death, scandalous "Copper-Captaincy" as of France, stern Russian Abolition and Erasure as of Poland; in one form or another, well deserved annihilation, and dismissal from God's universe, that and nothing else lies ahead for our once heroic England too.

How many of our Titular Aristocracy will prove real gold when thrown into the crucible? That is always a highly interesting question to me; and my answer or guess has still something considerable of hope lurking in it. But the question as to our Aristocracy by Patent from God the Maker, is infinitely interesting. How many of these, amid

the ever-increasing bewilderments, and welter of impediments, will be able to develop themselves into something of Heroic Well-doing by act and by word? How many of them will be drawn, pushed and seduced, their very docility and lovingness assisting, into the universal vulgar whirlpool of Parliamentering, Newspapering, Novel-writing, Comte-Philosophy-ing, immortal Verse-writing, &c. &c. (if of vocal turn, as they mostly will be, for some time yet)? How many, by their too desperate resistance to the unanimous vulgar of a Public round them, will become spasmodic instead of strong; and will be overset, and trodden out, under the hoofs and hobnails above-said? Will there, in short, prove to be a recognisable small nucleus of Invincible "*Ἀπάρτοι*" fighting for the Good Cause, in their various wisest ways, and never ceasing or slackening till they die? This is the question of questions, on which all turns; in the answer to this, could we give it clearly, as no man can, lies the oracle-response, "Life for you," or "Death for you"! Looking into this, there are fearful dubitations, many. But considering what of Piety, the devoutest and the bravest yet known, there once was in England, and how

extensively, in stupid, maundering and degraded forms, it still lingers, one is inclined timidly to hope the best!

The best: for if this small Aristocratic nucleus can hold out and work, it is in the sure case to increase and increase; to become (as Oliver once termed them) "a company of poor men, who will shed all their blood rather." An openly belligerent company, capable of taking the biggest slave Nation by the beard, and saying to it, "Enough, ye slaves, and servants of the mud-gods; all this must cease! Our heart abhors all this; our soul is sick under it; God's curse is on us while this lasts. Behold we will all die rather than that this last. Rather all die, we say;—what is your view of the corresponding alternative on your own part?" I see well it must at length come to battle; actual fighting, bloody wrestling, and a great deal of it: but were it unit against thousand, or against thousand-thousand, on the above terms, I know the issue, and have no fear about it. That also is an issue which has been often tried in Human History; and, "while God lives"—(I hope the phrase is not yet obsolete, for the fact is eternal, tho' so many have forgotten it!)—said issue can or will fall only one way.

VI.

What we can expect this Aristocracy of Nature to do for us? They are of two kinds: the Speculative, speaking or vocal; and the Practical or industrial, whose function is silent. These are of brother quality; but they go very different roads: "men of *genius*" they all emphatically are, the "inspired Gift of God" lodged in each of them. They do infinitely concern the world and us; especially that first or speaking class,—provided God *have* "touched their lips with his hallowed fire!" Supreme is the importance of these. They are our inspired speakers and seers, the light of the world; who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries, its superstitions (political or other);—priceless

and indispensable to us that first Class!

Nevertheless I will omit these at present, and touch only of the second, or Industrial Hero, as more within my limits and the reader's.

This Industrial hero, here and there recognisable, and known to me, as developing himself, and as an opulent and dignified kind of man, is already almost an Aristocrat by class. And if his chivalry is still somewhat in the *Orson* form, he is already by intermarriage and otherwise coming into contact with the Aristocracy by title; and by degrees, will acquire the fit *Valentinism*, and other more important advantages there. He cannot do

better than unite with this naturally noble kind of Aristocrat by title; the Industrial noble and this one are brothers born; called and impelled to co-operate and go together. Their united result is what we want from both. And the Noble of the Future,—if there be any such, as I believe there must,—will have grown out of both. A new “Valentine;” and perhaps a considerably improved,—by such recontact with his wild Orson kinsman, and with the earnest veracities this latter has learned in the Woods and the Dens of Bears.

The Practical “man of genius” will probably *not* be altogether absent from the Reformed Parliament:—his *Make-believe*, the vulgar millionaire, (truly a “bloated” specimen, this!) is sure to be frequent there; and along with the multitude of *brass* guineas, it will be very salutary to have a *gold* one or two! —In or out of Parliament, our Practical hero will find no end of work ready for him. It is he that has to recivilize, out of its now utter savagery, the world of Industry;—think what a set of items: to change *nomadic* contract into *permanent*; annihilation of the soot and dirt and squalid horror now defacing this England, once so clean and comely while it was poor; matters sanitary (and that not to the body only) for his people; matters governmental for them; matters, &c. &c.;—no want of work for this Hero, through a great many generations yet!

And indeed reformed Parliament itself, with or without his presence, will you would suppose have to start at once upon the industrial question and go quite deep into it. That of Trades Union, in quest of its “4 eights,”¹ with assassin pistol in its hand will at once urge itself on reformed Parliament: and reformed Parliament will give us Blue Books upon it if nothing further. Nay, almost still more urgent, and what I could reckon,—as touching on our Ark of the Covenant, on sacred free trade

itself,—to be the preliminary of all, there is the immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty*, let me explain it a little.

“Cheap and nasty;” there is a pregnancy in that poor vulgar proverb, which I wish we better saw and valued! It is the rude indignant protest of human nature against a mischief which in all times and places taints it or lies near it, and which never in any time or place was so like utterly overwhelming it as here and now. Understand, if you will consider it, that no good man did, or ever should, encourage “cheapness” at the ruinous expense of *unfitness*, which is always infidelity, and is dishonourable to a man. If I want an article, let it be genuine, at whatever price; if the price is too high for me, I will go without it, unequipped with it for the present,—I shall not have equipped myself with a hypocrisy, at any rate! This, if you will reflect, is primarily the rule of all purchasing or employing men. They are not permitted to encourage, patronize, or in any form countenance the working, wearing, or acting of Hypocrisies in this world. On the contrary, they are to hate all such with a perfect hatred; to do their best in extinguishing them as the poison of mankind. This is the temper for purchasers of work: how much more that for doers and producers of it! Work, every one of you, like the Demiurgus or Eternal World-builder; work, none of you, like the Diabolus or Denier and Destroyer,—under penalties!

And now, if this is the fact, that you are not to purchase, to make or to vend any ware or product of the “cheap and nasty” genus, and cannot in any case do it without sin, and even treason against the Maker of you,—consider what a *quantity* of sin, of treason petty and high, must be accumulating in poor England every day! It is certain as the National Debt; and what are all National money Debts in comparison? Do you know the shop, sale-shop, workshop, industrial establishment temporal or spiritual, in broad England, where genuine work is to be had? I

¹“Eight hours to work, and eight hours to play;

Eight hours to sleep, and eight shillings a day.”—*Reformed Workman's Pisgah Song*.

confess I hardly do ; the more is my sorrow ! For a whole Pandora's Box of evils lies in that one fact, my friend ; that one is enough for us, and may be taken as the sad summary of all. Universal *shoddy* and Devil's dust cunningly varnished over ; that is what you will find presented you in all places, as were invitingly cheap, if your experience is like mine. Yes ; if Free Trade is the new religion, and if Free Trade do mean, Free racing with unlimited velocity in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*,—our practical hero will be infinitely anxious to deal with that question, and see how Free Trade with such a devil in the belly of it, is to be tied again a little.

One small example only ! London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years, or sooner. *Bricks*, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannons, for 6,000 years if you like ! Etruscan Pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick,—we have them here, at the head of this Garden (wall once of a Manor Park), which are in their third or fourth century (Henry Eighth's time, I was told), and still perfect in every particular.

Truly the state of London houses and London house-building, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful ! For there lies in it not the Physical mischief only, but the Moral too, which is far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place ; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity ; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie, but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of thing ! England needs to be *rebuilt* once every seventy years. Build it once *rightly*, the expense will be say fifty per cent. more ; but it will stand till the day of

judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again ! Say nine-tenths of the expense, say three-fourths of it (allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things) ; and in rigorous arithmetic, such is the saving possible to you ; lying under your nose there ; soliciting you to pick it up,—by the mere act of behaving like sons of Adam, not like scandalous esurient Phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon.

Here is a thrift of money, if you want money ! The money-saving would (you can compute in what short length of time) pay your National Debt for you, bridge the ocean for you ; wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again ;—and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls,—now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled *then* to blessed life again, and the sight of Heaven and Earth instead of Payday, and Meux and Co.'s Entire. Oh, my bewildered Brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come over you, and changed you from men once really rather noble of their kind, into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum ! I declare I had rather die. . . .

One hears sometimes of religious controversies running very high, about faith, works, grace, prevenient grace, the Arches Court and *Essays and Reviews* ;—into none of which do I enter, or concern myself with your entering. One thing I will remind you of, That the essence and outcome of all religions, creeds, and liturgies whatsoever is, to do one's work in a faithful manner. Unhappy caittiff, what to you is the use of orthodoxy, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments,—operating upon Devil's dust, and endeavouring to reap where you have not sown ?—But to return to our Aristocracy by title.

VII.

Orsonism is not what will hinder our Aristocracy from still reigning, still, or much farther than now,—to the very utmost limit of their capabilities and opportunities, in the new times that come. What are these *opportunities*,—granting the capability to be (as I believe) very considerable if seriously exerted?—This is a question of the highest interest just now.

In their own Domains and land territories, it is evident each of them can still, for certain years and decades, be a complete king; and may, if he strenuously try, mould and manage everything, till both his people and his dominion correspond gradually to the ideal he has formed. Refractory subjects he has the means of *banishing*; the relations between all classes from the biggest farmer to the poorest orphan ploughboy, are under his control; nothing ugly or unjust or improper, but he could by degrees undertake steady war against, and manfully subdue or extirpate. Till all his Domain were, through every field and homestead of it, and were maintained in continuing and being, manlike, decorous, fit; comely to the eye and to the soul of whoever wisely looked on it, or honestly lived in it. This is a beautiful ideal; which might be carried out on all sides to indefinite lengths,—not in management of land only, but in thousandfold countenancing, protecting and encouraging of human worth, and *dis*-countenancing and sternly repressing the want of ditto, wherever met with among surrounding mankind. Till the whole surroundings of a nobleman were made noble like himself: and all men should recognise that here verily was a bit of kingdom ruling “by the Grace of God,” in difficult circumstances, but *not* in vain.

This were a way, if this were commonly adopted, of by degrees reinstating Aristocracy in all the privileges,

authorities, reverences and honours it ever had, in its palmiest times, under any Kaiser Barbarossa, Henry Fowler (*Heinrich der Vogeler*), Henry Fine-Scholar (*Beau-clerc*), or Wilhelmus Bastardus the Acquirer: this would be divine; blessed is every individual that shall manfully, all his life, solitary or in fellowship, address himself to this! But, alas, this is an ideal, and I have practically little faith in it. Discerning well how *few* would seriously adopt this as a trade in life, I can only say, “Blessed is every one that does!”—Readers can observe that only zealous aspirants to be “noble” and worthy of their title (who are not a numerous class) could adopt this trade; and that of these few, only the fewest, or the actually *noble*, could to much effect do it when adopted. “Management of one’s land on this principle,” yes, in some degree this might be possible: but as to ‘fostering merit’ or human worth, the question would arise (as it did with a late Noble Lord still in wide enough esteem),¹ “What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another!” (*Hear, hear!*) By *this* plan of diligence in promoting human worth, you would do little to redress our griefs; this plan would be a quenching of the fire by oil: a dreadful plan! (In fact, this is what you may see everywhere going on just now; this is what has reduced us to the pass we are at!)—To recognise merit you must first yourself have it; to recognise false merit, and crown it as true, because a long tail runs after it, is the saddest operation under the sun; and it is one you have only to open your eyes and see every day. Alas! no? Ideals won’t carry many people far. To have an Ideal generally done, it must be compelled by the vulgar appetite there is to do it, by indisputable advantage seen in doing it.

¹ Lord Palmerston, in debate on Civil Service Examination Proposal.

In such an independent position; acknowledged king of one's own territories, well withdrawn from the raging inanities of "politics," leaving the loud rabble and their spokesmen to consummate all that in their own sweet way, and make Anarchy again horrible, and Government or real Kingship the thing desirable,—one fancies there might be actual scope for a kingly soul to aim at unfolding itself, at imprinting itself in all manner of beneficent arrangements and improvements of things around it. Schools, for example, schooling and training of *its* young subjects in the way that they should go, and in the things that they should do: what a boundless outlook that of schools, and of improvement in school methods, and school purposes, which in these ages lie hitherto all superannuated and to a frightful degree inapplicable! Our schools go all upon the *vocal* hitherto; no clear aim in them but to teach the young creature how he is to *speak*, to utter himself by tongue and pen;—which, supposing him even to *have something to utter*, as he so very rarely has, is by no means the thing he specially wants in our times. How he is to work, to behave and do; that is the question for him, which he seeks the answer of in schools;—in schools, having now so little chance of it elsewhere. In other times, many or most of his neighbours round him, his superiors over him, if he looked well and could take example, and learn by what he saw, were in use to yield him very much of answer to this vitallest of questions: but now they do not, or do it fatally the reverse way! Talent of speaking grows daily commoner among one's neighbours; amounts already to a weariness and a nuisance; so barren is it of great benefit, and liable to be of great hurt: but the talent of right conduct, of wise and useful behaviour seems to grow rarer every day, and is nowhere taught in the streets and thoroughfares any more. Right schools were never more desirable than now. Nor ever more

unattainable, by public clamouring and jargoning, than now. Only the wise Ruler (acknowledged king in his own territories), taking counsel with the wise, and earnestly pushing and endeavouring all his days, might do something in it. It is true, I suppose him to be capable of recognising and searching out "the *wise*," who are apt *not* to be found on the high roads at present, or only to be transiently passing there, with closed lips, swift step, and possibly a grimmish aspect of countenance, among the crowd of loquacious *sham-wise*. To be capable of actually recognising and discerning these; and that is no small postulate (how great a one I know well):—in fact, unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible to us by him.

But granting this great postulate, what a field in the *Non-vocal* School department, such as was not dreamt of before! *Non-vocal*; presided over by whatever of Pious Wisdom this king could eliminate from all corners of the impious world; and could consecrate with means and appliances for making the new generation, by degrees, less impious. Tragical to think of: Every new generation is born to us direct out of Heaven; white as purest writing paper, white as snow;—everything we please can be written on it;—and our pleasure and our negligence is, To begin blotching it, scrawling, smutching and smearing it, from the first day it sees the sun: towards such a consummation of ugliness, dirt, and blackness of darkness, as is too often visible. Woe on us; there is no woe like this,—if we were not sunk in stupefaction, and had still eyes to discern or souls to feel it!—Goethe has shadowed out a glorious far-glancing specimen of that *Non-vocal*, or very partially-vocal kind of School. I myself remember to have seen an extremely small, but highly useful and practicable little corner of one, actually on work at Glasnevin in Ireland about fifteen years ago; and *have* often thought of it since.

VIII.

I always fancy there might much be done in the way of military Drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as supplement or even as succedaneum for all other, one often wishes the entire Population could be thoroughly drilled ; into co-operative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points,—and ultimately in the point of actual *Military Service*, should such be required of it !

That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture ; ought not all to have it ; and how many ever do ? I often say, The one Official Person, royal, sacerdotal, scholastic, governmental, of our times, who is still thoroughly a truth and a reality, and *not* in great part a hypothesis, and worn-out humbug, proposing and attempting a duty which he fails to do,—is the Drill-Sergeant who is master of his work, and who will perform it. By Drill-Sergeant understand, not the man in three stripes alone ; understand him as meaning all such men, up to the Turenne, to the Friedrich of Prussia : *he* does his function, he is genuine ; and from the highest to the lowest no one else does. Ask your poor King's Majesty, Captain-General of England, Defender of the Faith, and so much else ; ask your poor Bishop, sacred Overseer of souls ; your poor Lawyer, sacred Dispenser of justice ; your poor Doctor, ditto of health : they will all answer, "Alas, no, worthy sir, we are all of us unfortunately fallen not a little, some of us altogether, into the imaginary or quasi-humbug condition, and cannot help ourselves ; he alone of the three stripes, or of the gorget and baton, *does* what he pretends to !" That is the melancholy fact ; well worth considering at present.—Nay I often consider farther, If, in any Country, the Drill-Sergeant himself fall into the partly imaginary or humbug condition (as is my frightful apprehension of him here in England, on survey of him in his marvellous Crimean expeditions, marvellous Courts martial revelations, Newspaper controver-

sies, and the like), what is to become of that Country and its thrice miserable Drill-Sergeant ?

But now, what is to hinder the acknowledged king in all corners of his territory, to introduce wisely a universal system of Drill, not military only but human in all kinds ; so that no child or man born in *his* territory might miss the benefit of it,—which would be immense to man, woman and child ? I would begin with it, in mild, soft forms, so soon almost as my children were able to stand on their legs ; and I would never wholly remit it till they had done with the world and me. Poor Wilderspin knew something of this ; the great Goethe evidently knew a great deal ! This of outwardly combined and plainly consociated Discipline, in simultaneous movement and action, which may be practical, symbolical, artistic, mechanical in all degrees and modes,—is one of the noblest capabilities of man (most sadly undervalued hitherto) ; and one he takes the greatest pleasure in exercising and unfolding, not to mention at all the invaluable benefit it would afford him if unfolded. From correct marching in line, to rhythmic dancing in cotillon or minuet,—and to infinitely higher degrees (that of symboling in concert your "first reverence," for instance, supposing reverence and symbol of it to be both sincere !)—there is a natural charm in it ; the fulfilment of a deep-seated, universal desire, to all rhythmic social creatures ! In man's heaven-born Docility, or power of being Educated, it is estimable as perhaps the deepest and richest element ; or the next to that of music, of Sensibility to Song, to Harmony and Number, which some have reckoned the deepest of all. A richer mine than any in California for poor human creatures ; richer by what a multiple ; and hitherto as good as never opened,—worked only for the Fighting purpose. Assuredly I would not neglect the Fighting purpose ; no, from sixteen to sixty, not a son of mine but should know the Soldier's function too

and be able to defend his native soil and self, in best perfection, when need came. But I should not begin with this; I should carefully end with this, after careful travel in innumerable fruitful fields by the way leading to this.

It is strange to me, stupid creatures of routine as we mostly are, how in all education of mankind, this of simultaneous Drilling into combined rhythmic action, for almost all good purposes, has been overlooked and left neglected by the elaborate and many-sounding Pedagogues and Professorial persons we have had for the long centuries past! It really should be set on foot a little; and developed gradually into the multifiform opulent results it holds for us. As might well be done, by an acknowledged king in his own territory, if he were wise. To all children of men it is such an entertainment, when you set them to it. I believe the vulgarst Cockney crowd, flung out million-fold on a Whit Sunday, with nothing but beer and dull folly to depend on for amusement, would at once kindle into something human, if you set them to do almost any regulated act in common. And would dismiss their beer and dull foolery, in the silent charm of rhythmic human companionship, in the practical feeling, probably new, that all of us are made on one pattern, and are, in an unfathomable way, brothers to one another.

Soldier-Drill, for fighting purposes, as I have said, would be the last or finishing touch of all these sorts of Drilling Processes; and certainly the acknowledged king would reckon it not the least important to him, but even perhaps the most so, in these peculiar times. Anarchic Parliaments and Penny Newspapers might perhaps grow jealous of him; in any case, he would have to be cautious, punctilious, severely correct, and obey to the letter whatever laws and regulations they emitted on the subject. But that done, how could the most anarchic Parliament, or Penny Editor, think of forbidding any fellow-citizen such a

manifest improvement on all the human creatures round him? Our wise Hero Aristocrat, or acknowledged king in his own territory, would by no means think of employing his superlative private Field-regiment in levy of war against the most anarchic Parliament; but, on the contrary, might and would loyally help said Parliament in warring down much anarchy worse than its own, and so gain steadily new favour from it. From it, and from all men and gods! And would have silently the consciousness, too, that with every new Disciplined Man, he was widening the arena of *Anti-Anarchy*, of God-appointed *Order* in this world and Nation,—and was looking forward to a day, very distant probably, but certain as Fate.

For I suppose it would in no moment be doubtful to him That, between Anarchy and Anti-ditto, it would have to come to sheer fight at last; and that nothing short of duel to the death could ever void that great quarrel. And he would have his hopes, his assurances, as to how the victory would lie. For everywhere in this universe, and in every nation that is not *divorced* from it and in the act of perishing forever, Anti-Anarchy is silently on the increase, at all moments: Anarchy, not, but contrariwise; having the whole universe for ever set against it; pushing it slowly at all moments towards suicide and annihilation. To Anarchy, however million-headed, there is no victory possible. Patience, silence, diligence, ye chosen of the world! Slowly or fast in the course of time you will grow to a minority that can actually step forth (sword not yet drawn, but sword ready to be drawn), and say: "Here are we, Sirs; we also are minded to *vote*,—to all lengths, as you may perceive. A company of poor men (as friend Oliver termed us) who will spend all our blood, if needful!" What are Beales and his 50,000 roughs against such; what are the noisiest anarchic Parliaments, in majority of a million to one, against such? Stubble against fire. Fear not, my friend; the issue is very certain when it comes so far as this!

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SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

SILCOTES.

THE oaks at Silcotes grew from gold to green, then grew golden once more, and then settled down into the full green of summer; yet stillness, or nearly stillness, reigned over hall and park, garden and forest. The perfectly-ordered machine, so long wound up, went on just the same, the least noticeable fact about it being the absence of its master.

The neighbours got excited and curious about the house, the more so as week after week went on. They met the horses exercising regularly, and the men looked much as usual. The deep wailing bay of the bloodhounds was still heard by the frightened children, whose mothers told them that the Dark Squire was away to the war—a piece of information which made him seem in their eyes more weird and more dark than before. Everything, said the gossips, was going on just as usual at Silcotes, save that some most astounding family discoveries had been made, and, without doubt, Silcote was following the track of the Italian army.

People who had not called for years came and called now, out of sheer honest curiosity, a curiosity which was doomed to continual disappointment. Everything was unchanged. The lodge gates were opened with the greatest alacrity; lawn and drive were well kept; the flower-beds were blazing out as heretofore, and the gardeners were busy among the new French roses; the door was opened to the visitor by the butler and two men in livery, but "Mr. Silcote was in Italy, and was not expected home at present." That was all that could be learnt.

Lord Hainault of course heard of all these things, and, with his worthy wife, wondered very much at them. He had seen but little of Silcote in his life, and what little he had seen he had not liked. He seldom had any personal correspondence with him, but he had taken it into his head that a common should be inclosed: it was impossible that it could be done without stroking the Squire the right way, and so the Squire suddenly became a most important person. Lord Hainault began at breakfast-time by laying down the proposition that country gossip was just as bad as town gossip, and that he did

not believe one-half of what was said about any one. He instanced Silcote, and so persistently argued from that example, that he triumphantly proved to himself and his hearers, by lunch time, that Silcote was in all human probability rather a good fellow than otherwise. At all events he, with his wife's entire concurrence, ordered his horse, and rode gently over through the wood to leave his card on Silcote, and to get his address.

"It is an uncommon nice place, this," he said to himself, as he came out of the forest into the glades of the park, and saw the way in which artificial order was growing out of nature. "A monstrous nice place; one of the best places in the whole county. What a sad pity it is that a clever man and a gentleman, as he *is*, should not be more civilized. The best landlord and the best farmer for miles, too. I *will* see more of him when he comes back; I feel certain that he is a good fellow."

And then he uneasily remembered the general and off-hand accounts of Silcote which he had been accustomed to give, and pricked his horse into a trot, and so came round the corner of the drive on an exceedingly fine groom, whose master was close before him. Lord Hainault passed the groom, and rode up beside the master, a withered, handsome old gentleman, on a valuable cob.

"My dear Sir Godfrey Mallory!" said Lord Hainault. "You are riding far from home."

"I am only from Shiplake. I cannot ride far now. But I have a letter from Italy which tells me that Silcote is dead; and I, quite unconsciously, years ago did him a wrong, and I wish to find out whether there is time to explain my share in it in this world. I fear that Silcote has been sadly abused in his lifetime. He was not a bad fellow when I knew him, but jealous and ill-tempered. I wish I could have a talk with him. I have reason to believe that he has owed me a grudge about a very unhappy business, in which I was innocent. I am not long for this

world, and I cannot bear to leave a grudge behind."

"It is like your good-heartedness, Sir Godfrey," said Lord Hainault.

"You mean my good nature," said Sir Godfrey. "We selfish men of pleasure are generally good-natured. I should say that I have been the most good-natured and the most worthless man on the face of the earth. I can really *feel* nothing—not even this."

"Not even what?"

"Do you not see that the house is shut up, and that I am too late with my explanations?"

The house was shut up in reality, and the two rode forward in silence.

"Is your master dead?" said Lord Hainault to the butler, taking the bull by the horns.

"Master is alive, my lord," said the butler; "but we are in sad trouble; sad trouble indeed, my lord."

Sir Godfrey Mallory left his card and rode away, waving his hand to Lord Hainault.

"What has happened?" asked Lord Hainault.

"The young master is dead, my lord."

"Which young master?"

"Mr. Thomas, my lord."

"I thought he had been dead long ago," said Lord Hainault. "I want Mr. Silcote's direction."

"Master is expected home at once, my lord," said the butler; and so Lord Hainault rode away also, saying to himself as he went, "Well, *that* scamp is well out of the way. Better the school-boy than him." And that was all which the county represented by Lord Hainault had to say about Colonel Silcote.

One part of the great Silcote machine which was still in perfect order was the kitchen. Experts generally find that they make their very best efforts after a rest. The Silcotes cook, not condescending to cook for servants, had had an idle time of it for two months, and had taken to fishing at Wargrave. But when Mr. Betts, the senior Mr. Sugden, Miss Dora Silcote, and the children

arrived suddenly at the hall, he put aside his fishing-rods, and did his best. Betts knew what good eating and drinking was, and was an old acquaintance of the cook's. Knowing that he had some one to appreciate him, he put his soul into the work, and Mr. Sugden and Mr. Betts sat down to a very good dinner indeed.

Not that Mr. Betts had the slightest business to take possession of Silcotes. Sugden was staying with him at St. Mary's when they got the news of Tom Silcote's death. There was not the slightest reason for Betts moving; but he claimed great credit for taking active possession of Silcotes. As he put it to the Squire, "The moment I heard of it I came off. I did not let the grass grow under my feet, sir; I came off at once." Silcote himself was half-persuaded that Betts had done him a personal service by "coming off" so promptly, though he failed to perceive entirely why Betts should take that particular occasion to kill his bucks and tap his Madeira. But Betts did both these things, and perfectly persuaded himself the while that he was piling obligations on the Squire's head, which a life-time of devotion on the Squire's part could never repay.

"So you did not see your way to the Italian campaign, Mr. Sugden?" said Betts after the soup.

"Why, no," said Sugden. "I got so heavily used in the Crimea, that after a feeble attempt I gave it up."

"A wise resolution, nephew."

"Nephew?" said Sugden, raising his great patient, handsome face to Mr. Betts.

"Certainly," said Mr. Betts, promptly. "Your sister married the late lamented Mr. Thomas Silcote. My daughter married his half-brother, Mr. Algernon Silcote. Consequently I am your uncle. Don't you see?"

"I daresay I shall in time," said Sugden. "Am I to call you Uncle Betts, then?"

"My dear sir, that is entirely a matter of detail: a matter entirely between man and man. I would not for an instant urge a man in your position to

give such a title to a man in my position. Still, there are rules about these things, I believe, and it would be flattering to me."

"I will call you Uncle Betts with the greatest pleasure," said Sugden, "if you like it."

"My dear sir, not for a moment. Between men of the world, like you and me, such distinctions are invidious. If you could possibly induce Mrs. Silcote, your sister, to greet me with the title of uncle, I should have nothing left to desire in this world."

"Oh! she would never do that," said Sugden. "She is very proud."

"You are quite sure that she would not?" said Betts. "Then let us say no more about it. She is the leading member of the family which I have entered, and her wishes must be studied. It would have been gratifying to my feelings, but let it go. I and you have other claims on Silcote besides those of mere recognition. The instant that you and I heard of this lamentable misfortune we came off promptly and rallied round him. That is a service which he is not likely to forget. Silcote is not ungrateful."

"I think myself," said Sugden, painfully and with difficulty, but with honesty also, just like the mere agricultural labourer which he was, "that we had better not have come at all. There is death in the house—the death of my sister's husband, which is bad enough; and also, from what I have gathered, disaster worse than death. It seems to me ill that we should be feasting here in the house of mourning. I am sorry that I came."

"There should always be a gentleman in the house at such times as these, my dear sir," said Betts.

Sugden wondered which of the two was the gentleman, and concluded, in his agricultural mind, neither; but he said—

"We will not discuss that matter. Tell me about Anne Silcote. Is the business so bad as I have guessed?"

"It is as bad as bad can be, and there is the whole truth, Sugden," said

Betts, thumping his fist on the table. "There are no servants in the hall, and Dora has not appeared; so I can tell you the truth in a few minutes. I am a vulgar man, and a cunning man, and a man who will only cease to scheme for money when I am nailed in my coffin. But I am not an ungrateful man. I am not the mere snob which you would judge me to be from my manners. Algernon Silcote took me in when I was a bankrupt beggar, and showed me the beauty of a morality more noble than my own. The Squire heaped favours after favours on my head, and put me in the way of having cash again in hand to turn over. I have turned that money over. If there is a man in England who understands the handling of money it is myself. I am rich again, richer than you dream of. I only stay at St. Mary's because I think my benefactor Silcote would like it. Yet I tell you, Sugden, that I would have gone into the Bankruptcy Court again to-morrow, have given up every pound which I owned, if I could have prevented this last terrible scandal."

"What is it then?" said Sugden. "Here are the servants. Will you put those dishes down, and go away, if you please. Mr. Betts and I are talking business."

When they were gone Sugden resumed: "You seem to me to be two people, Betts," he said; "just now you seemed to me to be scheming about an utterly ignoble matter; and then immediately after you came out most nobly."

"I am two people," said Betts. "I was bred a share and stockjobber, and shall die one, and at times I try to be a Christian and a gentleman, like Algy Silcote, my son-in-law. Think it out for yourself."

"Well, I will. But about Anne. Is there anything like dishonour?"

"Utter dishonour, I fear, and utter ruin. She has gone off with a low Italian Austrian. A young Roman. Let us say no more about it."

"How did you hear it?"

"From a friend of mine, Kriegs-

thurm. He is a great liar, but he dare not lie to me. He has made the Continent too hot for him generally, by universal political rascality, and must get back to England. He would not dare to lie to me. He has feathered his nest here pretty well, for I made four thousand pounds over his last telegram from Vercelli, in which he told me that the Austrian right was fairly turned, and that the Austrian army would not face the French rifled ordnance. I am afraid that the poor girl is lost."

"I am deeply sorry for this," said Sugden.

"So am I," said Betts.

"You say he is a noble Roman?" said Sugden.

"And a great scoundrel," said Betts. "Why, he is an *employé* of Kriegsthurm's."

"When Italy is free," said Sugden, "he might make a good match for her."

"You have a good imagination," said Betts, "but he is a great scoundrel. Here is Dora."

Here was Dora. "Well, you two people," she said, "what treason you been talking that you should have banished the servants? If you have done talking treason, I should suggest that they were recalled. If we are to take possession of grandpa's house without the slightest reason, I think we might make use of his servants."

CHAPTER LIX.

THE LAST RAMBLE.

"WELL," said Dora to Mr. Sugden, "and so they are actually due. It seems incredible."

"The Squire has telegraphed from London, and will be here in half an hour. So we shall see them all soon now."

"Not all," said Dora.

"All, with the exception of Anne and Reginald," said Sugden.

"And my father and Uncle Tom," added Dora.

"They are at peace," said Mr. Sugden; "they won't hurt. I wish that Anne was as well off as they."

"Do you believe this about Anne?" said Dora.

"Of course I do."

"I don't," said Dora, emphatically; "not one single word of it."

"You cannot quite help it, I fear," said he.

"I can help it perfectly well," said Dora. "The whole story is a very clumsy falsehood. I tell you that it is the very last thing which Anne would do. And I know something which I could tell you, if I chose; but I don't choose—yes, I do—no, I don't. Look at me, and I shall make up my mind."

Sugden turned his handsome brown face, as calm as a Memnon, as gentle and simple as a child, on hers. She looked at it for a moment, and made up her mind.

"Yes, I *do* choose. I can tell you what I never could tell Grandpa Betts. *You* are a gentleman, and he, though the best of men, is not. See here: Anne has done something very foolish indeed, I do not doubt; but it has been all done for spite, and nothing more."

"Spite against whom?"

"Against James, and against me," she said. "You see," she added, blushing, laughing, and gently taking his arm, "I have monopolized James, and she wanted to monopolize him herself. She has done something very violent and foolish in her anger, for she has a sad temper, but nothing in the least degree wrong."

"But Reginald?"

"Reginald and she have quarrelled for the last time, that is all," said Dora. "They never did anything else. They never would have got on together."

"You give me some hope and comfort, my love," said Sugden. "I cannot help believing you while I hear your voice; but my reason is against you."

"Oh, indeed. Where did we get this report?"

"From Mr. Kriegsthum."

"Mr. Kriegsthum: a pretty authority!

And one would be glad to hear Miss Heathton's account of the matter. Has she run away too?"

"That is a shrewd remark," said Sugden.

"Now, I am going to ask you a favour. Let us get the dogs, and go round the old place for the last time."

"Why for the last time?" said Sugden, when they had called the bloodhounds together, and started down the drive towards the forest.

"You only half quote what I said, and alter my emphasis. I *said* over the old place for the last time. The *old* place is no more. In less than an hour there will be a new Silcotes."

"It is true, and a more happy one," said Sugden.

"Well," said Dora, "I don't know; I actually *do not* know. I remember once that Miss Lee read us that fairy story, I forget which (it is often enough quoted), which ends, 'And so they all lived happy ever afterwards'; and Anne remarked emphatically, 'Dear me, how exceedingly tiresome they must have found it, after such a delightful series of accidents and quarrels.' Do you know that I have been happier in this old house than ever I expect to be again? There, what do you think of that, for instance?"

"There is some reason in it, or you would not have said it, my dear," replied Sugden. "Why do you think so?"

"Well, Uncle Sugden (I am not quite sure yet whether you are my uncle or my aunt—*n'importe*; Grandpa Silcote is fountain of honours, and must settle the titles of the new Court), I will tell *you* why. My dear, in old times this house was a very charming one. There was a perfectly delicious *abandon* about it, the like of which I have never seen, or even heard of, elsewhere. Coming as I did from the squalor of my father's house, this was a fairy palace for me. True, there was an ogre; my grandfather Silcote was the ogre; but then I like ogres. There was a somewhat cracked princess—a real Italian princess—in velvet and jewels; and I like people of that kind. Then there was a dark

story, which we never could understand, which was to us infinitely charming; there was almost barbarous profusion and ostentation, which *everybody* — I don't care — *everybody* loves in their heart of hearts; there were these bloodhounds, which I hated at first, as a cockney, but which I have got to love as the last remnants of the *ancien régime*; there were horses, grooms, carriages, ponies, deer, as indeed there are now, with all their charm gone; and lastly, one could do exactly as one liked: one could revel in all this luxury and beauty, set here like a splendid jewel among the surrounding forest, without a soul to control one. And this was very charming, for *I* am a Radical."

"It was an evil and perverse state of things, my love," said Sugden.

"I dare say," said Dora; "but then I am evil and perverse, and I loved it. I used to protest against it; that was my prudishness. But now that it has all passed away, I know that I loved it."

"You are quite sure, then, that the old state of things *has* passed away," said Sugden.

"My good—distant relation (I will not commit myself)—do you know that you are perfectly foolish at times? Is not my Uncle Arthur going to marry my old governess, Miss Lee? Are they not going to take up their abode here at Silcotes? You have heard of this arrangement, because I have heard you speak of it."

"Then you think, my dear," said Sugden, "that Mr. Arthur and his bride will be inclined to look round and put things square."

Dora only looked at him at first. Her opinion was so strong as to the way in which these two would "put things square," that she did not trust herself to speak of it at present. She as good as proposed the question for a time.

"There is a chance that your sister, my aunt Mrs. Thomas Silcote, or, to be more correct, *Mrs.* Silcote, may be able to do battle with them single-handed. She is in high favour at head-

quarters now, and is likely to remain so. She is an energetic and courageous woman, and it seems has great influence over grandpa. But she is one, and they are two, and she will have her work cut out for her. She will fight like a dragon for James, but James will be of no assistance to her at all. The Arthur Silcotes will beat her if she don't mind. However, we shall have a happy little household."

"My dear Dora," said Sugden, "you are very worldly."

"I am; I have seen the consequences of not being worldly, and, Uncle Sugden, I was trained in a hard school. I only know this, that I shall make James stick to his art, and be independent, for with this wonderful new happy family arrangement, I see nothing to prevent his being cut out of his grandfather's will to-morrow."

"He will have his mother's money—four thousand a year."

"I know that. But it is an evil thing for a man to wait for his mother's money. He shall be independent of that before his mother dies, if I know my own will."

"You are taking a black view of things."

"I have been used to the darker side of things. I will be more cheerful directly. Let us see what has become of our old Silcotes, in this newer and happier *régime*. The delightful old *abandon* of the house is gone for ever. Grandpa, our ogre, has forgotten his ways. Altogether, the old house will never be what it was before. I know that the new order will be better than the old, but I am wicked and perverse, and I hate it."

"You have talked yourself into hating it, Dora," said Sugden, "with what seems to me a great deal of common sense."

"Well, I do hate it at all events," said Dora. "They will spoil James himself among them."

They had come in their walk before the silent cottage, in which Sugden and his sister had lived for so many years. The fence was broken, and the blood-

hounds which accompanied them had invaded the garden. The flowers, mostly spring flowers which Sugden had planted so many years ago, were all out of flower, and lying withered on the neglected ground, with the exception of two groups of noble white lilies, which stood on each side of the door, and a rose which they now choose to call the "John Hopper," but which old-fashioned folks call the "Cabbage."

"Get me a lily," said Dora.

"I think that I will get you a rose instead," said Sugden. "Old maids wear lilies."

So they turned into the main avenue again, with the stupid bloodhounds round them, snuffing and scratching among the rabbit burrows.

"Little woman," said Sugden, "you have a melancholy sort of mind."

"It is likely enough," said Dora; "I watched my father's life, and saw him die. It is likely enough that my mind is a melancholy one."

"You have made *me* melancholy enough; and I looked for such pleasure from to-day's meeting. When your aunt and I lived alone and unnoticed at that cottage we have just left, we were happy enough. We never had as much to eat as we could have eaten, and we felt the want of firing also—bitterly, I can tell you. We had our great sorrow—the desertion of her unrecognised by the poor fellow who is just gone; we had to stand all weathers, and never had five shillings in the house; yet we bore it all cheerfully. Just now, when I believed that all things were changed for the better, and we were going to begin a time of prosperity, you point out to me a hundred new miseries, fifty times worse than the old ones. I doubt you are a killjoy, Miss Dora."

"Well," said Dora, "it does not much matter. I shall die an old maid. I always intended to be so, and I mean to be so; and I am a very deter—Why, bless me, it *is* you."

"That looks very like old maiden-

hood," said Sugden, as he saw her fairly in the arms of a tall and very handsome young man, with a dark downy moustache, and—I must write it down—getting kissed. "That looks uncommonly like dying an old maid. Bah! you're just like the rest of your precious family—saying one thing and doing another. My boy James shall hear of this. I had better make myself scarce, for this is getting too tender for me—this is. Why, that can't be the boy himself? He never had moustaches. I am blessed if I don't believe it is, though. Here, you two people, manners! manners!"

"Who cares about manners before you?" said James, and Sugden saw that it *was* James at once.

"I thought old maids were particular in that respect," replied Sugden. "However, have it your own way, and don't regard me."

"If you don't hold your tongue, I'll kiss you," said Dora.

"Then here goes," said Sugden. "Arthur is going—" but she executed her terrible threat, and silenced him. "For," as she said, "no one ever cared one halfpenny for *you*. You are of as much importance as an old milestone."

When James had got hold of one of his arms, and Dora of another—when they both clung round him and looked into his gentle, almost stupid face, Sugden thought that to be a milestone was not such a bad thing after all, if one had two such beautiful young climbers to twine around you.

"They will be here directly," said James. "I came across the fields from Twyford and have beaten them, but they will be here directly."

"Shall we wait for them here, or go back to the hall?" said Dora.

"Let us hurry back to the hall," said James. "He would like it better."

"Is he in one of his tempers, then?" asked Dora.

"No, he has no tempers now. But I think he would like it. And Aunt Mary is mad."

CHAPTER LX.

THE RETURN.

THEY hurried back, and got under the shelter of the great porch, ready to receive the comers from the war, and to see the end of the ancient and the beginning of the modern history of the Silcote family.

"The girl is right," thought Sugden; "the new misery is greater than the old. Well, here they come."

Two carriages came grinding through the gravel up to the porch—the first closed, the second open. The closed carriage stopped first at their feet, and the butler opened the door of it. Silcote himself got out of it first, looking very quiet and very solemn indeed, taking notice of no one: and then turned round to hand out his companion, the poor Princess of Castelnuovo.

She put her well-formed hand on his arm, and, with her finely-formed little foot carefully pointed, alit gently and dexterously on the lowest step before the porch. Then she turned to Silcote, smiled pleasantly and bowed. After this, she stood in the full blaze of the sunshine, and looked around her. She was beautifully and carefully dressed, and almost hung with jewels, all put on in the most perfect taste. Her beauty, old as she was, was still splendid: and yet, when Dora had looked on her for less than half a minute, she slipped quietly away and hid herself in one of the window-seats, saying to herself,— "She had better have died. It would be better for her if she was dead."

For that had happened to this poor Princess which is more inexplicable, and infinitely more awful, than death itself. She was mad. She had overstepped Kriegsthum's line at last. Mystery greater than death! The old familiar world, the old familiar house, the people with whom she had lived for so many years, were all around her, and yet she was utterly unable to recognise them. She *saw* them as she had seen them a hundred times before; yet they

were other places and other people to her. It is beyond all thought and all knowledge. Better perhaps not to think of this awful death in life, or double life, but go with the doctors, who name it as "tubercular disease of the brain," and then put it on one side; which is possibly the best thing to do.

In the sun, before the door, stood a handsome, well-dressed woman, before the eyes of men calm, polite, *bien mise*, everything which was to be desired. And yet there was no woman there at all, for the soul had gone out of her, and she saw things which were not. Her intelligence lied to her eyes, and her eyes to her intelligence. This mystery of madness is surely the greatest mystery of all. See it in one you have loved, and then contradict me.

She did not know her own brother, and she did not know the old house: still she knew that she was mad. She believed that her brother was the doctor, and that this was the asylum. Yet by some infinitely deep cross-purpose in her soul she struggled towards the surface of reason for an instant. She turned to the butler and said, "Colonel Silcote has missed the train, and will not be in time for dinner. He will have his old room in the west wing." And then she passed under the shadow of the porch and into the old hall, where the bloodhounds lay about; and Dora, looking from her dim window-seat, saw her stalk along, imperial, majestic, with her face set, with uneasy lips, with eyebrows drawn together, and with staring eyes, which saw what was not there.

But by this time the second carriage had unloaded itself.

The meeting between Miss Lee and Dora had something of humour in it. Dora had never thoroughly *liked* Miss Lee, and had seen and remembered a very great many indiscretions which Miss Lee, under present circumstances, would have liked her to forget. Yet Dora had not forgotten them, and Miss Lee knew it. They were, therefore, both on their dignity. When the poor Princess and her brother had passed her in the hall, she came out into the porch,

and met her old friend-enemy, Miss Lee, face to face.

Miss Lee was dressed up to the point which is expected of every lady with four thousand a year, and Dora, having been dependent on Mr. Betts, by no means a liberal outgiver, was somewhat dowdy and shabby. Yet Dora held the key of the position in her pocket, and knew it, as did likewise Miss Lee herself.

"How do you do, my dear Dora?" said Miss Lee.

"How do you do, Miss Lee?" said Dora, looking very calmly at her.

"I am very well, indeed, my dear Dora," said Miss Lee.

"I am exceedingly glad to hear it," said Dora. "I am afraid that your nerves must have been shaken by the war."

"Not at all," said Miss Lee. And then there was a pause. Dora would have died sooner than have spoken next, and, to tell the truth, not only Miss Raylock, but Arthur himself, remained perfectly silent; "for," as Miss Raylock expressed it, "Miss Lee had been giving herself airs."

Miss Lee had to speak first, accordingly. "My dear," she said, "will you give me a kiss?"

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Dora.

"I hope we shall be very great friends," Dora.

"I am sure I hope we shall," was the reply.

CONCLUSION.

So comes one more long story to an end. Nothing remains but to give the various characters their departure, and to finish one of the most difficult efforts of story-telling ever attempted.

I hear people asking about such and such a story, "Does it end well?" as if that mattered. How can a story of deceit, folly, and selfishness like this *end* entirely well? It ends as well as it can. As people make their beds, so they must lie on them.

Silcote by degrees became possessed of all the circumstances with which our reader is already acquainted, with regard to his relations with his wife, which were chiefly brought about through the foolishness of his poor sister. Kriegsthum, having been forced back to England, in consequence of the danger incurred from the continental democrats, took a house in Camden Town, and, being rather short of cash, wrote to Silcote, offering to tell him the whole truth, from beginning to end. Silcote went to him at once, and learnt from him and his head-agent in the villainy, all the details. He paid him his money, asking him if he did not think himself the greatest scoundrel in Europe? To which Kriegsthum answered, "No, not by many degrees;" and laughed.

Silcote was now aware that he had by his insane jealousy and reticence caused the death of a good and gentle woman, and of an innocent and tender wife. He spoke to Mrs. Tom Silcote in strong language of the never-dying remorse which such a discovery would entail; yet that remorse was very little visible after all, from a variety of reasons.

If he had been still alone, still isolated from human sympathies, no doubt that remorse would have been very great—nay, it was relatively very great. He would probably have maddened himself into some new phase of folly with it. But many circumstances prevented his doing this, which it would be well to consider.

The business was so very, very old. Above forty years old. Very few men are capable of feeling acute *remorse* for actions done so long ago, although they may use excited language about them, as did Silcote. To feel remorse acutely, the image of the victim or the sin must be close to the mind's eye; at least, closer than a space of from forty to fifty years. He still had a great tenderness for his poor wife, but he was getting old: it was very long ago; and his love for her had been turned into furious, and as he thought, righteous indignation against her for so many years, that he was unable to obliterate the half century during

which he had regarded her as a monster of wickedness, and take up his love for her again as fresh as ever. He was unable to carry out the ideal programme which he had announced to Mr. Thomas. He was regretful and repentant. But of practical acute *remorse*, with its usual symptoms, there was none.

There were other reasons against this phase of mind: almost innumerable. The break in his habits, when he had left his unnatural solitude to go into the very thickest of the first of these newly-invented, sudden, bloody, and decisive wars, had somewhat dazed him, and put old matters very far away indeed. He had, again, been very fond of his son Thomas, and had always, in his heart of hearts, thought of a reconciliation between them as a matter of course. He had pursued him under fire with the intention of being reconciled to him, and had found him lying stark, stiff, and stone-dead under the poplars by the mill wall at Montriolo, watched by his half-crazed aunt and his unacknowledged son. This alone was enough to put old disasters out of his mind.

Then, again, Anne. He had been very fond of Anne; and had, in his newly-awakened recklessness, sent her abroad with a somewhat foolish governess. In spite of Dora's purely imaginary defence of her (which did Dora great credit), Anne had made an awful *fiasco*. She had turned Roman Catholic in order to be married to the young Roman gentleman whom Kriegsthum, in one of his puzzled fits, had set on to watch James, and was figuring away at Naples with him, with the moneys which had been entrusted to Miss Heathton, her governess, for their mutual subsistence. Reginald and she had had an interview, previous to her escapade, in which she told Reginald that she had never cared for him in the least, but was in love with James, and always had been. After which she went to Naples, as we have seen; and Reginald, having no one to direct him, went to Innspruck,—why or wherefore we shall never know,—and wrote to his grandfather from that place, telling

him that he had carefully examined the various relations in which he stood to his fellow-men, that he had arranged to commit suicide, and that by the time these lines reached him (the distracted Squire), he, Reginald, should be no more.

He did not do anything of the kind, but exhibited a feeble, pretty picture at the Dudley last year. Still Silcote, having believed in his own nonsense for so many years, was able to believe in Reginald's. This, however, was one of the smallest of his troubles. Any one, no matter how sensitive, would have forgotten an old trouble, on the basis of which this story has been written, in the face of the new troubles which arose and confronted him on every side.

It is extremely disagreeable to me to allude to such a half-reputable *fiasco* as that of Anne. I do not deal in such wares; you must go elsewhere for them; but it is still more disagreeable for me, a man whose principal desire is to please, to allude to the relations between Mrs. Thomas Silcote (Mrs. Sugden) and Mrs. Arthur Silcote (Miss Lee).

As long as they were mere cousins and co-heiresses they got on capitally together. They were both extremely High Church, took in the same paper, and understood one another perfectly. Nothing could be more perfect than their *accord*.

Then came in Arthur: of the liberal Oxford minority, who had, to tell the plain truth, pitched Miss Lee overboard, until she got her fortune. Miss Lee was very rapidly converted to *his* views, as Dora had often prophesied. But, then, Mrs. Tom Silcote stuck to her High Churchism in the most strenuous manner. There never was such a difference in this world. It was two to one against Mrs. Thomas, for Miss Lee had gone over to the enemy. Everything which Arthur said she swore to. It was no use for Mrs. Thomas to "taunt" her with previously-expressed opinions. Mrs. Arthur replied merely that she knew better now.

And, again, there was something between these ladies which was pos-

sibly more important than any merely religious difference. It was the question of the succession to Silcote's enormous wealth. Arthur, as an independent bachelor, was one person: Arthur married, with his announcement out to the whole county of a probable heir, was quite another person. While a bachelor, in precarious health, he could well afford to pooh-pooh his father's intention of making him heir: he spoke sincerely when he rudely declined the honour. But now, with a showy and beautiful wife, of whom he was proud, and who took him into society, things were very different. He began to feel the value of the prestige which a beautiful and rich wife gives a man, and to be less and less patient of the idea of living principally on her money. And Silcotes was one of the finest places in the country, and she was naturally mistress of it—would certainly be, according to his father's present will, could he only undermine Mrs. Thomas's enormous influence with his father, which was now greater than his own.

As for Mrs. Thomas, she was perfectly determined that James should marry Dora, and that the Thomas Silcote and the Algernon Silcote interests should coincide, and bring James in triumphantly as master of Silcotes. To further this object she persistently kept the Squire's old grievances before him. She continually, though with the finest tact, urged the claims of Dora, the child of his ill-used son Algernon, upon him, and gently and calmly laid the death of Thomas Silcote at his doorstep, as she had done in sober earnest at the battle of Palestro. Her case was a very strong one, and she was quite a match for Arthur.

Now, seeing that these people all lived in the same house together for over a year at the Squire's expense, that they were all of them very resolute people, and that they were always, night or day, ready for one another, it is no wonder that at the end of a twelve-month the Squire had so far forgotten his old life in this new one as to consult Betts about the best route to Australia,

affirming positively that he could stand it no longer, and should emigrate.

"What part of Australia do you want to go to?" asked Betts.

"Don't know," said Silcote. "I only want to get out of this."

"If you can't tell me where you want to go, I can't give you the route," said Betts. "But drop allegory; you want to get out of all this, and I don't wonder. Which party do you wish hoisted out? There!"

Silcote could be downright as well as Betts. "Arthur and his wife," he replied.

Betts whistled. "You are a bold man, Squire. There is life in the old hound yet. Why?"

"Because I cannot do without Mrs. Tom. I want to end my life with her. And I don't like Arthur and his wife; they are far too fine for me. They are beginning to give dinner parties here now, and show me off like a bear which *they* have tamed, and I am etcetera'd if I stand it. Tom's wife is worth fifty of them."

"Who is to have Silcotes?" asked Betts.

Silcote replied, "That is a home question."

"So it is," said Betts. "I can't help you until it is answered, though."

"Well then, James and Dora," said Silcote; "and that is what makes the business so intolerable. I will provide for Arthur splendidly—at once if he wishes it; but Tom's son and Algernon's daughter shall have Silcotes. You may call me a fool if you like, but so it will be."

"I don't call you a fool," said Betts; "I think you are doing wisely and well."

"But how am I to get rid of Arthur?"

"Why—let me see; he is out shooting now; wait till he comes home, and tell him of the determination you have come to."

"I dare not," said the Squire.

"You must," said Betts. "You shall. If you don't, I will; and so I do not deceive you."

"But how?" said Silcote.

"Announce to him the immediate marriage of James and Dora," replied πολυμήγισ Betts; "then explain this matter to him, and immediately afterwards have those two married, just to show you are in earnest."

"They are full young," said the Squire.

"None too young, and they have plenty of money. Lor' bless you! carpenters and blacksmiths, and such people, habitually marry at that age without a week's wages to the good. You can knock 'em up a couple of thousand a year amongst you. Let 'em marry at once. Put your hand to the prettiest thing ever done. Let us see one more beautiful thing before we die, Silcote. We have seen but few pretty things in our lifetime: let us see one more before we take to the chimney corner on our way to the churchyard. Come, my good old friend, put a rose in your button-hole, and let us have this wedding. Youth is past for ever with both of us, but let us feel young once more, vicariously. Let this thing be."

"But Arthur?"

"Hang Arthur. Why, you are worth six of Arthur any day of the week. You have sufficient manhood to make a fool of yourself, and I'll be hanged if he has. Algy was worth a dozen of him, and so was Tom. There he is, coming in from shooting. Go down to him. Tell him of your intentions and announce the marriage."

"But we have not consulted James and Dora," said the Squire.

"Pish!" said Betts, "go. Don't be a coward."

Arthur, on being informed that his father had been long thinking of his domestic arrangements, and after that

long thinking had come to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to make over to Arthur 118,000*l.* in the funds, and leave the reversion of Silcotes to his grandson James, was furiously, though silently indignant. No one could possibly have behaved more perfectly than Arthur under this heavy dispensation of Providence of nearly 4,000*l.* a year down on the nail. The attitude of himself and his wife at dinner that day was that of politeness under an injury: an injury too great to be mentioned. This announcement meant a notice to quit, and they understood it as such. They discovered that they had an engagement to go to Lord Hainault the next morning, and stopped all conversation by persistent silence. The way in which they shook the dust off their feet, in stepping into their carriage next morning, and leaving this perfidious mansion, was, to say the least of it, "genteel." Yet they went, and there was peace; Silcote said, "triumph."

The Princess lived the rest of her life with her brother in peace. She was very gentle, quiet, and obliging, and it was only known to very few even in the household that anything was wrong. It only showed itself in one way. She kept with her own hands a room ready for the arrival of poor Colonel Silcote. It was the old room he had had when a boy, and was hung round with his guns, swords, and cricket-bats. Here she waited for his arrival, coming into his room several times a day to see if everything was ready, and always looking in the first thing in the morning, to see if he had come in the night and was in bed. With this not unhappy delusion the time wore on with her peacefully, although he never came.

WORKING-MEN AND WAR: THE MORAL OF A RECENT CRISIS.

BY LORD HOBART.

SOME two or three months ago, just at the time when nations were about to meet in an Armageddon of peaceful industry, Europe suddenly found itself on the verge of a gigantic and desolating war. Few doubted for a moment that two enormous armies, equipped with weapons of the newest pattern and destructive beyond all precedent, were about to be hurled against each other, and to repeat, on the same theatre, but on a grander scale, the performance which so often before has thrilled and fascinated the world. Few doubted for a moment that commerce was to be paralysed, moral and intellectual progress checked, evil passions unchained, force deified, cruelty condoned, crime encouraged, pauperism increased and ignored, in the old and well-known style. And the cause was as clear as the event seemed certain. This was to be no war for the protection of the weak against the strong, to prevent injustice, or to liberate oppressed nationality. It was to be a war of the simplest and most elementary character—a war for territory. Moreover, it was a contingency which every one of what is called “a certain position in society,” appeared to think perfectly natural, and, though much to be regretted, neither to be avoided nor denounced. That in this nineteenth century immense bodies of men should still at intervals be engaged in cutting each other’s throats is considered, by an influential minority of mankind, a phenomenon which is lamentable enough, but to suggest a remedy for which is to be a visionary, or, what is worse, a “peaceman.” Position in society is in the habit of looking upon occasional war as a necessary condition of human affairs, and holds that the mutual trucidation of human beings is a matter of provi-

dential arrangement, susceptible of no more satisfactory explanation than the origin of evil, and having, like other misfortunes, its advantages and compensations.

It happens, however, that society consists not only of those who have position in it, but of those who have none, and that the latter are by far the most numerous. Let us see, then, what is the opinion on this subject entertained by the vast majority of the individuals of whom society is composed. France and Prussia were on the brink of mortal strife; but the people of France and Prussia—the class which lives by its labour, comprising probably some four-fifths of each nation—held out their hands to each other, and declared that they for their parts declined to quarrel, and looked with abhorrence upon the bloodshed to which they were being committed. By protests and declarations of every kind they proclaimed that the avowed cause of war, the possession of territory, was no reason for it in their eyes. They declared that “labour was of no country;”—that so long as they were protected in the peaceful possession of the fruits of their toil, and allowed to perform their part in utilising and interchanging the products of the earth for the general good, they cared not whether they were called Frenchmen or Prussians; and that to fight in such a quarrel was to fight for an empty name. It might be for the benefit of their rulers, who derived honour and advantage from such distinctions, to maintain them at the cost of unutterable misery to the world; to them it was none. For themselves they wanted no wars, and, if they had liberty in any true sense of the word, war would long ago have been a thing of the past.

The simple fact is, that the working men, or, in other words, some four-fifths of the population of France and Prussia, whose feelings on the subject are shared by about the same proportion of the population in other countries, have apprehended (partly, no doubt, because they and not the wealthier classes are the principal sufferers from the antagonism of nations) a truth which those who claim superiority over them have failed to understand. What they meant by their protests and declarations was nothing more nor less than this—that war is not inevitable; that the cause of war is nationalism; and that, if they had their will, nationalism should be no more. Nationalism—the segregation of mankind into distinct communities, each of which is a law to itself, and, repudiating at the bayonet's point all political communion with its neighbours, is precisely in the condition of a society in which there is no government—is that which makes war inevitable; and the end of nationalism is the end of war. No war, except civil war, would be possible when once an end was put to that anarchy of nations which has so long disgraced a Christian world. In a community which has taken no step towards political institutions, in which each individual considers his neighbour unqualified to form part of the same body politic with himself, force must and will be resorted to for the protection of individual rights and interests; for it is the only tribunal to which they can be referred. So long as nations cling obstinately to anarchy, on the ground that they are unfit for any form of political association, not only wars, but wars which may be termed just and necessary, must from time to time occur. The members of a society in which there is no law must take the law each into his own hand. What the working men of France and Prussia meant was not that resistance to interference by one nation with the rights of another was unjustifiable, but that there is no reason in the nature of things for the division of mankind into separate and antagonistic communities, any more than there

is a reason why individual human beings should abjure a common polity. The possessors of leisure and power may think or affect to think it preposterous, but to those who live by labour the idea has long been familiar—that whether a man is happy is a more important inquiry than whether he is a Frenchman or an Englishman, a Prussian or an Austrian. The manifestos of working men during the late crisis afford evidence of a fact little regarded by the governing class in all countries—that a feeling has long existed among those whom they govern, and is advancing with resistless force, which must sooner or later overflow the barriers of nationalism. The notion that foreigners are unfit for political intercourse with themselves, and that the division of the human race into isolated sections is an eternal ordinance which it is not only unpatriotic but impious to condemn, is supposed, by those who are interested in upholding despotic and oligarchical institutions, to be general among the inhabitants of this and other countries, but in reality has long been confined to their own class. Ask those who are lower in the social scale, but who, besides being more numerous, are as a rule more thoughtful—read their journals and listen to their conversation—and you will find it treated with reprobation and scorn. In this country, owing to the inferior provision for popular education, the progress of internationalism among the working class has probably been less than in some others; but even here it has taken vigorous root. Here, also, that “labour is of no country,” that men are entitled to regard and respect to whatever nation they belong; that happiness and self-respect are independent, not certainly of political institutions, but of nationality; that, *ceteris paribus*, life is as well worth having whether a man is an Englishman or a Frenchman; that, indeed, all such distinctions are an evil; and that it is less sensible, less honourable, less conducive to human welfare, that men should be citizens of a particular country than that they should be citizens of the world;—has long been

the creed of those whose opinions on the subject are not even known to the depositaries of political power, but who are now advancing, however slowly, towards the attainment of such a share in the government of the country as will enable them to give effect to their views. Nationalism and oligarchy are sisters indissolubly bound up in each other ; political liberty and internationalism are inseparable allies. A ruling minority, looking upon the nation which it governs as its own domain, is naturally enough unwilling to share it with others, to merge in a common polity its exclusive privilege and power, and to give up the standing armaments which enable it to maintain them, and whose occupation would thenceforth be gone. That, on the other hand, with real political freedom, internationalism, notwithstanding the ridicule, partly ignorant and partly interested, with which it is treated, would before very long take some practical effect, is now sufficiently evident. Whenever the working class, advancing as it is in education, intelligence, and power, obtains that which must at no very distant time be conceded to it—a share proportionate to its numerical importance in the government of the world—it will not be long before the barbarous, puerile, and eminently pagan exclusivism which has kept nations apart and deluged the earth with blood ceases, in the garb of patriotism, to impose upon mankind. There must at any rate now be an end, once for all, to the tone of good-natured contempt with which speculations of this kind have hitherto been set aside, for it is now clear that they are the calmly and deeply entertained convictions of the great majority of civilized men. It is now clear that, if wars are made in the mere spirit of nationalism—for the mere purpose of aggrandizing one nation, or preventing the aggrandizement of another—they are made against the will of the majority ; and it is further clear that, in the opinion of that majority, the wholly distinct political existence of nations, with the rivalry, antagonism, and anarchy which it involves, is a barbarous anachronism.

So deeply rooted indeed is the prejudice, so inveterate the habit of thought, which looks upon the separation of men into isolated bodies, always rivals and often enemies, as a necessary incident of human life, that even to the operative classes themselves time will be required for giving a perfectly full and clear perception of the great principle which they have apprehended. Men have so long been taught by the recognised instructors of the world that the anarchy of nations—the blood-stained barriers of nationalism—are of divine institution, that there is some excuse for their belief in the doctrine. The differences of race, of creed, of language, or of political character among the various nations of the earth have, time out of mind, been supposed to be such as to make the idea of any approach to political association simply ridiculous. A supposition more diametrically opposed to truth and wisdom it would not be easy to conceive. But for prejudice and ignorance it would at once be seen that the continued dissociation of the various branches of the human family is not divine, but the opposite, and that the proper subject for derision is not the search after some common bond of union for civilized and Christian men, but the blindness which has so long acquiesced in its absence. Anarchy in the community of states is that which anarchy would be in an ordinary community—a scandal and a shame. The lawless life of nations, with the hand of each against the other, is as foolish, and ought to be considered as intolerable, as the same kind of existence among individual men. Tradition, habit, dissimilarity of character, language, race, or creed, ought no more to be accepted as excuses in one case than in the other. It is the business of human beings with any pretension to civilization or enlightenment to see that such obstacles do not stand for a moment in the path of a consummation which is demanded by every dictate of reason and humanity. Nationalism, which is a reproach to Christendom and an insult to common

sense, would have long since perished but for such obstacles ; and it is the business of those who care for the future of mankind to use every effort for their removal. Foremost among them all is prejudice—the torpor of mind which, handed down from age to age and fostered by vicious education, fails to recognise truth merely because it is new ; and this, by whatever resource of pen or tongue may be at his command, it is the duty of each man in his sphere to assail. Formidable in the next degree is the obstacle of dissimilar political institutions. It is, for instance, obviously impossible for nations, one of which is ruled by a despot or by a class, and the other is under perfectly free government, to take any serious step in the direction of political unity. Both states, so far as their people are concerned, may be anxious for union, but antagonistic forms of government forbid the banns. It thus appears that one of the reasons why internationalism is of so little account is to be found in defective systems of government. If nations were, as they ought to be, self-governed in the true sense of the word, the transition to common government, through the preliminary stage of federation, would be natural and easy. Tyranny, based on ignorance and selfishness, has thus been a main agent of the disunion which has so long afflicted the world, and outraged freedom the cause of the worst miseries of mankind. Let the millions who, like the working men of France and Prussia, are actuated by the desire, so ridiculed and so rational, to live in fellowship with other men, and are not ashamed or afraid to form part of the same community with those who differ from them by the mere accident of race or climate, remember that before they can do this they must be free. The government of a despot or of a class, besides the other evils for which it is answerable, is answerable also for this—that it keeps men apart from each other, actual rivals and possible enemies, and, as a consequence, impoverishes them for the purpose of enabling them, when occasion

occurs, to shed each other's blood. There is but one kind of polity—it is of substance and not of form that we are now speaking—which is fit for rational beings, and that polity must be theirs before they can hope for rational intercourse with each other. War will cease only when government for the few exists no longer ; and the way to peace is through the gates of liberty.

Were it only for this last consideration, it is but too obvious that the great change which will sooner or later unite the world must be gradual and remote ; but there are not wanting signs that the way is already in course of active preparation for its advent. The very fact that it is no longer possible for the monopolists of political power—who have been suddenly awakened to the fact that theories which they have treated as the mere crotchets of idle and morbid dreamers are to the vast majority of thoughtful, intelligent, and practical men mere common sense and common humanity—to sneer at the very mention of that change, and ignore it systematically in their policy and legislation, is an important step in the right direction. It is true that freedom is a condition indispensable to the object in view ; but to familiarise men's minds with that object is in itself to supply them with a powerful lever for the acquisition of freedom. The first serious blow to nationalism was dealt by Free Trade, which gave for the first time a common interest to nations, and taught them that, whatever might be the result of human arrangements, nature abhorred their antagonism. In order that the minds of men might receive the idea of political union it was necessary that commercial enmity should cease. The possession of vital interests in common leads them in the first place to pause before they come to blows, and in the next place to consider whether there must not be some signal and fatal defect in a system which arms every community to the teeth against its neighbour, and supplies them with no court of appeal but the cannon's mouth, and no arbitrator but

the sword. Free-trade, then, is progressing: currency it may be hoped will at no distant time be assimilated;—not long ago a great congress representing the working men of all nations met in the capital city which was of all others the most appropriate for their meeting; and men have turned their minds to see what can be done to remove a difficulty which is serious, but which the example of Switzerland shows not to be fatal—that of language. Above all, in England, upon which so much of the world's future depends, the spirit of freedom is abroad, has recently gained a victory,¹ and will not rest (we may hope) until its triumph is complete. It cannot be long before a neighbouring and rival nation shakes itself free from the charge of unfitness for self-government; and, when that is done, more than half the battle of freedom will

¹ This victory, which is compared to Chæroneæ by those who think the political slavery of five-sixths of a nation essential to its welfare, is in reality but a small affair. The alarm felt by the opponents of freedom in the presence of household suffrage is as unfounded as the exultation of her friends. In France there is not household but universal suffrage. But, as in France universal suffrage does not give freedom because the

have been won. Beyond the Atlantic the cause is secure. So long as that great people, whose greatness has been shown by recent events to rest on a foundation which no hurricane can shake, possesses almost a monopoly of real political liberty, the idea of a common polity for civilized men can assume for it no practical form. But nationalism is opposed to the very spirit of its institutions, and to its thoughtful, enlightened, and independent character; and so soon as it shall be possible for nations, meeting on the common ground of freedom, to erase the word "foreigner" from the vocabulary of the world, America will take the lead in the inauguration of the new era, and will continue to attract to her shores the myriads of every race welcomed as now to wealth and liberty, but expatriated no more.

"seats" are all "distributed" (if the expression might be used) to one man, so in England household suffrage will not give freedom, or even (as some liberal statesmen fondly imagine) prepare the way for it, so long as the seats are distributed in the way we know. To invest a man with political power at the same time that you invest another with ten times as much, is a strange mode of conferring upon him political liberty.

ROMAN FLINT-SPARKS.

"HAVE you seen the guardroom of the Seventh Cohort?"

"Were the 'Sebaciaria' a mere affair of tallow candles after all?"

Laughing girls on horseback in the Roman Campagna, stout dowagers and white-headed elders in the drawing-rooms of Rome, would put such questions with equal ease; and the new puzzle for the lexicographer would slip as glibly from rosy lips as from the parchment mouth of antiquaries.

For who is not archæological in Rome? The thing is in the air; and you catch it, willy-nilly; not in the damp or close air only of catacombs

and excavations, whither the prudent venture not in their best coats and gowns, fearing the wax drops of the string of taper-bearers; but in the open air, under the bright blue sky, out on the green sward of the charioteering circus, or on the stone tiers of the giant amphitheatre, or on the lofty slopes of Tusculum, or by the leafy lake lip of Albano. The learned lecture: the unlearned listen; and then, amidst the flowery language of flirtation, or the duller drone of commonplace talk, strike in the significant sounds of the language of old Rome.

Now "Cohors VII. Vigulum" is easy

enough to understand. For, without knowing that Augustus Cæsar had enrolled seven companies of a fire brigade, under the name of "Vigils," as may be read at length in the learned book of Kellermann,—your quickwitted English girl, or her Yankee cousin, has driven a dozen times past the stations of your modern "Vigili," noted their quaint copper-crowned caps and their saw-backed short-swords: and has thus prepared herself to learn that these stout Papal soldiers of the pump and bucket had their forerunners under the old Cæsarian rule.

But "Sebacaria," what might that mean? No dictionary knew the word. And why should the loyal firemen of the Seventh Cohort take to themselves such credit for having made Sebacaria in such or such a month, under the Consuls So and So, when Heliogabalus or Alexander Severus filled the throne of Empire?

For, as on the barrack wall in the Piazza della Pilotta now-a-days, some private of Papal dragoons, aspiring to a corporal's stripes, records his loyalty by scrawling, "Viva Pio Nono Papa e Re,"—so did Cornelius Jucundus, of the Seventh Cohort, or Caius Fulvius Rogatianus of the same,—I quote realities,—inscribe upon the barrack wall just brought to light the interesting fact that they had duly made "Sebacaria."

These inscriptions, scratched as they are, suffer wrong, perhaps, when I write them down as scrawls. The characters are Roman capitals, except where, as in the inscriptions of the Catacombs, Latin words are awkwardly mis-spelt in Greek letters. Lines representing a sort of tablet-framework inclose the most of them.

Well! Did I think that the Sebacaria were a sort of tallow-candle or rather grease-pot illumination made on imperial days of birth or triumph and the like?

I did; for this interpretation of the learned Professor Visconti fell in with reminiscences of bygone days in Paris, before the use of gas light had unhooked the old "reverbère," or swinging oil-lamp, from its wooden post,—

days when the grandest illuminations owed their brightness to what was called the "lampion," a rough earthen saucer, where a coarse wick of tow was embedded in a flake of tallow. Yes, I had often seen such Sebacaria, and thought them gorgeous, too, as Caius Fulvius Rogatianus may have done. Wherefore I was ready to subscribe to derivation from "Sebaseus," ready to allow the likeness to the more dignified "ceriolaria" or displays of waxlight, to the "luminaria" and "lucernaria" of the Christian rites of Rome.

But had I visited the Transtibertine suburb, entered the excavations, looked upon that spirited Mosaic pavement where the merman and dolphins disport themselves? I had, indeed, and had much wondered when the development of art industry among ourselves, Cole C.B., South Kensington and all, would give our Fireman's barracks a pavement of such artistic character and force.

"Were not these most interesting excavations, and were we not most fortunate to find ourselves in Rome at their first opening?"

Not without their interest, I must needs own, the livelier by times, the closer one shall look into the dates and circumstances: as when, for instance, the grease-pots blazed on a July night under Heliogabalus. "Omnia tuta," scribbles the loyal Vigil, "all safe and sound"—the very words of Dion the historian, for the forces of Macrinus were beaten and destroyed. "Omnia tuta;" but before July came round again, the august imperial Cæsar had come to his bloody and untimely end.

Not without their interest: as when a private of the VIIth informs our modern historians on a curious point of history. They knew that in the third Christian century, the Emperor Alexander, known lately as Severus, received his name because born on the birthday of the Great Alexander of Macedon; but of the precise day they were ignorant. Our Vigil scratched a note of the illumination kept upon the Cæsar's birthday, and so settles that of the greater Alexander.

"Not without interest indeed, but a mere interest of yesterday, dear Sir or Madam, compared to what I want to discover here in Rome."

"Oh, we understand! The empire of the third century seems a late date for you; your Gordians are too recent folk. You seek Rome of the republic; perhaps even of the kings. Well, our best archæologists assert that, since a cohort of the Vigils had a station here, the wall of Servius Tullius runs hard by. That must be old enough to please you, surely."

"I grant that Servius Tullius has an ancient sound: as of the day *before* yesterday compared with your Gordians and the like."

"Are Etruscan antiquities your aim then, or even Oscan? Have you seen the quaint potteries found beneath the peperino of the Alban slopes? You will find them at——"

"The Vatican, where I saw them years ago; and I am not unaware of their renewed claim to high antiquity. I have already learnt what traces of a primæval Pompeii, as a bold Roman archæologist has called it, are brought each year to light under the outpour of the volcanoes of old Latium. But all this is modern side by side with what I seek."

For I had thought, good reader, that somewhere, deep under this long-trodden soil of Rome, there needs must lurk some tokens of a race of men earlier than the earliest to which historian or even poet of the Latin tongue had sought to give a name.

I myself had never seen, and, with one or two exceptions, I believe no other Englishman has ever seen, a Roman sample of those rough tools and weapons of wrought flint, which are the earliest material monuments of man's presence upon earth.

Yet I could not believe that, in this immortal seat of habitation, the antiquary's spade and pickaxe should never have disturbed beneath historic pavements gates and walls, some of the rude handiwork of prehistoric men. And herein I was right: that Rome, rich

mother-city of museums, is rich in this respect as well, although a stranger might, from certain circumstances, be long in lighting upon the treasures it enfolds. The Vatican does not contain them, nor the Capitol. The Jesuits' Museum has but a stray specimen or two of undetermined origin. At the Sapienza, it is true that Cavaliere Ponzi, the learned geological professor, can show a small, yet significant, collection; but the great service he will render to inquirers will be this, that he will name to them the name of Signor Luigi Ceselli, a scientific and accomplished Roman gentleman, who has allowed me to write him down my friend.

What I saw and heard with him may be of interest to others. I will try to set it briefly down,—then tax, perhaps, the patience of my readers by a little after gossip of my own.

That weird science of geology had long cast upon Signor Ceselli one of her strong spells. Under its working he had long sought, and with singular success, the fossil bones of the great mammals long since disappeared from Europe and from Italy. But one hope or expectation always cheated him. Nowhere, among the quaternary deposits of the Campagna, rich in the remains of bygone families of elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, had his eager, hopeful, and minute researches revealed to him the bones of human beings. Yet his conviction held, that if not these, yet other proofs would be forthcoming of man's presence among the waning monster races of an older time.

The great army of artists and of amateurs know the Ponte Mammolo quite well. A thousand sketch-books, if *Macmillan* suffered illustration, would open to show, from north, south, east, and west, the picturesque old bridge which spans the River Anio some few miles from Rome. The scene of his first discovery was there hard by. It was in 1846. The date itself will not be without meaning for those who have followed elsewhere the history of similar discoveries. A shoulder blade of the cave bear was the fossil found, and, close in com-

pany therewith, the rude flint weapons of man's earliest time. Not the mere rudeness of their workmanship, but also the rough treatment they had undergone, rolled in the torrent bed of Anio in old diluvial days, must plead the excuse of those who met with sneers and scoffs Ceselli's shrewd and sound conjecture as to the pregnant meaning of these misshapen flakes of flint. Their persistency in contempt and ridicule is less excusable in the face of the discoveries which their scientific fellow-citizen kept making during the two next years. For the same site of Ponte Mammolo yielded another crop of the wrought flints, intermingled with huge tusks of elephants and horns of a stag, whose species was as yet unknown to Italian osteologists, or at least undescribed by them. Then the Monte Sacro, next the Ponte Molle close to the gates of Rome, the Acqua Traversa, the Tor de Quinto—all familiar names to English artists, tourists, foxhunters—yielded indubitable specimens in turn to the unwearied gatherer.

And then came 1848.

Ah! "Gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease!" Ah! builders-up of liberal fabrics, peacefully cemented now-a-days; too lightly you forget, methinks, how the blood of brave forefathers binds together the old foundation-stones on which you build. We are all Italian enough now, but I have heard light judgments passed, contemptuous valuations made, blame severely uttered, sneers and scoffs put upon men who were dreamers indeed, who dreamt of an united Italy, but who were ready to bleed, did bleed freely, for the dear object of their dream. Rome is not yet in Italy, but a Roman gentleman may well be proud of the practical science which enabled him to command a corps of engineers when Rome needed defence against the foreigner; and a Roman man of science need not blush to own that a foreigner's bullet on the temple has dimmed for ever the microscopic power of his bold, bright eye.

Then came partings from wife and children of tender age, and loss of property in the owner's long absence from

his home. But the weird science held him still in thrall. In 1853, in Rome once more, he was reading to the Academy of the Quirites a "Memoir on the discovery of bones and teeth of certain carnivora, to wit, the cave-bear and the cave-hyæna; together with certain wrought flints in the quaternary breccia of the Campagna of Rome."

I cannot say with what reception his paper met, but I take it the time for due appreciation was by no means come; for, though he took to collecting again, with utmost care and zeal, he held his peace again for years. When once more he broke it, it was under the following constraint: The present Ponte Molle is the old Pons Milvius; it carries across the Tiber the modern representative of the old Flaminian way. It figures in Cicero's precautionary measures against the communications of Catiline's conspirators with friends and allies outside. It was a point of much strategical importance in the contest of Belisarius with the Goths. There is a tradition, if my memory does not play me false, that in some rush and scuffle of the later times upon it, one was swept off into the swirl below whose clutch was on the seven-branched candlestick from Zion. I have even dared to marvel more than once, whether a steam-dredge might not rescue from the yellow mud that precious relic of an awful doom. When you have crossed this bridge on leaving Rome, before you mount the slope in front upon the Florence road, turn sharp towards the right, and a few hundred steps will bring you to a deep cutting in a considerable mound, whose base may be some 150 yards from the Tiber's present bank. Sand and gravel for mason and road-mender were the past, and are the present, objects of the cutting. But if a local geologist wished to give a stranger, who need not have a tinge of science for the purpose, a notion of the force and grandeur, and varied movement of the diluvial sweep of the Tiber after its junction with the Anio just above, here is the spot on which to give his lecture in the open air.

"You know where the Pincian hill, Sir, rises on the left bank, over there. A few cliffs intervene to hide it from us where we stand; but I can hear the big drum of the Papal Zouave band at intervals. Here, behind us, on the right bank, the stiff ridge of the Monte Mario breaks off and dips in front of the Janiculum. A broad mile and a half between the Pincian and the Monte Mario swept the grand flood of Tiber in the days when it first drained in torrent force and speed the Monte Gennaio, the Sabine, and the Umbrian range. The rush and swirl was to this side; the quiet flow, perhaps the back water, was over there upon the right bank; for those shrub-crowned cliffs, the joy of sketchers, are almost from top to bottom great layers of travertine—a quiet deposit, full of delicate freshwater shells. But look on this side, here, at the very base of the cutting, some fifteen or twenty yards beneath the surface of the vegetable soil, what a rough breccia!—what a coarse drift of gravel, of pebbles, and of stone! Then heavy layers of marl, and sand, and clay, brought by diminished water-power; then, above that again, another diluvial drift, gravel and pebbles, and stones; and both these drifts telling the tale of torrents swashing down from Jurassic Apennine formations, calcareous and silicious specimens mingling with them: by and by volcanic substances from sub-Apennine soils. Then sandy clays again, yards deep, and then, at last, above, the rich vegetable soil of Rome. Twice at least a furious giant torrent, with long dividing interval, and with recurring ages of a more sluggish silting stream, such was Father Tiber long before the shepherd found the twins in his reed beds."

Among the many Frenchmen of quick wit and eye, whom the Army of Occupation brought to Rome, was a military surgeon of the name of Bleicher, a shrewd and observant student of natural science. This cutting at the Ponte Molle drew his attention: and, in the winter of 1864-5, in its lowest and therefore far most ancient gravel bed, he lighted upon a few flint-stones

which bore unquestionable markings of the hand of man. Naturally eager to make known his discovery, he not only spoke of it at Rome, but sent a pamphlet, which I have before me, to the Natural History Society of Colmar in Alsace, which is, I take it, his native town.

Thereupon outspoke once more Ceselli, and recalled, to all who cared in Rome for studies such as these, his past researches and his conclusions of almost forgotten date: and then it was seen that the "some thirty" specimens of which Doctor Bleicher writes, would scarcely fill a cabinet-drawer in the superb collection which, with such interruption as I have noted, Ceselli had been making almost silently for twenty years.

The fear of becoming too technical and lengthy forbids me to enter upon a precise description of the treasures of that collection, yet some few observations upon its character may be allowed.

In the first place the remote antiquity of the deposits in which the greater part of it has been found needs hardly to be noted again if the description of the Ponte Molle cutting be taken, as it fairly may, for characteristic. Both the lower and the upper gravel drift have yielded abundant specimens, and are eloquent enough upon that score when we consider the formidable layers of marl, and sand, and clay which part them from each other, and the depth at which they both lie beneath the surface of the vegetable soil. The wrought flints have been found lying twenty yards deep and more.¹

¹ The list of animals whose remains are found in the same deposits are—*Bos Primigenius*, *B. Latifrons*, *B. Bubalus*; *Cervus Primigenius*, *C. Capreolus*, *C. Giganteus*, *C. Ramosus*; *Sus Paleochcerus*, *S. Aper*, *S. Priscus*; *Kaup's Machairodus Cultridens*; *Felis* and *Hyæna Spelæa*, *Gulo* and *Castor Spelæus*; *Canis Viverroides*, *Scelidotherium Lophiodon Parisiense*, *Equus Primigenius*; *Hippopotamus Major*, *H. Medius*, *H. Minutus*; *Rhinoceros Tichorhinus*, *R. Incisivus*, *R. Megarhinus*; *Elephas Primigenius*, *E. Antiquus*, *E. Meridionalis*—with various bones of other beasts and birds, some of species as yet not clearly ascertained or described.

In the next place, there is no question here, as in some other districts, of any fraud upon the part of ingenious workmen. Signor Ceselli has set apart nothing, or next to nothing, not extracted from its bed of centuries by his own industrious hands. The quality of the flint varies; but I mention only the superior hardness and deep red colour of many specimens, attributable no doubt to oxide of iron. Chert occurs in a few cases. A glance shows not only these differences, but the consequent increase of difficulty in manufacture.

The size of both tools and weapons runs small. None appear to have had the original flake struck off from those larger masses of flint so common in Wiltshire and in certain parts of France. Neither Signor Ceselli, nor any one interested in the matter of whom I inquired, had ever found those large cores so famous in the French flint controversy under the title of "*livres de beurre de Pressigny*." Indeed the rarity even of very small flints in the soil of the immediate neighbourhood of Rome almost suffices of itself to prove that the men who fashioned these rude implements dwelt on the subapennine heights at least, and that the action of great diluvial floods can alone account for the position in which their works are found.

The main distinctions of shape seem undeniable. Arrow-points, lance-heads, knife-blades, scrapers, most probably for stripping off and dressing the skins of animals, axes, hammers, and wedges, perhaps in special demand for splitting marrow bones, these define themselves before the least observant eyes. And in the manufacture of each separate sort there are varieties, not so nice but what a short familiarity will determine those niceties and fix them in the mind of the observer. As to any question of their human origin one might as well inquire whether a knife-blade marked "*Rogers, Sheffield*," were or were not a product of man's handiwork.

And since the word comes under my pen, I may remark that between the

implements discovered in the lower rougher drift, and in the upper later one, Signor Ceselli thinks he has detected sure traces of progressing handicraft. Not but what certain of the works in the lower drift shew the hand of a master, and surpass in execution many samples of the upper;—as a mediæval steel blade of Toledo may surpass a cavalry sword forged last week at Birmingham;—but that a new process shews itself;—that the workman is no longer content to get his point or edge by the mere chipping of stone against stone. He begins to rub. Every one is of course aware that there is a period at which this transition becomes complete. The battle-axes of the Norse and Celtic tumuli are rubbed and polished like the finest bronze or steel. So are the tools and weapons of obsidian from Mexico or of jade from the Pacific. But the striking interest of this transition, traces of which I own to be discernible in many instances submitted to me at Rome, lies herein, that there is, apparently, an immense gap in point of time between this early development of local industry and that of the later times. For the vegetable soil of Rome yields at its surface, or at inconsiderable depths, flint weapons of exquisite shape and workmanship; but widely separated in my judgment from the latest of those dim early periods. Was there a great interruption, more than once repeated? The open cutting at the Ponte Molle seems to answer "Yes."

There was that first tremendous flood, of which the roughest lowest gravel-bed was the result. Little marvel that in it the work of man is broken, ground and worn: great marvel that occasionally—as in the case of a certain knife-blade, which I know well—the edges that he put with toil and care upon a flake less than a quarter of an inch at its thick central rib, should still be sharp and clear and cutting. That flood would seem to have made clean sweep of him and his. But the next found him on the accustomed slopes again, a witness perhaps of the upheaval and fierce outburst of those volcanoes which have

formed the lovely outline of the Alban hills, and hollowed out the cups where such lakes as Nemi nestle. Were the Apennines crowned with vast glaciers then? Was it the sudden melting and break-up of these which brought that second flood to drench the mountain sides, and once more to wash man and his improving work away?

Certainly the disaster seems to have been great, and to have been lasting, if we may judge not only from the thickness of sand-beds and layers of clay, but from the many links which seem to fail us between the flintwork of that second drift and what lies scattered yards above upon the vegetable soil. I have written purposely the "*many links which seem to fail,*" for that some almost unsuspected and unobserved links lurk hereabout between those clearly prehistoric times, and times almost historical, is more than I care to deny. I think that accident has enabled me to hook two of them, perhaps, together.

Among the many objects in Signor Ceselli's collection which passed under my eyes and through my fingers—no insignificant clause the latter—were two or three so small and so peculiar as to arrest my special attention. Their shape is between that of an isosceles and that of an equilateral triangle; the length is about three-quarters of an inch. At the back the natural fracture of the flint is left untouched, which is characteristic of all the earliest works. The front has three bevels carefully and skilfully wrought, following the lines of the triangle. The top is purposely not brought up to a point; but a peculiar indentation made in the substance of the flint at one side, allows safe hanging on a knotted thread. As Signor Ceselli strung them up before me, and with some hesitation opened out his conjecture, I own to have felt a thrill.

Food and raiment the first needs. The lance and arrow struck the hunter's prey: the knife and scraper stripped off its furry coat. The precious flintstone met both needs. Did it, next, furnish ornament? Is this the first rude jewellery which hung about the neck

and breasts of maid and wife among primeval men? The mere suggestion seemed to drop a dew of tenderness among those rugged stones. Now some days after my first visit to Signor Ceselli's treasury, I had occasion to visit the Abate Carlo Rusconi at the quaint old town of Monticelli, twenty miles from Rome, opposite yet close to the loftiest head of Monte Gennao. All men of science in Rome are well acquainted with the Abate's name. We sat discussing a certain discovery of flint-tools and wrought stag's-horn, made by himself and Professor Ponzi, at the base of the calcareous hills on which are perched Monticelli and Sant' Angelo. As we talked, we sorted on the table a basketful of flints, which the peasants had saved up at his request when trenching their oliveyards and vineyards. There was not much to reward our search, when, suddenly, I asked of the Abate to find me a stout thread. Then I picked up from the table and strung up before him a *fac-simile* of the wrought flint drops which I had seen before. It was a little broken and damaged at the base; but when afterwards I showed it to Signor Ceselli at Rome, he agreed with me as to its true and perfect type.

But now to hook my link on, if readers still kindly bear with me.

I was at Castellani's, that prince of jewellers, between whose hands, mark you, have passed all the rarest gems and gold work that the sepulchres of Italy and many other lands have given to light. I was inspecting, as I had done in former years, his rare collection of Etruscan and other antique goldsmiths' work, when I was aware of a small glass case, which I had never hitherto set eyes on.

"Since when is this here, Signor Castellani?"

"Less than three years," he said.

"Where were these objects found?"

"Near the ancient Præneste, our modern Palestrina."

"Do you ascribe to them an Etruscan origin?"

He shook his head and smiled.

"Far earlier, unless my judgment fails me. I had thought of calling them Pelasgic, more for the sake of a name than anything else."

"You are inclined then to assign them to a high antiquity?"

"There is no gem in Rome, to my mind, nearly so old as these."

I was athrill with expectation for the answer to the next question which I put.

"The shape of these necklace or bracelet drops is simple but peculiar. Have you seen it often in ancient workmanship?"

"Never! no! To the best of my recollection—never!"

But I had seen it, reader; for there, in rich red amber, wrought and polished I grant with superior skill, not dangling from a notch, but threaded on a perforated bead or bugle-head, hung some two dozen triangular drop ornaments, flat at the back and bevelled on the front, after the strict type and fashion of those rough pristine flints.

Strange enough, at least I think it is, that the earliest known ornaments from a quiet sepulchre near Rome should thus reproduce the shape of those which busy eyes and hands have rescued from the ruins of the great floods of Tiber.

But there is this to be said: if we cannot certainly link one into the other the remaining monuments of the remotest and of the more modern age of flint in Italy, we can at least show traces of reminiscence and of interest between those ages of flint and the classical times of Rome. Nay, further, a little and I hope not wearisome research will show what reminiscences of interest and matter of speculation the classical times sent down to the distinguished Italian naturalists of the sixteenth century.

The existence of these wrought flints had by no means escaped the observation of those whom we are accustomed to call the ancients; although it would seem as if the works of the later flint age were best, if not exclusively, known to them. Yet their opinion as to the origin of these comparatively modern specimens seems to argue in favour of a

great lapse of time, during which the remembrance of their familiar manufacture and use had grown utterly remote and dim. For the wide-spread and deeply-rooted conviction was, that these broad axe-heads and sharp arrow-points of flint were forged by other than by mortal hands. They gave edge to the crashing thunderbolt; they tipped the keen shaft of the lightning; they fell from heaven. That this conviction should have obtained among the Romans is the more strange that there was at least one token of the primitive use of these sharpened flints in their old and sacred rites of the "*Jus Feciale*." To strike the solemn bargain (*foedus ferire*), the victim must bleed under the stroke of the flint weapon of ancestral days (*saxo silice, lapide silice*), as may be read in Livy.¹ This rite was derived from the *Æqui* or *Æquicoli*, a rude race, but of remote antiquity, as Virgil² sang; and though I dare not enter upon any details of the discovery, I may mention that Professor Ponzi kindly allowed me to inspect and handle a magnificent two-edged blade of flint, together with other specimens, found in a cave sepulchre near Cantalupo, in May, 1866. That would be just upon the frontier of the *Æquicoli*.

But to return. The names by which these relics of an earlier age were known to Roman students of natural science point to a foreign no less than a more ancient tradition. *Cerauniæ* and *Bætuli* are the names in question; both, I need scarcely say, borrowed bodily from the Greek, though concerning the derivation of the latter, there is a curious conjecture referring it to the Hebrew tongue and to a well-known passage in the Hebrew scriptures. Let it go for what it may be worth, I will risk the weariness which an etymological enigma brings on so frequently, because at least I can thus show what wild superstitions and what strange speculations have in bygone ages clung around these early works of man. Pliny³ states, quoting one Sotacus in support, that a distinction may be

¹ Lib. i. c. 24. ² *Æneid*, vii. 747.

³ Lib. xxxvii. 51.

made between two sorts of these *cerauniae*: or thunder-stones, black and red; that they resemble axes; that those which are darker and rounder (that is, more rubbed and rounded at the angles) are sacred; that by their help cities and fleets are conquered, and that their specific name is *bætulus*. The longer sort are simply called *cerauniae*; but some will have it that a very rare variety exists, eagerly sought by students of the magic art and never found, save where a thunderbolt has struck the spot. Does the reader remember the old myth of Rhea and of the pitiless Chronos, the Saturn of the Latin tongue, who ate his offspring? When Zeus, the Latin Jove, was born, Rhea, forecasting her newborn infant's future sovereignty, tendered to the voracious father a stone instead. Now, this stone was swaddled in a rough goatskin garment known as *bæte* (*βαίτη*) to the herdsmen of the hills. Hence came the name of *bætulus* (*βαυτύλος* and *βαυτίλιον*), and hence the magic power of these wonderful stones. For the great Zeus was not unmindful of the risks his early days had run. No thunderbolt could scathe, no salt sea wave engulf, the happy owner of so potent an amulet. Nay, more, the warrior armed therewith failed not to storm the city of his foe or to sink his fleet.

But the learned Bochart thinks otherwise. He had read, indeed, in the translation of Philo Byblius how Sanchoniaton had written of old that "the god "Ouranos had conceived the *bætulia*, "living stones (*λίθους ἐμψύχους*)."¹ But he (Bochart) had elsewhere convicted Philo of being an *ignoramus* in his Semitic languages, and so here was a misreading or a mistranslation. It should have been "anointed" stones, not "living stones;" and here was the true derivation of "bætulion." It was the stone which Jacob had used for a pillow, had anointed, had set up, had called "Beth-el." This was the prototype of consecrated stones; and there was in support that old saying of the rabbis:—

"Though Jacob's stone were beloved
"of God in the days of the patriarchs,
"nevertheless He afterwards hated it,
"seeing that they of Canaan wrested it
"unto idolatrous rites."

But either Bochart was himself mistaken, or at all events he came centuries too late to root out the conviction that the *bætuli* had life in them. There are indeed so many seemingly *bona fide* declarations of their motion through the air, or of their crashing fall from the sky, that one would naturally be led to suppose these *ceraunians* to be *aërolites*, meteoric stones, were it not for two tolerably conclusive reasons. The first is, that no trace of metallic substance or quality can be discerned in any description of their form or colour; the second, that their frequency in drifts and diluvial caverns is more than once expressly dwelt upon. As in the remarkable passage of Claudian¹:—

"Pyrenæisque sub antris
Ignea fluminæ legère *ceraunia* Nymphæ."

"Neath Pyrenean caves
Nymphs of the flood have gathered fiery
thunderstones."

Whilst on the topic of their supernatural properties, I am tempted to abridge here a story upon which I stumbled in a Byzantine digest of the works of one Damascius, a pagan writer of the Justinian era. He had himself seen, as he states, a *bætulus* move through the air; and in his life of the Platonic philosopher Isidorus, relates the following tale.

There was in the city of Emesa (Homs in Syria) a certain Eusebius, professor of the healing art. One sleepless midnight an irresistible impulse drove him out to climb a hill-top at some distance from the town, where stood, in somewhat dilapidated magnificence, a once renowned temple of Athene. As he sat in rest and meditation, a globe of fire came crashing down; and the huge form of a lion stood, as on guard, beside it. When

¹ Claudian, "Laud Seren." v. 77. I am indebted for this and other references to a pamphlet of Cavaliere M. S. de Rossi.

¹ *Κεραύνιος*, adjective, from *Κεραυνός*, thunder.

this grim warden vanished, Eusebius took heart of grace; ran up; stooped down; perceived the stone to be a *bætulus*; and, before venturing to raise it from the ground inquired of it, "to what god it might belong?"

"The god Gennæus;" whom he then bethought him that the inhabitants of the Syrian Heliopolis revered, whose lion-shaped statue stood in their temple of great Jupiter. Seized of this treasure, much tired as he was, Eusebius hurried home; and, thenceforth, in his mingled character of medical and magical practitioner was greatly holpen by the invaluable stone. Not that the learned M.D.—for he was none of your overweening quacks,—pretended to an absolute mastery over the motions of *his* *bætulus*, as did some *others* in the case of *theirs* (ὡςπὲρ ἄλλοι ἄλλῳν). For a consultation he would pray, would supplicate, would gaze into the stone, which would change its colour from whitish (ὑπολεύκος) to purplish (πορφυροείδης);—sure enough token that he describes a semi-transparent agate or chalcodony, not one of those metallic meteorites. And there, occasionally, he could discern mystic characters, revealing themselves in "tiggobarine" hue, whatever that may be. But should this method fail, all hope of oracular assistance was not at an end. There was the rapping system; not quite that of our modern spirit rappers; but a combination of theirs with may be a little ventriloquism. Dr. Eusebius would take his *bætulus* in hand and ask his question of it, and rap with it against the wall; whereupon an answer would be returned, "as of a faint whistling," whose meaning the worthy physician would then interpret to his anxious patient. The great Isidorus, of whom Damascius writes, never doubts the power of motion in the *bætuli*, but sets it down to dæmoniac influence, "not of a hurtful nor down-right material dæmon; but of one not wholly pure and immaterial."

This conviction of a magical force in these wrought implements, far more than the accidental circumstance of their formation now and then in agate, chal-

cedony, jasper, amethyst, would seem to have given them for so many centuries a place among gems and precious stones. Professor Rossi has hunted out from the Latin inscriptions collected by Orellius one which duly records how a certain statue of Isis had two *ceraunian* gems set in its diadem. Capella, twice describing Juno's queenly crown, embeds *ceraunians* also there. Prudentius tells how they gleamed on German helmet-peaks. All down the Middle Ages, to our own days, a superstitious value has been given to them. The Abate Rusconi assures me that the peasants of the Sabine slopes held till very recently that the owner of these elf-bolts bore a charmed life. "Twenty years since," he said, "before they began to throw the notion off and the stones away, I might have made a fine collection, had I then known their antiquarian interest."

These superstitions, or more truly the manner in which quacks and fortune-tellers played upon them, greatly moved the wrath of one Mercati, a famous physician in his day, and, according to his lights, a diligent student of Natural History. He had studied at Pisa, and towards 1562 had gone to Rome, where he enjoyed in succession the favour of three Popes. His work upon the Collection of Minerals then existing in the Vatican, has, under the heads of *Ceraunia* and *Glossopetræ*, some very curious notices upon the matter of which my paper treats. But I have brought in a new word and must clear its meaning before passing on. *Glossopetra* is neither more nor less than "tongue-stone" (γλῶσσα πέτρα). Now there are certain shapes of knives, lancets, and scrapers among wrought flintflakes which at once suggest the name. The workmen in the gravelpits of Abbeville revived the classical idea unconsciously when they invented the term, "lagues de chat," or "cats'-tongues," to describe them. But the *ceraunia* and the *glossopetra*, the thunder or the tongue-stone, are in reality distinct, though frequently confounded. In the "Museum Metallicum" of Ulysses Aldrovandus, published at

Bologna in 1648, is a good engraving of certain specimens of tongue-stones, among which occurs an unmistakeable thunderstone. Its shape, its serrated edges, more than usually regular, and, probably, the polish of its workmanship, account readily enough for our finding it in company with the true glossopetræ in the collections of naturalists who held it for certain that these latter were mineral substances.

Pliny, indeed, had boldly affirmed of these tongue-stones, too, that "they were no products of the earth, but wont to fall from the sky when the moon was on the wane." But the Italian and German naturalists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though sometimes timid in face of Pliny's time-honoured authority, were not always prepared to forgo the results of their own observations any more than to accept the shrewd conjectures of men who were nearer to the truth than themselves. "Some," writes Mercati, "call these glossopetræ lightning-bolts, and confound them with the *cerauniae*, wrongly. Some would have them to be the *teeth of those armed fishes and tortoises* (testaceorum), which remained in the earth after the universal deluge; which opinion should beyond doubt be exploded, seeing that they be stones of a special sort, and having their own special mines."

The reader guesses, doubtless, what the true fact is. These glossopetræ are simply fossil teeth of fishes, saurians, and the like. "One great mine for them," says again Mercati, "is in Malta, in a tufaceous, sponge-like rock. They abound likewise in Sardinia and the Balearic Isles." A native of the Greek Archipelago had brought him one from thence. A friend had sent him a specimen from near Sienna, and his own father had possessed several, found by chance in the soil of his native San Miniato. Around these tongue-stones clustered in Mercati's time, and in the days immediately before him, more superstitious frauds and follies than even round the mysterious thunder-stones. The thin, long, pointed sort, which he compares, not unaptly, to the tongues

of blackbirds and thrushes, were in special request. The ancients, as Pliny had told, had ascribed to them ridiculous, and, as it would seem, somewhat disreputable qualities (*lenocinanti necessarium*). There was a Greek tradition that vows made at the altars had propitious issue to him who made them, whilst bearing about this talisman. In those more modern days of his, they were a potent charm against death by lightning or by drowning. Silly women hung them round the necks of sucking children, set in gold and silver, to make teething easy, and to deliver the baby from frights and frettings generally. They were a fine thing for bringing pleasant dreams; and other tomfooleries were asserted of them. But one thing specially moved his bile as a physician. "Those dregs of the vulgar—that race of men, worthless in itself, and harmful to the many; your tramping, market-place-haunting quacks, had their theory as to the origin of these smaller tongue-stones. They exhibit them shamelessly as *serpents' horns*, and sell them on the lying pretence that they give warning, by visible sweating, at the presence of poison. Others than mere private men, with shame be it owned, are fooled into belief of these idle tales, and out of round sums of money, which they pay for the purchase, thinking to have secured a great safeguard against poison, whereas they have gotten for their gold nothing besides the shuffling words of those that have duped them."

Perhaps, as private physician to three successive Popes, it stirred his indignation from the deep to know that a former occupant of the Pontifical chair had lent ear to this worthless delusion. But so it had been; and he puts in two very curious documents in proof. They are letters from John XXII., the second Pope who ruled from Avignon, having been elected to succeed Clement V. in 1316. He was a man who lived in dread of poison, and who, indeed, handed over to the secular arm the Bishop of Cahors, his native city, on a charge of endeavouring to compass his death thereby.

Now, there was a certain noble lady, one Margaret, Countess of Foix, who had, according to the Pope's own expression in the first of his letters to her, a maternal solicitude for his safety and length of life. She was the fortunate possessor of one of these priceless serpents' horns, which she determined, not to *give*—that was more than even a motherly solicitude could exact—but to *lend* to his Holiness, as a faithful monitor and safeguard. Accordingly—for the treasure was a treasure indeed, and might not be trusted to a chance messenger, nor even to a solitary trustee—she lighted upon two dignitaries of the Church in her parts, Raymond, of Bearn, Archdeacon of Lescar, and Manaldus, Canon of Oleron, who conveyed the talisman to the Pope's own hands. The first of the letters given by Mercati is in a more familiar style than the second, of which it promises the despatch to serve as a "receipt, and as an obligatory pledge of restitution." This more precise and formal acknowledgment is so curious a document, and so characteristic of the reckless use of that tremendous spiritual power claimed by the occupants of the Papal chair, that I am tempted to give it at length.

"To our beloved daughter in Christ, the noble lady, Margaret, Countess of Foix.

"Behold, daughter, that serpent's horn, shapen as the haft of a small knife, which is said to be of avail against the frauds of poison, which lately was made over to us by our beloved sons thy messengers, Raymond Archdeacon, &c., and Manaldus Canon of Oleron, We do acknowledge to have received by way of loan: and We do promise to restore it, without obstacle of delay or difficulty, to thyself or to thine accredited deputy, when We shall be certified of thy demand upon Us to such effect. We do pledge to thee on this behalf ourselves and all our goods, movable or immovable, whatsoever and wheresoever they may be. Further, Against any man soever who shall detain this horn against thy will, after having been summoned to restore it by thyself or thine accredited proxy,—from this day as from that,—We do promulgate sentence of *Excommunication*."

Well may Mercati remark that the Pontiff on this occasion makes use of strong language (*verbis splendidis*)! But the use of these fossil teeth as amulets is

more ancient than the earliest classical quotation which may notice them. I had the opportunity of verifying this upon a close inspection of Castellani's wonderful collection of Etruscan jewellery. I detected them, in their natural condition, only mounted in holders of exquisite gold filigree, dangling as pendants from brooches and necklaces of the remotest Etruscan age. I learnt also, rather to my surprise, that their real nature was not known; but that a curious myth, whether ancient or modern I cannot say, gave this account of them—that they were cock's spurs, natural or artificial, used as charms against the dreaded assaults of the Gauls, when the tribes of the Galli, the nation of the Cocks, began first to scratch and peck upon the rich middens of the Etrurian soil.

I must claim attention to the words "natural or artificial." Those early Etruscan jewellers, doubtless finding in their ungeological age that the true fossil tongue-stones were scarce, determined that their fair and superstitious customers should at least enjoy the shape, if not the real substance, of the magic amulet. They therefore betook themselves to copy the forms in agate, blood-stone, and the like: and there you may see them still in Castellani's glass cases, the manifest prototypes of those little pointed charms of coral, ivory, or horn which Naples provides against the *jet-tatura*, the spell of an "evil eye."

I now return, for a brief space only, to my original Cerauniae, flints wrought by human hands, some shapes of which the shrewd Italian medico conjectures to have been, what they really were, rude weapons of offence. He backs this opinion by a fragment from Ennius:

"Incedit veles volgo sicilicibus latis."

"The light-armed footman marches most times with broad flints."

The Germans, if we may take the learned Gesner¹ for their representative, never appear to have wavered in their conviction that the Cerauniae were thun-

¹ See his "Account of Kentmann's Fossils." Zurich, 1565.

derbolts ; which seems a marvel when we consider how accurately they distinguished the shapes of these wrought flints, giving names which exactly describe their human purposes and uses. For they are not content with the more general term "thunderstone;" there is the "thunder-wedge," the "thunder-hammer," the "thunder-axe," the "thunder-arrow;" yet the bore made in the thunder-hammer to receive the handle is conjecturally set down to the force of the red-hot lightning which hurled them from the sky !

But neither ancients nor mediævalists were content merely to speculate upon the nature and origin of these mysterious stones ; nor was it enough to use them as gem-like ornaments, nor even to juggle with their magical qualities. It would appear upon the testimony of one Heras, a Cappadocian physician, in the time of Domitian, that ladies' shoemakers used certain of them for polishing their more exquisite "chaussures," and gave them, for obvious reasons, the name of "never-olds," ἀγήρατοι. These, of course, were the rubbed axe-heads, or hammers. Such were also those which were used as burnishers by gold and silversmiths towards the close of the Middle Ages. The Blackmore Museum¹ at Salisbury has a stone axe-head on which, spite of its fine quality as a "never-old," the traces of such use are

manifest. But Galen, the famous physician of the second century, ground them into powder to be used as a dry application, or as a gargle, in cases of slight inflammation of the uvula.

Moreover, if we are to take Aldrovandus for our instructor, there be moral uses in the thunderstone and practical allegories. In respect, for instance, of its crashing stroke, does it not manifestly typify *worldly calamity* ? For as the thunderbolt strikes and spoils all things save the laurel bush here below : so doth worldly calamity cut down and crush all else but virtue. But, in respect of its power to ward off from its bearer the lightning's deadly dart, does it not plainly stand for *patience*, the surest charm a man may bear about him against the strokes of fortune ? But, in respect again of this strange contradiction—that having its birth and origin amidst the lightning and the thunder, it should have such sovereign power and influence against their flame, and heat and violence—does it not set forth the truth that men whose character is formed amidst the fiery crash of crimes and sins, if by repentance they be recovered and changed, are of all others the most thoroughly proof against the fiery darts of the enemy ? As every man must own who shall bethink him of the great Apostle Paul.

R. S. C. C.

¹ It may interest students of flint art to know that the few and only specimens from the Roman drift now in England were gathered in Rome, last winter, by the writer : and have been deposited by him in the Museum aforesaid, of which the formal opening will take place at Salisbury on the 4th and 5th of this present September. The choice character and

world-wide range of this collection, illustrative of the primitive industry of man, may well persuade a visit on the occasion to the old cathedral city, near neighbour to Stonehenge, and nearer neighbour still to a drift which has furnished most significant specimens of fossils and wrought flints.

PERSONAL STATISTICS.

THERE is nothing that tends so much to depreciate the labours of the ordinary statistical inquirer as the obscurity which, for the most part, he fails to remove from the *remoter* causes of the

social phenomena which he chronicles. By widening the area of his calculations and reiterating the various processes by which he verifies them, he can place his facts beyond the reach of all rational

question ; and in so far as these facts are the immediate results of physical causes, he can very often raise a presumption as to what these causes are which falls very little short of proof. He can not only fix the limits of human life, and ascertain the relative longevity of the sexes in certain places, or during given periods of time ; but he can guess, very fairly, at what have been the effects of sanitary arrangements or their absence, of variation of temperature, peculiarities of soil, and the like, on the springs of life.

But physical agents are by no means the only ones which operate in the production even of physical results. Man does not live, even physically, by bread alone ; and his being, and still more his well-being, are dependent on a variety of influences very different from either pure air or wholesome food. That the nervous system acts very powerfully on the rest of the bodily organs, and is itself greatly under the influence of what even those who deny the existence of an immaterial portion of our nature altogether still call our "spirits,"—are facts with reference to which the experiences of all men, and the bitter experiences of most men, have removed the possibility of scepticism. In the case of many of us even our doctors would, probably hesitate to offer a very confident opinion as to whether we should ultimately swell the lists of those who die of diarrhoea in summer, or of bronchitis in winter. But we know, without a doctor, that the period at which we shall appear in our destined category depends very much on whether the dinners which we eat do us good or harm ; and this question, in its turn, depends on the frame of mind in which we eat them, quite as much as on the quality either of the dinners, or of the drinks with which we wash them down. The frame of mind, however, is the result not only of natural temperament, but of a long course of good and evil habits, and good and evil fortunes ; and it thus appears that even longevity is dependent on what, speaking popularly, we may call moral, quite as much as on physical agencies.

It is true that there are certain classes of moral causes from the observation of which the ordinary statistician is by no means shut out. Statistics of education, intemperance, and prostitution, when viewed in relation to crime, pauperism, and insanity, have yielded some of the most precious hints for the guidance of modern legislation. But these hints would be more significant, and that guidance would be surer, if we could go a step farther back. That education, intemperance, and prostitution, affect crime, pauperism, and insanity, we know ; but what promotes education, feeds intemperance, or fosters prostitution ? It is in this region of the remoter moral causes that the efforts of the statistician are most restricted ; and yet it is in this region, almost exclusively, that the influence of good and evil are amenable either to the individual, or the general will. The final catastrophe is quite beyond our control ; but it is very different with the steps which lead up to it, one by one ; and it is these steps, most of all, that it concerns us to follow. "The good," we are told, "die young," and their fate is ascribed, not without reason probably, to a more than ordinary sensitiveness to sin and misery. Whether even they would not have lived longer had they been better and wiser, and whether the very best and wisest of us are not those who, on an average, last the longest, are questions which we commend to the reader's meditations. But if any man who has attained to middle age will recall the stories of his early friends, we venture to affirm that he will, without difficulty or hesitation, ascribe the deaths of not a few of those who have gone before him to moral causes, and these, causes which were not inevitable, and which were neither unforeseen nor unforeshadowed. In many cases, the very circumstances which diminish or mitigate his feeling of personal blame either as attaching to his departed friends or their surroundings, are precisely those which deepen his regrets. Had the false courses been discovered earlier, it is scarcely possible to doubt that they could have been and would have been

abandoned. But the breakers were too near before the observations were taken, and wind and tide, by that time, rendered all warnings vain.

At first sight it seems as if the impediment which ties up the hands of the statistician from the investigation of the class of causes to which we here refer, were irremediable. The tools of his trade are not suited for delicate manipulations, and he consequently deals with mankind in masses, and never reaches the individual man. Any inferences which he may draw as to the reasons of an individual for doing what he did,—as to the train of previous events to which he owes his fortunes, which culminated in his success or his failure, which brought about his advancement, his marriage, his bankruptcy, his conviction, his emigration or his death,—are little better than the vaguest guesses.

Of this a remarkable instance occurs in a very interesting and important investigation which Dr. Stark, the medical officer attached to the Registrar General's department in Scotland, has recently made as to the "influence of marriage on the death-rates of men and women in Scotland." To Dr. Stark's own surprise, no less than that of the public, it appears, at first sight at least, that the influence of marriage is, not only to diminish the death-rate of both sexes, *but to do so to a very much greater extent in the male sex than in the female sex.* The facts, as given in a paper which Dr. Stark read to the Royal Society last winter, since republished as a pamphlet, and which we understand subsequent investigations have still farther confirmed, are these:—

"From twenty to twenty-five years of age, out of every 100,000 unmarried men, 1,174 died during the year; but out of a like number of married men, only 597, or just half the number. In other words, between the age of twenty and twenty-five years, the death-rate of the bachelors was exactly double that of the married men. As the age increases, the difference between the death-rates of the married and unmarried decreases; but it decreases slowly and regularly, showing a marked difference in favour of the married men at every quinquennial period of life. Thus, at the age of twenty-five to thirty years, when

the number of married and unmarried men in Scotland is pretty nearly equal, of every 100,000 bachelors, 1,369 died during the year; but of an equal number of married men, only 865 died. At that period of life, also, the death-rate of the bachelors very greatly exceeded that of the married men. Between the ages of thirty and thirty-five, while in every 100,000 bachelors, 1,475 died; only 907 died out of an equal number of married men. Between the ages of forty and forty-five, while 1,689 died out of every 100,000 bachelors, only 1,248 died out of an equal number of married men. At the ages of sixty to sixty-five, while 4,330 died during the year out of every 100,000 bachelors, only 3,385 died out of a like number of married men. Even at the age of seventy to seventy-five, while 10,143 died out of 100,000 bachelors, only 8,055 died out of a like number of married men. And at the extreme age of eighty to eighty-five, while 19,688 died during the year out of every 100,000 bachelors, only 17,400 died out of a like number of married men."

Here then, most unquestionably, is a very wonderful fact. It is new to us, it contradicts our prevailing beliefs and falsifies our popular proverbs, but "it is proved by trustworthy statistics, applicable to the whole population," and these statistics, as we have said, have been confirmed by subsequent investigations. As a fact, we can no longer doubt that bachelors die in a higher rate when compared with married men, than persons engaged in the most unwholesome trades, or residing in the filthiest and most crowded localities, when compared with the general population. But what are we to make of the fact, now that we have it? Is bachelorhood the cause, or even a cause, of bachelors dying earlier than married men? The mere fact does not tell us this, and till we know it, it is impossible to determine whether bachelorhood be an unmixed evil that we must fight against, like stagnant water and exhausted air: whether it be a consequence of the natural inequalities in strength and energy which God, for mysterious reasons, has made inseparable from human life, and which, like these irregularities, we must accept: or whether, finally, it be a merciful safeguard against the misery of individuals and the degeneracy of the species, which we must gratefully and carefully husband. Until the causal value of the fact be in some

degree determined, it is little more than a social curiosity, and the moment that we attempt to take a step in the direction of causation, our statistical footing becomes insecure. The temptation to give value to the *post hoc*, by ascribing to it the character of the *propter hoc* is irresistible; but the statistician no sooner yields to it than he feels that he is beyond the bounds of his science, and back in the region of popular conjecture. Dr. Stark is not only a careful reasoner but a cautious writer, and yet he is not proof against the seduction. At first he tells us that bachelor life is "more destructive" to the male sex than any or all of the unfavourable circumstances with which ordinary statistics deal; and then he adds what, *if* that assertion were warranted, would be the obvious converse of the proposition, viz. that "the married state is the condition of life best fitted for mankind; and that the prolongation of life which attends that state is a special provision of nature to protect the father of a family in order that he may provide for his offspring and superintend their rearing. It is quite true, however," he continues, "that this special prolongation of life is based on fixed laws of nature. For the married man is, in general, not only more healthy, vigorous, and free from disease than the unmarried, but he is also more regular in his habits, is better housed, better fed, and better attended to." All this we grant. It is warranted by common observation so notorious as to supersede the teaching of blue-books altogether; for although the effect of ill-assorted marriages must be to diminish the chances of longevity for both the parties to them, they are, we hope and believe, so rare as not to merit that we should take them into account. But here is a rider to the argument which shows us how very short a way it carries us. "Married men," says Dr. Stark, most truly, "may be accounted, in one sense, as selected lives; for the weak, the delicate, those suffering from disease of any kind, the dissipated, the licentious, do not marry, so that all such are found among the unmarried. And as all such

"die at a much higher rate than the robust and temperate, we have what we may term a natural explanation of the great difference in the death-rates of the married and unmarried men." If the "natural explanation" were complete, it is plain that the fact would lose all significance. We should simply know that strong men, on the whole, both marry oftener and live longer than weak men; and marriage would be no more proved to be a cause of longevity by its coincidence with it, than it would be proved to be a cause of mental activity or success in life by such facts as that there is not, at this moment, a single bachelor on the Scottish bench, and that all the professors in the University of Edinburgh are married except one, who is very unlikely to be long an exception. Still we concur with Dr. Stark in thinking that it is not complete. We believe that the fact which he has established goes beyond the causes which the explanation embraces; though how far they go we have no means of determining, and we cannot but think that in the following passages he draws on his observations as a man of the world rather than as a statist:—

"This" (the natural explanation,) "would only account for the difference in the death-rates of the married and unmarried to a very small extent, and that, too, during the early years of life,—say from twenty to forty years; but it quite fails to explain the difference in the death-rates at the higher ages. Thus,—all the men between twenty and thirty years who remain unmarried from natural infirmity, or from possessing sickly or diseased constitutions, or from being addicted to intemperate or licentious habits, die before they have attained their fortieth year. Scarcely one such survives the critical climacteric age of seven times seven. All men, therefore, who have survived their fortieth year, certainly all above fifty years, must be considered, for all practical purposes, as selected lives; and if a difference should be found in the death-rates of the married and unmarried after that age, it can alone be referred to causes connected with the married state. But Table II. proves, that at every separate quinquennial age, from forty up to extreme old age, married men died in a much smaller ratio than the unmarried. This lower death-rate in the married men can, therefore, alone be attributed to the influence of marriage, and to the habits which attend marriage in this country; and it would be a most interest-

ing subject for inquiry in countries where married habits are different, to ascertain to what extent these different habits caused the death-rates of the married and unmarried to differ from those of the Scottish people."

The first result of such an inquiry, if we are not greatly mistaken, would be to prove to us that "married habits" in other countries do not differ from our own to anything like the extent that we commonly imagine. But be this as it may, whether these habits deserve the credit which Dr. Stark ascribes to them, is a question which we fear must remain *in dubio*, till we have the benefit of a closer analysis of their effects than he has yet given us. Supposing it to be true, for example, that the weaklings of the flock die early, as he asserts, and mostly unmarried, who can tell that they would not have died earlier still if they had been burdened with the *onera matrimonii*, and that by promoting early marriages we should not diminish, in place of increasing, longevity, and the well-being of which longevity is valuable only as an indication? That there is a risk in this direction, both to the individuals themselves and to their offspring, is quite obvious; and its extent, whether absolutely or relatively to that which Dr. Stark has had mainly in view, can be calculated only by coming closer to individual and personal circumstances than the means at the disposal of the Registrar General admit of now, or perhaps ever will admit of. For what we have called "personal statistics," we shall always probably be beholden, in a great measure, to personal effort; and as, for the reasons we have mentioned, we believe it is to them that we must look for the explanation of much that the public tables tell us, the obligation is one which, if we cannot compensate, we ought gratefully to acknowledge.

Amongst our benefactors in this field of inquiry, Mr. Vacher, the resident surgeon of the Edinburgh Maternity Hospital, has just laid claim to a conspicuous place.

Twenty years ago it had been confidently asserted,—and the confident assertion, like many others, had been

tacitly asserted ever since,—that "eighty per cent. of all who have been seduced, have been led astray by individuals moving in a higher sphere than themselves." The accuracy of this assertion Mr. Vacher resolved to test, and he accordingly examined the records of 364 first confinements which had occurred in the institution under his charge, from 1st April, 1864, to 31st March, 1867. The results, which are entirely at variance with popular prejudice, we give in his own words:—

"1. That a very trifling per cent. of the seduced have been led astray by men moving in a higher sphere than themselves; that, as a rule, the seducers in each grade of the community are to be found within that grade; and that it is quite as much the exception for a gentleman to seduce the daughter of a working man, as it is for a private soldier to seduce the daughter of a minister, or for the child of a physician to be led astray by a policeman.

"2. That young women, whether servants or others, are rarely, if ever, seduced by students attending the University.

"3. That soldiers are certainly not more guilty of the crime than other classes of the community."

As Edinburgh is a University and Garrison town, the seat of the Courts of Law, with their numerous surroundings, and a place which from the mere amenity of its situation is constantly selected by the luxurious as a residence, the class of young men possessed of leisure and money sufficient to enable them to engage in the pursuit of "pleasure" is far greater in proportion to the population than in most other towns; and as the facts in question rest on the statements of the girls themselves, whom vanity and avarice would in general combine in inducing to ascribe their misfortunes to men of the upper rather than the lower classes, they can scarcely fail, as Mr. Vacher has observed, to be recognised as "more than fair" evidence against the working classes as the chief agents in their own degradation. The mere number of seductions in a given population, which is all that we can learn from the ordinary statistics of crime, teaches us scarcely anything as to the remedial measures to which we must resort. But when we know by

whom they are effected, when we learn that the *cause* in general is not the luxurious and heartless self-indulgence of the educated classes, but the coarseness, want of self-respect or pride of caste, and unrestrained animal propensities of the uneducated, we know what we have got to do. In place of "idealising backwards," and befooling the poorer classes with laudations which, if true, would amount to a proof that civilization was impossible, and confirm Rousseau's dreary paradox, *l'homme civilisé un être dépravé*, we must try to civilize them as fast as we can, and this we can do only by bringing to bear upon them the influences by which the upper classes have been relatively civilized. And as regards the upper classes themselves, inasmuch as the fact that morality keeps pace with real refinement has been confirmed by a fresh test, we are armed with a fresh argument in favour of the higher instruction. "Upwards, onwards!" the great battle-cry of struggling humanity, has been repeated to us by the application of "personal statistics," with an emphasis which it can scarcely ever derive from the labours of the public statistician.

Having made these remarks in explanation, and furnished this example in illustration of this minuter method of inquiry into the phenomena of social life, we shall indicate two directions in which it seems to us that its application is not impossible, and in which, if it could be applied, the importance of the results which it would yield will not be questioned.

I. One of the gravest questions which meet the educationalist, and one which, though constantly *begged*, has never been *answered*, is, whether the acquisition of an unusual amount of positive knowledge in early life does or does not conspire to mental and physical vigour, and to the ultimate success in life which depends on these qualities? Are *dux*-boys, and those who succeed in competitive examinations, on the whole wiser, stronger, better, and more valuable members of society than average boys,

or than they themselves would have been had their powers of rapid acquisition been less stimulated in early life? We have all heard, and most of us have used the arguments *pro* and *con*, *ad nauseam*; and yet we are no nearer to a solution than we were years ago. Now should we not be more likely to make progress if, in place of wrangling with each other, any one of us were to do this? Procure from all our great public schools lists of those boys who had carried off the highest honours during the last half century. Most schools could furnish such lists, if not for the whole, at least for a considerable portion of the period we have mentioned. Many of them could go further back; and in each case the fullest information had better be procured at once. Then set about inquiring into the subsequent history of the careers thus auspiciously commenced. A good deal could be learned from the schools; the individuals themselves, or their relatives and friends, might generally be appealed to; and in one way or other there are but few cases that would set industry and perseverance wholly at defiance. That a very large body of reliable information could thus be collected is unquestionable. Let us see what would be likely to result from its subjection to analytical pressure.

1st. The average life of *duces* and the higher prize boys, as compared with their school-fellows or the general population, might be ascertained; and this single fact would indicate to no inconsiderable extent, not only the physical, but the moral and intellectual effects of the processes to which they had been subjected.

2d. The diseases of which they died, and the number of them who became insane.

3d. Their success as men of business.

4th. The amount of vigour which they continued to exhibit in after life in acquiring or disseminating knowledge.

5th. The amount of the higher and rarer mental qualities of fruitfulness and originality which they exhibited.

6th. Their moral habits, their marriages, &c., which of course would in the

man keep pace with their fortunes in other respects.

II. There are few questions which more perplex the minds of fathers of families, particularly when their sons exhibit no very decided personal leanings, than the amount of well-being and ill-being, moral and physical, which falls, on an average, to the share of those who enter the various professions. What are the chances of the Bar, the Army, the Navy, India, the Church?—for even the Church must not be entered by ordinary men without a rational adaptation of means to ends. Now these also are questions which admit, if we are not mistaken, of approximate solutions by the method which we are here recommending; and in the hope of encouraging others by a very insignificant and partial example, we shall conclude this paper by setting down a few facts with reference to the Scottish Bar, which, with the help of a “learned brother,” we have succeeded in collecting. Adopting our own year (for we were birds of the same season) as our *point de depart*, we measured off half a decade of professional life on either side of it. There was scarcely a name which occurred during these ten years that was not familiar to us. We had heard the glad laughter of their possessors, when they first set foot in the *salle des pas perdus*; and with few exceptions, though with very varying fortunes, they had continued to tread by our side or had dropped down within our gaze during the twenty years that had since elapsed. So, when we had made a list of them, and set down the main features of each man’s story opposite his name, it was a proud and pathetic muster-roll; for whilst we thankfully and joyfully recognised that, for so small a company, we had had more than our share both of God’s work and God’s wages, to say nothing of the Queen’s salt, we could not conceal from ourselves that of those who had fallen there were some at least who might have lived and adorned less exciting and perilous callings. It is said that the health of troops is better in the field than in barracks; and that

those who are saved by the enlivening influences of a campaign from the dangers incident to a stagnant existence go far to make up for those who are killed outright in any ordinary war. Analogous results would probably be derived from comparing the effects of the severer and more exciting occupations—law, literature, politics, and the like—with the ordinary forms of industry. The killed and wounded would unquestionably be more numerous in the former; but we doubt whether it would be found that the death-rate was thereby increased, to anything like the extent which we should at first have anticipated. But we shall give our facts, and leave our readers to judge of them, premising that from their nature some of them could only be approximations, whilst for very obvious reasons we cannot furnish the public with the means of testing their accuracy which were at our own disposal. None of them, however, are far from the truth; and, were the investigation carried on on a wider basis, the accuracy of its results would be quite sufficient to enable us to construct a professional chart perfectly trustworthy for practical purposes.

During the period of which we speak, then, eighty-one men, in all, were called to the Bar, or “passed Advocate,” as we say in Scotland; for with us it has been a passage not wholly free from anxieties, though, in obedience to the fashions of the time, the terrors of the Examination Committee have alternated with those of the Ballot Box. Of these eighty-one, not more than fourteen or fifteen ever secured any appreciable amount of general practice; by which we mean a permanent income of say 300*l.* a-year, not arising from official appointments. Out of these, say, fifteen men of promise, not more than nine or ten are in practice now; but of this comparatively insignificant band five are in very large practice, the extent of which may be judged of when we mention that two have held the office of Solicitor-General, and two are understood to have declined the Bench. So far,—notwith-

standing these brilliant prizes,—the prospect certainly is not inviting, except for those whose self-reliance is greater than that of most men ought to be. But the picture brightens when we remember that eight of our number have been made sheriffs of counties; fifteen sheriff-substitutes; and that we have had scattered amongst us twelve other official appointments, which would scarcely have been attainable except to members of the bar. On the whole, it seems to us that our fortunes ought by no means to exercise a deterrent influence, when we inform those who may meditate joining our family circle, that just about one-half of us (forty as near as we can calculate) live, or have lived, by the altar. And this impression will be strengthened by the additional fact that amongst us there were eighteen who were, or were to be, the happy inheritors of paternal acres so wide as greatly to relax the energies of the youthful wearers of horse-hair. Of these sons of fortune one only has stuck to the profession with loyal devotion; and, though several hold offices, not one, so far as we know, has got into practice. On the other hand, they have probably had a good deal to do

with raising the marriage rate to the high figure of fifty-three *already*, and there can be little doubt that their influence is felt in keeping down the average age of marriage to (we believe) twenty-seven—which is greatly under what our readers would probably have anticipated.¹ The death-rate amongst us has not been high—only about fourteen. But we have had no less than seven cases of insanity; which is greatly beyond the average, and must, we fear, be set down to the tear, and wear, and worry, of which many of us have had more than our share. In conclusion, we shall add these few miscellaneous gleanings. We have now one parson, and one doctor, whilst two of us were doctors to begin with, and two of us were soldiers. We have had no less than eleven authors (not including periodical writers and reporters), two professors, two M.P.'s, and one—there could be but one—Lord Lyon!

¹ The marriage rate of the body altogether stands thus. There are 280 contributors to the Widows' Fund, of whom 150 are married, 16 are widowers, and 114 are bachelors. (Report for 1867.) The contributors are of course of all ages, from twenty-one upwards. The rate will probably be found to be greatly above the average.

ON THE CORRELATION OF FORCE IN ITS BEARING ON MIND.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN.

THE doctrine called the Correlation, Persistence, Equivalence, Transmutability, Indestructibility of Force, is a generality of such compass, that no single form of words seems capable of fully expressing it; and different persons may prefer different statements of it. My understanding of the doctrine is, that there are five chief powers or forces in nature: one *mechanical*, or *molar*, the momentum of moving matter; the others *molecular*, or embodied in the molecules, also supposed in motion:—these are heat, light, chemical force, electricity. To these

powers, which are unquestionable and distinct, it is usual to add vital force, of which however it is difficult to speak as a whole; but one member of our vital energies, the Nerve Force, allied to electricity, fully deserves to rank in the correlation.

Taking the one mechanical force, and those three of the molecular named heat, chemical force, electricity, there has now been established a definite rate of commutation, or exchange, when any one passes into any other. The mechanical equivalent of heat, the 772 foot pounds

of Joule, expresses the rate of exchange between mechanical momentum and heat: the equivalent or exchange of heat and chemical force is given (through the researches of Andrews and others) in the figures expressing the heat of combinations; for example, one pound of carbon burnt evolves heat enough to raise 8,080 pounds of water one deg. C. The combination of these two equivalents would show that the consumption of half a pound of carbon would raise a man of average weight to the highest summit of the Himalayas.

It is an essential part of the doctrine, that force is never absolutely created, and never absolutely destroyed, but merely transmuted in form or manifestation.

As applied to living bodies, the following are the usual positions. In the growth of plants, the forces of the solar ray—heat and light—are expended in decomposing (or de-oxidizing) carbonic acid and water, and in building up the living tissues from the liberated carbon and the other elements; all which force is given up when these tissues are consumed, either as fuel in ordinary combustion, or as food in animal combustion.

It is this animal combustion of the matter of plants, and of animals (fed on plants)—namely, the re-oxidation of carbon, hydrogen, &c.—that yields all the manifestations of power in the animal frame. And, in particular, it maintains (1) a certain warmth or temperature of the whole mass, against the cooling power of surrounding space; it maintains (2) mechanical energy, as muscular power; and it maintains (3) nervous power, or a certain flow of the influence circulating through the nerves, which circulation of influence, besides reacting on the other animal processes—muscular, glandular, &c.—has for its distinguishing concomitant, the MIND.

The extension of the correlation of force to mind, if at all competent, must be made through the Nerve force, a genuine member of the correlated group. Very serious difficulties beset the proposal, but they are not insuperable.

The history of the doctrines relating to mind, as connected with body, is in the highest degree curious and instructive; but for the purpose of the present paper, we shall notice only certain leading stages of the speculation.

Not the least important position is the Aristotelian: a position in some respects sounder than what followed and grew out of it. In Aristotle, we have a kind of gradation from the life of plants to the highest form of human intelligence. In the following diagram, the continuous lines may represent the material substance, and the dotted lines the immaterial:—

A. *Soul of Plants.*

———— Without consciousness.

B. *Animal Soul.*

..... Body and mind inseparable.

C. *Human Soul*—Nous—Intellect.

I. Passive Intellect.

..... Body and mind inseparable.

II. Active Intellect—Cognition of the highest principles.

..... Pure form; detached from matter; the prime mover of all; immortal.

All the phases of life and mind are inseparably interwoven with the body (which inseparability is Aristotle's definition of the soul) except the last, the active Nous or intellect, which is detached from corporeal matter, self-subsisting, the essence of Deity, and an immortal substance, although the immortality is not personal to the individual. (The immateriality of this higher intellectual agent was not, however, that thorough-going negation of all material attributes which we now understand by the word "immaterial.") How such a self-subsisting and purely spiritual soul could hold communication with the body-leagued souls, Aristotle was at a loss to say: the difficulty re-appeared after him, and has never been got over. That there should be an agency totally apart from, and entirely transcending, any known powers of inert matter, involves no difficulty: for who is to limit the possibilities of existence?

The perplexity arises only when this radically new and superior principle is made to be, as it were, off and on with the material principle; performing some of its functions in pure isolation, and others of an analogous kind by the aid of the lower principle. The difference between the active and the passive reason of Aristotle is a mere difference of gradation; the supporting agencies assumed by him are a total contrast in kind—wide as the poles asunder. There is no breach of continuity in the phenomena, there is an impassable chasm between their respective foundations.

Fifteen centuries after Aristotle, we reach what may be called the modern settlement of the relations of mind and body, effected by Thomas Aquinas. He extended the domain of the independent immaterial principle from the highest intellectual soul of Aristotle to all the three souls recognised by him—the vegetable or plant soul (without consciousness), the animal soul (with consciousness), and the intellect throughout. The two lower souls—the vegetable and the animal—need the co-operation of the body in this life: the intellect works without any bodily organ, except that it makes use of the perceptions of the senses.

A. Vegetable or Nutritive Soul.

..... Incorporates an immaterial part, although unconscious.

B. Animal Soul.

..... Has an immaterial part, with consciousness.

C. Intellect.

..... Purely immaterial.

The animal soul, B, contains sensation, appetite, and emotion, and is a mixed or two-sided entity; but the intellect, C, is a purely one-sided entity, the immaterial. This does not relieve our perplexities; the phenomena are still generically allied and continuous—sensation passes into intellect without any breach of continuity; but as regards the agencies, the transition from a mixed or united material and immaterial substance to an immaterial substance apart, is a transition

to a differently constituted world, to a transcendental sphere of existence.

The settlement of Aquinas governed all the schools and all the religious creeds until quite recent times; it is, for example, substantially the view of Bishop Butler. At the instance of modern physiology, however, it has undergone modifications. The dependence of purely intellectual operations, as memory, upon the material processes, has been reluctantly admitted by the partisans of an immaterial principle; an admission incompatible with the isolation of the intellect in Aristotle and in Aquinas. This more thorough-going connexion of the mental and the physical has led to a new form of expressing the relationship, which is nearer the truth, without being, in my judgment, quite accurate. It is now often said *the mind and the body act upon each other*; that neither is allowed, so to speak, to pursue its course alone: there is a constant interference, a mutual influence between the two. This view is liable to the following objections:—

1. In the first place, it assumes that we are entitled to speak of mind apart from body, and to affirm its powers and properties in that separate capacity. But of mind apart from body we have no direct experience, and absolutely no knowledge. The wind may act upon the sea, and the waves may react upon the wind; but the agents are known in separation: they are seen to exist apart before the shock of collision; but we are not permitted to see a mind acting apart from its material companion.

2. In the second place, we have every reason for believing that there is an unbroken material succession, side by side with all our mental processes. From the ingress of a sensation, to the outgoing responses in action, the mental succession is not for an instant severed from a physical succession. A new prospect bursts upon the view; there is a mental result of sensations, emotion, thought, terminating in outward displays of speech or gesture. Parallel to this mental series is the physical series of facts, the successive agita-

tion of the physical organs, called the eye, the retina, the optic nerve, optic centres, cerebral hemispheres, outgoing nerves, muscles, &c. There is an unbroken physical circle of effects, maintained while we go the round of the mental circle of sensation, emotion, and thought. It would be incompatible with everything we know of the cerebral action, to suppose that the physical chain ends abruptly in a physical void, occupied by an immaterial substance; which immaterial substance, after working alone, imparts its results to the other edge of the physical break, and determines the active response—two shores of the material with an intervening ocean of the immaterial. There is, in fact, no rupture of nervous continuity. The only tenable supposition is, that mental and physical proceed together, as undivided twins. When, therefore, we speak of a mental cause, a mental agency, we have always a two-sided cause; the effect produced is not the effect of mind alone, but of mind in company with body. That mind should have operated on the body, is as much as to say, that a two-sided phenomenon, one side being bodily, can influence the body; it is, after all, body acting upon body. When a shock of fear paralyses digestion, it is not the emotion of fear, in the abstract, or as a pure mental existence, that does the harm; it is the emotion in company with a peculiarly excited condition of the brain and nervous system; and it is this condition of the brain that deranges the stomach. When physical nourishment, or a physical stimulant, acting through the blood, quiets the mental irritation, and restores a cheerful tone, it is not a bodily fact causing a mental fact by a direct line of causation: the nourishment and the stimulus determine the circulation of blood to the brain, give a new direction to the nerve currents, and the mental condition corresponding to this particular mode of cerebral action henceforth manifests itself. The line of mental sequence is thus, not mind causing body, and body causing mind, but mind-body giving birth to mind-

body; a much more intelligible position. For this double, or conjoint causation, we can produce evidence; for the single-handed causation we have no evidence.

If it were not my peculiar province to endeavour to clear up the specially metaphysical difficulties of the relationship of mind and body, I would pass over what is to me the most puzzling circumstance of the relationship, and indeed the only real difficulty in the question.

I say the real difficulty, for factitious difficulties in abundance have been made out of the subject. It is made a mystery how mental functions and bodily functions should be allied together at all. That, however, is no business of ours; we accept this alliance as we do any other alliance, such as gravity with inert matter, or light with heat. As a fact of the universe, the union is, properly speaking, just as acceptable, and as intelligible, as the separation would be, if that were the fact. The real difficulty is quite another thing.

What I have in view is this: when I speak of mind as allied with body—with a brain and its nerve currents—I can scarcely avoid *localizing* the mind, giving it a local habitation. I am thereupon asked to explain what always puzzled the schoolmen, namely, whether the mind is all in every part, or only all in the whole; whether in tapping any point I may come at consciousness, or whether the whole mechanism is wanted for the smallest portion of consciousness. One might perhaps turn the question by the analogy of the telegraph wire, or the electric circuit, and say that a complete circle of action is necessary to any mental manifestation; which is probably true. But this does not meet the case. The fact is that, all this time that we are speaking of nerves and wires, we are not speaking of mind, properly so called, at all; we are putting forward physical facts that go along with it, but these physical facts are not the mental fact, and they even preclude us from thinking of the mental fact. We are in this fix: mental states

and bodily states are utterly contrasted; they cannot be compared, they have nothing in common except the most general of all attributes, degree, and order in time; when engaged with one we must be oblivious of all that distinguishes the other. When I am studying a brain and nerve communicating, I am engrossed with properties exclusively belonging to the object or material world; I am at that moment (except by very rapid transitions or alternations) unable to conceive a truly mental fact, my truly mental consciousness. Our mental experience, our feelings and thoughts, have no extension, no place, no form or outline, no mechanical division of parts; and we are incapable of attending to anything mental until we shut off the view of all that. Walking in the country in spring, our mind is occupied with the foliage, the bloom, and the grassy meads, all purely objective things: we are suddenly and strongly arrested by the odour of the May-blossom; we give way for a moment to the sensation of sweetness: for that moment the objective regards cease; we think of nothing extended; we are in a state where extension has no footing; there is, to us, place no longer. Such states are of short duration, mere fits, glimpses; they are constantly shifted and alternated with object states, but while they last and have their full power we are in a different world; the material world is blotted out, eclipsed, for the instant unthinkable. These subject-moments are studied to advantage in bursts of intense pleasure, or intense pain, in fits of engrossed reflection, especially reflection upon mental facts; but they are seldom sustained in purity beyond a very short interval; we are constantly returning to the object side of things—to the world where extension and place have their being.

This, then, as it appears to me, is the only real difficulty of the physical and mental relationship. There is an alliance with matter, with the object, or extended world; but the thing allied, the mind proper, has itself no extension, and

cannot be joined in local union. Now, we have no form of language, no familiar analogy, suited to this unique conjunction; in comparison with all ordinary unions, it is a paradox or a contradiction. We understand union in the sense of local connexion; here is a union where local connexion is irrelevant, unsuitable, contradictory, for we cannot think of mind without putting ourselves out of the world of place. When, as in pure feeling—pleasure or pain—we change to the subject attitude from the object attitude, we have undergone a change not to be expressed by place; the fact is not properly described by the transition from the *external* to the *internal*, for that is still a change in the region of the extended. The only adequate expression is a *change of state*: a change from the state of the extended cognition to a state of unextended cognition. By various theologians, heaven has been spoken of as not a place, but a *state*; and this is the only phrase that I can find suitable to describe the vast, though familiar and easy, transition from the material or extended, to the immaterial or unextended side of the universe of being.

When, therefore, we talk of incorporating mind with brain, we must be held as speaking under an important reserve or qualification. Asserting the union in the strongest manner, we must yet deprive it of the almost invincible association of union in place. An extended organism is the condition of our passing into a state where there is no extension. A human being is an extended and material thing, attached to which is the power of becoming alive to feeling and thought, the extreme remove from all that is material; a condition of *trance* wherein, while it lasts, the material drops out of view—so much so, that we have not the power to represent the two extremes as lying side by side, as container and contained, or in any other mode of local conjunction. The condition of our existing thoroughly in the one, is the momentary eclipse or extinction of the other.

The only mode of union that is not

contradictory is the union of close succession in *time*; or of position in a continued thread of conscious life. We are entitled to say that the same being is, by alternate fits, object and subject, under extended and under unextended consciousness; and that without the extended consciousness the unextended would not arise. Without certain peculiar modes of the extended—what we call a cerebral organization, and so on—we could not have those times of trance, our pleasures, our pains, and our ideas, which at present we undergo fitfully and alternately with our extended consciousness.

Having thus called attention to the metaphysical difficulty of assigning the relative position of mind and matter, I will now state briefly what I think the mode of dealing with mind in correlation with the other forces. That there is a definite equivalence between mental manifestations and physical forces, the same as between the physical forces themselves, is, I think, conformable to all the facts, although liable to peculiar difficulties in the way of decisive proof.

I. The mental manifestations are in exact proportion to their physical supports.

If the doctrine of the thorough-going connexion of mind and body is good for anything, it must go this length. There must be a numerically-proportioned rise and fall of the two together. I believe that all the unequivocal facts bear out this proportion.

Take first the more obvious illustrations. In the employment of external agents, as warmth and food, all will admit that the sensation rises exactly as the stimulant rises, until a certain point is reached, when the agency changes its character; too great heat destroying the tissues, and too much food impeding digestion. There is, although we may not have the power to fix it, a *sensational equivalent* of heat, of food, of exercise, of sound, of light; there is a definite change of feeling, an accession of pleasure or of pain, corresponding to a rise of temperature in the air of 10 deg., 20 deg., or 30 deg. And so with regard

to every other agent operating upon the human sensibility: there is, in each set of circumstances, a sensational equivalent of alcohol,* of odours, of music, of spectacle.

It is this definite relation between outward agents and the human feelings that renders it possible to discuss human interests from the objective side, the only accessible side. We cannot read the feelings of our fellows; we merely presume that like agents will affect them all in nearly the same way. It is thus that we measure men's fortunes and felicity by the numerical amount of certain agents, as money, and by the absence or low degree of certain other agents, the causes of pain and the depressors of vitality. And although the estimate is somewhat rough, this is not owing to the indefiniteness of the sensational equivalent, but to the complications of the human system, and chiefly to the narrowness of the line that everywhere divides the wholesome from the unwholesome degrees of all stimulants.

Let us next represent the equivalence under vital or physiological action. The chief organ concerned is the brain; of which we know that it is a system of myriads of connecting threads, ramifying, uniting, and crossing at innumerable points; that these threads are actuated or made alive with a current influence called the nerve force; that this nerve force is a member of the group of correlated forces; that it is immediately derived from the changes in the blood, and in the last resort from oxidation, or combustion, of the materials of the food, of which combustion it is a definite equivalent. We know, farther, that there can be no feeling, no volition, no intellect, without a proper supply of blood, containing both oxygen and the material to be oxidized; that, as the blood is richer in quality in regard to these constituents, and more abundant in quantity, the mental processes are more intense, more vivid. We know also that there are means of increasing the circulation in one organ, and drawing it off from another, chiefly by calling the one into

greater exercise, as when we exert the muscles or convey food to the stomach; and that, when mental processes are more than usually intensified, the blood is proportionally drawn to the brain; the oxidizing process is there in excess, with corresponding defect and detriment in other organs. In high mental excitement, digestion is stopped; muscular vigour is abated except in the one form of giving vent to the feelings, thoughts, and purposes; the general nutrition languishes; and, if the state were long-continued or oft-repeated, the physical powers, strictly so called, would rapidly deteriorate. We know, on the other extreme, that sleep is accompanied by reduced circulation in the brain; there is in fact a reduced circulation generally; while of that reduced amount more goes to the nutritive functions than to the cerebral.

In listening to Dr. Frankland's lecture on Muscular Power, delivered last year at the Royal Institution of London, I noticed that, in accounting for the various items of expenditure of the food, he gave "mental work" as one heading, but declined to make an entry thereinunder. I can imagine two reasons for this reserve, the statement of which will further illustrate the general position. In the first place, it might be supposed that mind is a phenomenon so anomalous, uncertain, so remote from the chain of material cause and effect, that it is not even to be mentioned in that connexion. To which I should say, that mind is indeed, as a phenomenon, widely different from the physical forces, but, nevertheless, rises and falls in strict numerical concomitance with these: so that it still enters, if not directly, at least indirectly, into the circle of the correlated forces. Or secondly, the lecturer may have held that though a definite amount of the mental manifestations accompanies a definite amount of oxidation in the special organs of mind, there is no means of reducing this to a measure, even in an approximate way. To this I answer, that the thing is difficult but not entirely im-

practicable. There is a possibility of giving, approximately at least, the amount of blood circulating in the brain, in the ordinary waking state; and, as during a period of intense excitement we know that there is a general reduction, almost to paralysis, of the collective vital functions, we could not be far mistaken in saying that in that case, perhaps one-half or one-third of all the oxidation of the body was expended in keeping up the cerebral fires.

It is a very serious drawback in any department of knowledge, where there are relations of quantity, to be unable to reduce them to numerical precision. This is the case with mind in a great degree, although not with it alone; many physical qualities are in the same state of unprecise measurement. We cannot reduce to numbers the statement of a man's constitutional vigour, so as to say how much he has lost by fatigue, by disease, by age, or how much he has gained by a certain healthy regimen. Undoubtedly, however, it is in mind that the difficulties of attaining the numerical statement are greatest, if not nearly insuperable. When we say that one man is more courageous, more loving, more irascible than another, we apply a scale of degree, existing in our own mind, but so vague that we may apply it differently at different times, while we can hardly communicate it to others exactly as it stands to ourselves. The consequence is that a great margin of allowance must always be made in those statements; we can never run a close argument, or contend for a nice shade of distinction. Between the extremes of timidity and courage of character the best observer could not entertain above seven or eight varieties of gradation, while two different persons consulting together could hardly agree upon so minute a subdivision as that. The phrenologists, in their scale of qualities, had the advantage of an external indication of size, but they must have felt the uselessness of graduating this beyond the delicacy of discriminating the subjective side of

character; and their extreme scale included twenty steps or interpolations.

Making allowance for this inevitable defect, I will endeavour to present a series of illustrations of the principle of correlation as applied to mind, in the manner explained. I deal not with mind directly, but with its material side, with whose activity, measured exactly as we measure the other physical forces, true mental activity has a definite correspondence.

Let us suppose, then, a human being with average physical constitution, in respect of nutritive vigour, and fairly supplied with food and with air, or oxygen. The result of the oxidation of the food is a definite total of force, which may be variously distributed. The demand made by the brain, to sustain the purely mental functions, may be below average, or above average; there will be a corresponding, but inverse, variation of the remainder available for the more strictly physical processes, as muscular power, digestive power, animal heat, and so on.

In the first case supposed, the case of a small demand for mental work and excitement, we look for, and we find, a better physique—greater muscular power and endurance, more vigour of digestion, rendering a coarser food sufficient for nourishment, more resistance to excesses of cold and heat; in short, a constitution adapted to physical drudgery and physical hardship.

Take now the other extreme. Let there be a great demand for mental work. The oxidation must now be disproportionately expended in the brain; less is given to the muscles, the stomach, the lungs, the skin, and secreting organs generally. There is a reduction of the possible muscular work, and of the ability to subsist on coarser food, and to endure hardship. Experience confirms this inference; the common observation of mankind has recognised the fact—although in a vague, unsteady form—that the head worker is not equally fitted to be a hand worker. The master, mistress, or overseer has each more delicacy of

sense, more management, more resource than the manual operatives, but to these belongs the superiority of muscular power and persistence.

There is nothing incompatible with the principle in allowing the possibility of combining, under certain favourable conditions, both physical and mental exertion in considerable amount. In fact, the principle teaches us exactly how the thing may be done. Improve the quality and increase the quantity of the food; increase the supply of oxygen by healthy residence; let the habitual muscular exertion be such as to strengthen and not impair the functions; abate as much as possible all excesses and irregularities, bodily and mental; add the enormous economy of an educated disposal of the forces; and you will develop a higher being, a *greater aggregate* of power. You will then have more to spare for all kinds of expenditure—for the physico-mental, as well as for the strictly physical. What other explanation is needed of the military superiority of the officer over the common soldier? of the general efficiency of the man nourished, but not enervated, by worldly abundance?

It may be possible, at some future stage of scientific inquiry, to compute the comparative amount of oxidation in the brain during severe mental labour. Even now, from obvious facts, we must pronounce it to be a very considerable fraction of the entire work done in the system. The privation of the other interests during mental exertion is so apparent, so extensive, that if the exertion should happen to be long continued, a liberal atonement has to be made in order to stave off general insolvency. Mental excess counts as largely as muscular excess in the diversion of power: it would be competent to suppose either the one or the other reducing the remaining forces of the system to one-half of their proper amount. In both cases, the work of restoration must be on the same simple plan of redressing the inequality, of allowing more than the average flow of blood to the impoverished organs, for a length of time corresponding to the period when their

nourishment has been too small. It is in this consideration that we seem to have the reasonable, I may say the arithmetical, basis of the constitutional treatment of chronic disease. We *repay the debt to nature* by allowing the weakened organ to be better nourished and less taxed, according to the degradation it has undergone by the opposite line of treatment. In a large class of diseases we have obviously a species of insolvency, to be dealt with according to the sound method of readjusting the relations of expenditure and income. And, if such be the true theory, it seems to follow that medication is only an inferior adjunct. Drugs, even in their happiest application, can but guide and favour the restorative process; just as the stirring of a fire may make it burn, provided there be the needful fuel.

There is thus a definite, although not numerically-stateable relation, between the total of the physico-mental forces and the total of the purely physical processes. The grand aggregate of the oxidation of the system includes both; and, the more the force taken up by one, the less is left to the other. Such is the statement of the correlation of mind to the other forces of Nature. We do not deal with pure mind,—mind in the abstract; we have no experience of an entity of that description. We deal with a compound or two-sided phenomenon—mental on one side, physical on the other; there is a definite correspondence in degree, although a difference of nature, between the two sides; and the physical side is itself in full correlation with the recognised physical forces of the world.

II. There remains another application of the doctrine, perhaps equally interesting to contemplate, and more within my special line of study. I mean the correlation of the mental forces among themselves (still viewed in the conjoint arrangement). Just as we assign limits to mind as a whole, by a reference to the grant of physical expenditure, in oxidation, &c. for the department, so we must assign limits to the different phases or modes of mental work—thought, feel-

ing, and so on—according to the share allotted to each; so that, while the mind as a whole may be stinted by the demands of the non-mental functions, each separate manifestation is bounded by the requirements of the others. This is an inevitable consequence of the general principle, and equally receives the confirmation of experience. There is the same absence of numerical precision of estimate; our scale of quantity can have but few divisions between the highest and the lowest degrees, and these not well fixed.

What is required for this application of the principle is, to ascertain the comparative cost, in the physical point of view, of the different functions of the mind.

The great divisions of the mind are, Feeling, Will, and Thought:—Feeling, seen in our pleasures and pains; Will, in our labours to attain the one, and avoid the other; Thought, in our sensations, ideas, recollections, reasonings, imaginings, and so on. Now, the forces of the mind, with their physical supports, may be evenly or unevenly distributed over the three functions. They may go by preference either to feeling, to action, or to thinking; and, if more is given to one, less must remain to the others, the entire quantity being limited.

First, as to the Feelings. Every throb of pleasure costs something to the physical system; and two throbs cost twice as much as one. If we cannot fix a precise equivalent, it is not because the relation is not definite, but from the difficulties of reducing degrees of pleasure to a recognised standard. Of this, however, there can be no reasonable doubt—namely, that a large amount of pleasure supposes a corresponding large expenditure of blood and nerve tissue, to the stinting, perhaps, of the active energies, and the intellectual processes. It is a matter of practical moment to ascertain what pleasures cost least, for there are thrifty and unthrifty modes of spending our brain and heart's blood. Experience probably justifies us in saying that the narcotic stimulants are, in

general, a more extravagant expenditure than the stimulation of food, society, and fine art. One of the safest of delights, if not very acute, is the delight of abounding physical vigour ; for, from the very supposition, the supply to the brain is not such as to interfere with the general interests of the system. But the theory of pleasure is incomplete without the theory of pain.

As a rule, pain is a more costly experience than pleasure, although sometimes economical as a check to the spendthrift pleasures. Pain is physically accompanied by an excess of blood in the brain, from at least two causes—extreme intensity of nervous action, and conflicting currents, both being sources of waste. The sleeplessness of the pained condition means that the circulation is never allowed to subside from the brain ; the irritation maintains energetic currents, which bring the blood copiously to the parts affected.

There is a possibility of excitement, of considerable amount, without either pleasure or pain ; the cost here is simply as the excitement : mere surprises may be of this nature. Such excitement has no value, except intellectually ; it may detain the thoughts, and impress the memory, but it is not a final end of our being, as pleasure is ; and it does not waste power to the extent that pain does. The ideally best condition is a moderate surplus of pleasure—a gentle glow, not rising into brilliancy or intensity, except at considerable intervals (say a small portion of every day), falling down frequently to indifference, but seldom sinking into pain.

Attendant on strong feeling, especially in constitutions young or robust, there is usually a great amount of mere bodily vehemence, as gesticulation, play of countenance, of voice, and so on. This counts as muscular work, and is an addition to the brain work. Properly speaking, the cerebral currents discharge themselves in movements, and are modified according to the scope given to these movements. Resistance to the movements is liable to increase the conscious activity of the brain, although a

continuing resistance may suppress the entire wave.

Next as to the Will, or our voluntary labours and pursuits for the great ends of obtaining pleasure and warding off pain. This part of our system is a compound experience of feeling and movement ; the properly mental fact being included under feeling—that is, pleasure and pain, present or imagined. When our voluntary endeavours are successful, a distinct throb of pleasure is the result, which counts among our valuable enjoyments : when they fail, a painful and depressing state ensues. The more complicated operations of the will, as in adjusting many opposite interests, bring in the element of conflict, which is always painful and wasting. Two strong stimulants pointing opposite ways, as when a miser has to pay a high fee to the surgeon that saves his eyesight, occasion a fierce struggle and severe draft upon the physical supports of the feelings.

Although the processes of feeling all involve a manifest, and it may be a serious expenditure of physical power, which of course is lost to the purely physical functions ; and although the extreme degrees of pleasure, of pain, or of neutral excitement must be adverse to the general vigour ; yet the presumption is, that we can afford a certain moderate share of all these without too great inroads on the other interests. It is the Thinking or Intellectual part of us that involves the heaviest item of expenditure in the physico-mental department. Anything like a great or general cultivation of the powers of thought, or any occupation that severely and continuously brings them into play, will induce such a preponderance of cerebral activity, in oxidation and in nerve-currents, as to disturb the balance of life, and to require special arrangements for redeeming that disturbance. This is fully verified by all we know of the tendency of intellectual application to exhaust the physical powers, and to bring on early decay.

A careful analysis of the operations of the intellect enables us to distinguish

the kind of exercises that involve the greatest expenditure, from the extent and the intensity of the cerebral occupation. I can but make a rapid selection of leading points.

First. The mere exercise of the Senses, in the way of attention, with a view to watch, to discriminate, to identify, belongs to the intellectual function, and exhausts the powers according as it is long continued, and according to the delicacy of the operation; the meaning of delicacy being that an exaggerated activity of the organ is needed to make the required discernment. To be all day on the *qui vive* for some very slight and barely perceptible indications to the eye or the ear, as in catching an indistinct speaker, is an exhausting labour of attention.

Secondly. The work of Acquisition is necessarily a process of great nervous expenditure. Unintentional imitation costs least, because there is no forcing of reluctant attention. But a course of extensive and various acquisitions cannot be maintained without a large supply of blood to cement all the multifarious connexions of the nerve-fibres, constituting the physical side of acquisition. An abated support of other mental functions, as well as of the purely physical functions, must accompany a life devoted to mental improvement, whether arts, languages, sciences, moral restraints, or other culture.

Of special acquisitions, languages are the most apparently voluminous; but the memory for visible or pictorial aspects, if very high, as in the painter and the picturesque poet, makes a prodigious demand upon the plastic combinations of the brain.

The acquisition of science is severe, rather than multifarious; it glories in comprehending much in little, but that little is made up of painful abstract elements, every one of which, in the last resort, must have at its beck a host of explanatory particulars: so that, after all, the burden lies in the multitude. If science is easy to a select number of minds, it is because there is a large spontaneous determination of force to the

cerebral elements that support it; which force is supplied by the limited common fund, and leaves so much the less for other uses.

If we advert to the Moral acquisitions and habits in a well-regulated mind, we must admit the need of a large expenditure to build up the fabric. The carefully-poised estimate of good and evil for self, the ever-present sense of the interests of others, and the ready obedience to all the special ordinances that make up the morality of the time, however truly expressed in terms of high and abstract spirituality, have their counterpart in the physical organism; they have used up a large and definite amount of nutriment, and, had they been less developed, there would have been a gain of power to some other department, mental or physical.

Refraining from further detail on this head, I close the illustration by a brief reference to one other aspect of mental expenditure, namely, the department of intellectual production, execution, or creativeness, to which in the end our acquired powers are ministerial. Of course, the greater the mere continuance or amount of intellectual labour in business, speculation, fine art, or anything else, the greater the demand on the physique. But amount is not all. There are notorious differences of severity or laboriousness, which, when closely examined, are summed up in one comprehensive statement—namely, the number, the variety, and the conflicting nature of the conditions that have to be fulfilled. By this we explain the difficulty of work, the toil of invention, the harassment of adaptation, the worry of leadership, the responsibility of high office, the severity of a lofty ideal, the distraction of numerous sympathies, the meritoriousness of sound judgment, the arduousness of any great virtue. The physical facts underlying the mental fact are a widespread agitation of the cerebral currents, a tumultuous conflict, a consumption of energy.

It is this compliance with numerous and opposing conditions that obtains

the most scanty justice in our appreciation of character. The unknown amount of painful suppression that a cautious thinker, a careful writer, or an artist of fine taste has gone through, represents a great physico-mental expenditure. The regard to evidence is a heavy drag on the wings of speculative daring. The greater the number of interests that a political schemer can throw overboard, the easier his work of construction. The absence of restraints — of severe conditions — in fine art, allows a flush and ebullience, an opulence of production, that is often called the highest genius. The Shakespearian profusion of images would have been reduced to one-half, if not less, by the self-imposed restraints of Pope, Gray, or Tennyson. So, reckless assertion is fuel to eloquence. A man of ordinary fairness of mind would be no match for the wit and epigram of Swift.

And again. The incompatibility of diverse attributes, even in minds of the largest compass (which supposes equally large physical resources), belongs to the same fundamental law. A great mind may be great in many things, because the same kind of power may have numerous applications. The scientific mind of a high order is also the practical mind; it is the essence of reason in every mode of its manifestation — the true philosopher in conduct as well as in knowledge. On such a

mind also, a certain amount of artistic culture may be superinduced; its powers of acquisition may be extended so far. But the spontaneous, exuberant, imaginative flow, the artistic nature at the core, never was, cannot be, included in the same individual. Aristotle could not be also a tragic poet; nor Newton a third-rate portrait painter. The cost of one of the two modes of intellectual greatness is all that can be borne by the most largely endowed personality; any appearances to the contrary are hollow and delusive.

Other instances could be given. Great activity and great sensibility are extreme phases, each using a large amount of power, and therefore scarcely to be coupled in the same system. The active, energetic man, loving activity for its own sake, moving in every direction, wants the delicate circumspection of another man who does not love activity for its own sake, but is energetic only at the spur of his special ends.

And once more. Great intellect as a whole is not readily united with a large emotional nature. The incompatibility is best seen by inquiring whether men of overflowing sociability are deep and original thinkers, great discoverers, accurate inquirers, great organizers in affairs; or whether their greatness is not limited to the spheres where feeling performs a part — poetry, eloquence, and social ascendancy.

AMONG THE PORTRAITS AT KENSINGTON: NOTES LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

BY FREDERIC G. STEPHENS.

IN those galleries where, in 1862, the holiday-seekers and students of many nations gathered for gossip and eating and drinking, occupations evanescent and jovial, two vast companies of the ghostly dead have since been called in succession, and ranked in portraiture before our eyes. They came from dusty

nooks, from garrets, or high up in rat-infested closets, off the walls of long-deserted rooms in country mansions which once were all their own in body or in similitude; they came from chambers that had been princely and full of life for five hundred years; from the dining-halls of colleges which the ori-

ginals had founded or benefited, and left them to be forgotten by those who eat dead men's feasts. This was painted when the sitter got the Garter, that when he or she was married; the next was a parting gift from a mother to her son, that to a wife from a husband going to the wars.

Last year, what old memories, old loves, old hates, old customs thronged the fancy or charmed the sight of the student as he hailed Chaucer's likeness (9), a copy made in former days of that which Occleve drew from recollections of his "dear master's" person! Here, in "Richard II." (7) was the oldest picture in England, sadly mauled, but still claiming attention by the strange beauty of the face;—that marvellous tritych of Sir John Donne and his lady (18) Memline painted in Bruges while Caxton was printing in Westminster Abbey: here were Holbein's pictures made in the golden age of Henry VIII.'s prime. These were by admirable artists, and had been given to Holbein, but were really due to his equals and forgotten names: one among these concerns all literary folks, for it was a superb picture of the Earl of Surrey (121) from Knole, painted in the Italian manner and ascribed to Holbein, but in all probability the work of William Stretes, an Englishman of great fame in his day. Surrey, it is said, died for his ambition. This portrait is inscribed *Sat superest*. Had not the words an afterthought?

Here Philip Sidney met Algernon of his own name; George Buchanan saw James I. long after he was out of tutelage, and had got to strange passes; there was Francis Walsingham face to face with Queen Mary of Scotland; Mary Beatoun (331)—a false-looking woman, and one of "the Queen's four Maries" who are included in the woeful rhyme,

"There was Mary Beatoun, and Mary Seton,
And Mary Carmichael and me,"

—met at least a dozen royal Maries, in few of whom could she possibly recognise

her mistress, so diverse were their features, so strange their airs. Here was Darnley, with the silliest face and longest legs that ever mortal saw; and there (439) the baby King James praying at God's altar by his father's tomb for vengeance on that father's murderers. Ten pictures off hung Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, the hero of "Hobson's choice," whose epitaph Milton made twice over: there Milton; there his friend Henry Lawes, of whom he wrote:—

"Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend
his wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phoebus'
quire."

There was Car of Fernherst and Devereux, earl of Essex, and that abandoned woman who married both, and may have murdered Overbury. Gondomar stood there with a wolfish laugh—he was a great wit: there Sir Walter Raleigh. This was the very portrait of the Infanta Maria which led Prince Charles on that will-o'-the-wisp dance into Spain; and not far off hung Henrietta of France, whom he picked up when the wild light had been dashed out;—Buckingham the first and Buckingham the second, Arabella Stuart, who had that tremendously long bill for millinery, and Anna Maria, countess of Shrewsbury, who held Buckingham's horse while he killed her husband, as they say.

In fact, the whole history of England and Scotland since Richard II.—civil, military, personal, and domestic—has been illustrated on these walls. Last year, the pages of Froissart, Monstrelet, Hollingshed, Hall, Fabyan, the histories of Elizabeth's times, the memoirs and diaries of James's and Charles's days; Grammont, D'Ewes, Bramston, Evelyn, and Pepys;—this year, Pope, Walpole, Boswell, Fanny Burney, and a score of others have had delightful light cast upon their pages. One might go on enumerating the men and women of last year's show until another year began. Here were Oliver's Peers and Charles's Knights of the Royal Oak; there arranged themselves

in groups the captains of Henry and Elizabeth, the traitors of King James.

In that gathering with which we have now to do, it is a captain of King William's who leads the line in a much-restored portrait, being Ginkell, Earl of Athlone (1), with whom may go Rigaud's showy picture of Bentinck, earl of Portland (5) whom the Duke of Marlborough delighted to call "the wooden Portland." He certainly looks a good deal like a ship's figure-head, a similitude which is increased by his action of holding out his leading-staff. Marlborough was the last apt man to do this reticent soldier justice: it is told of him that, being page of honour to William III., and his young master suffering from smallpox, the pustules of which did not rise, the doctor recommended placing the sick child in bed with another that was healthy, in order, as it was devised, to carry off the poison of the disease from the former. Bentinck volunteered his life, was accepted, took, and nearly died of the disease. It was a heroic act, which William long remembered. It was Bentinck who, when shown in a French palace Le Brun's pictures of Louis XIV.'s victories, and asked if such could be matched in England, replied, "No; the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen anywhere but in his own house." He acted in the spirit of that Roman Catholic of William's Dutch guards, who, as Burnet tells us, when asked how he could aid in the enterprise on England, which was aimed against his religion, answered that his soul was God's, but his sword was the Prince of Orange's. There is a portrait of Bentinck's young prince here (3), which must have been taken about the time of that act of self-sacrifice, and, in the pallor of its skin, the hollowing of its eyes, and other signs of debility, agrees with the look of a child just recovering from a sharp illness. It is by Cornelius Jonson van Ceulen, not, as the catalogue says, by the more famous Cornelius Jansen. To Van Ceulen may be ascribed many of the inferior pic-

tures which have been attributed to his namesake, and among them some that puzzled students of last year's exhibition by their utter variance from those of the better-known artist. Jonson van Ceulen is said by Nagler to have died 1656, a date this picture corrects by bearing a signature and the date 1657. William was then seven years of age; Hanneman painted him in a much better state of health in the next picture (4), which shows him in armour, and is dated 1664. There is a charming portrait of a bright-faced, beautiful healthy boy in a cap, with a fringe and feathers round its edge; this is also called "William III." (18), is the property of Earl Spencer, and attributed to Rembrandt. It may be of Rembrandt's school, but is open to grave doubts as to being by the master—certainly, is not a portrait of William, who was always a sickly child.

Connected with King William is a large group of portraits, comprising some of the most famous names in Europe. No. 81 gives one of them as "John, duke of Marlborough," painted when he was a young man, and probably more admired for his beauty than his genius. He has a smooth, fair, handsome face, with dark eyes that lie softly under large and broad lids, a round and bold forehead, small full mouth, and cheeks with an oval outline; altogether more like a carpet-knight than a great conqueror, if it were not for the impress of resolution and energy, self-command and decision of intellect which distinguishes the face. Many excuses have been made for his tergiversation and duplicity: of these the best that can be made is that his consistency was with himself in self-seeking. Of this characteristic one fancies signs even in this handsome face, but neither there nor in that other likeness (87), by Kneller, is any mark of that extraordinary parsimony which "cropped out" in the strangest way. Conceive such a man, when in the career of victory and dictating peace to France, writing thus to his duchess:—"You must let the Lord Treasurer know that since the Queen (Anne) came to

"the crown I have not had either a canopy or a chair of state, which now of necessity I must have; so the wardrobe should have immediate orders, and I beg you *will take care to have it made so that it may serve for part of a bed when I have done with it here.*"

"Brimstone Sarah" was no inapt name for the termagant but straight-dealing wife of this thrifty conqueror—a lady who is amply represented here by four portraits, all taken at about one period of her life, and by Kneller. One would like to see a picture of her later appearance, when her grandson Charles, second Duke of Marlborough (396), compelled her to appear in a public court of justice in order to the restitution of property she kept from him. Among this property was a sword set with diamonds, which the Emperor gave to the first duke: in course of her examination she averred that she had retained the weapon "lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them." She kept up this indomitable spirit nearly to the last. Thus wrote Walpole to Mason:—"Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell? Last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; the physicians said, 'She must be blistered, or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will," adds the letter-writer (Dec. 10, 1741). She kept her word, and lived three years longer. Countless stories are told of her violence and insolence. Among these is one which we believe refers to No. 90, representing her in the fulness of womanhood, dressed loosely in a white wrapper, her immense mass of long and very fair hair dishevelled and hanging down on one shoulder, from which it falls to her right hand. Her features are swollen, eyelids red and heavy, and their expression is such as follows a storm of rage and tears. We believe this portrait was taken by order of the duke to commemorate one of the most outrageous of her explosions, which is thus described:—"Her features and air announced nothing that her temper

"did not confirm; both together, her beauty and temper, enslaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day at her toilet, in anger to him, she cut off those commanding tresses, and flung them in his face!" Pendent to this picture, and evidently intended to contrast with it, is another (No. 89), one of the best and most pleasing of Kneller's works. This shows her beauty to comprise a piquante, slightly turned-up nose, bright deep-blue eyes, well-defined fair eyebrows, and an exuberant bust. Closterman painted her in a family picture, and whilst this was going on the artist and she quarrelled so incessantly that the duke declared to him, "It has given me more trouble to reconcile my wife and you than to fight a battle." Another warrior's wife and duchess termagant of this period was Anne (born Clarges), duchess of Albemarle, Monk's wife, of whom, when her temper was up, that general was dreadfully afraid. Aubrey tells us that "she was not at all handsome, nor very cleanly." Her mother was one

"Of the fine women-barbers
That dwelt in Drury Lane."

Of her inflammable Grace of Marlborough it was tartly said by the Duke of Montagu, when Churchill praised his water-works at Boughton, "They are by no means comparable to your Grace's fireworks." There was another imperious Duchess of Marlborough whom Reynolds painted in that famous family group "The Marlborough Family." This lady had great reverence for her carpets, and, while the President was at work, took such offence at his furious snuff-taking, the waste of which strewed the floor, that, losing patience, she at last bade a servant bring a broom and shovel to remove it. Reynolds, who could be conveniently deaf than usual, noticed nothing until the utensils were produced, and then cried, "Let it be, let it be; the dust will do more harm to my picture than the snuff to the carpet." The housewifely lady sat on thorns until the sitting was

over, and never forgave Sir Joshua. Termagant Duchess Sarah's sister was the Miss Jennings who married, first, George Hamilton, famous in Grammont's "Memoirs," and secondly, Richard Talbot, James the Second's Duke of Tyrconnel. This lady is well known on account of her freak with Miss Price, when, disguised as orange-girls, they visited the rake Jermyn, and by other adventures of a questionable sort. She died in 1703, a nun of the order of Poor Clares, having fallen out of bed in a bitter night of cold in her eighty-fourth year, while her sister was still busily building at Blenheim.

Here (84) is Prince George of Denmark, so dull a mortal that Charles II. said he had tried him both drunk and sober and found nothing in him. He died of excessive eating and drinking; yet he does not look a glutton, although his face contrasts wonderfully with that of the self-centred Marlborough, his wife's great captain, and that of the other leader, Prince Eugene (88), a little Jewish-looking man, with a long hooked nose, broad eyebrows, and a small chin. Still more does this picture of a lazy man contrast with that of another thunderbolt in war, Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough (129), the victor of Valencia, here painted in his old age, and about the time when he was planting peaches at Bevis Mount, Southampton—not long before he on his death-bed gave to Pope that watch which Pope by will destined for Arbuthnot (158). This watch had been given to Peterborough by the King of Sardinia (Victor Amadeus II.), and is named, in Pope's will, as "that which I commonly wore." As Arbuthnot died before Pope, the bequest was inoperative.

It is wonderful to see how dead men's pictures are bound together. Take but a single loop of this inextricable and endless string. Fat-headed, gluttonous George of Denmark was going to Epsom one day in 1708, and had a severe fit of dyspepsia. (By the way, if he had not eaten and drunk so much, the hydrocephalic look of that poor boy, William

Duke of Gloucester, as it appears in No. 80, where his mother Queen Anne holds him at her knee, might not have been so fatally large, with such consequences to countless generations.) Well, a certain physician, whom Swift (140), in a letter to Stella—whose portrait, by the way, is *not* No. 142—May 10, 1712, described as "a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine," chanced, much to the comfort of Prince George and his own benefit, to be at Epsom on that day. This "Scotch gentleman" and physician was Arbuthnot, and the occasion of Swift's letter was the publication of the famous "History of John Bull," a work which Swift praised prodigiously, as became one of that wonderful "Mutual Admiration Society" to which both belonged. In due time Arbuthnot wrote to Swift, who, in his turn, had published "The Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver," and informed him that Lord Scarborough (235), "who is no inventor of "stories, told me that he fell in company with a master of a ship who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but the printer had "mistaken, that he lived in Wapping, "not in Rotherhithe." To add to the oddity of all this, it has come out since that there really was a sea-Captain Gulliver, who lived somewhere by Deal in later life, and was probably the man about whom the "printer" is said to have erred.

"Downright Shippen," the man among men, whose price Sir Robert Walpole (247, &c.) did not know, is here on canvas (222), a man with a black and prodigious periwig, who sits bolt upright in his chair, having, on a flat face, a broad nose, round eyes, and singularly uplifted eyebrows—expressive of disdain and self-reliance; a richly-characteristic picture, probably by Richardson. "Lord Fanny" is here in Lord Hervey (257), of whom more presently. "Sir Richard" is Blackmore (151), physician and ponderous poet; Bugdell and Cibber do not appear. "Cæsar," who "scorns the poet's lays," is George I. (194). The exquisite and famous lines, that can never be too famous, by which

the poet describes his own condition, bear light on "Bolingbroke" (109), and "Peterborough" (129).—

"Know, all the distant din the world can keep
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep;
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."

Of Dryden, we have an irrefutable portrait in No. 65. It is by Kneller, the property of Dryden's descendant, and was given to the poet by the painter. The story is that, when Dryden read some of Swift's early poems, he said, "Ah! cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," a saying which the latter revenged in the immortal "Battle of the Books," where he certainly throws an odd light on this picture. It represents a man in a tremendous periwig, from within which the face peers out, so as almost to justify the satire in the account of the duel between Virgil and his translator. "The helmet of the latter," so wrote Swift, "was nine times 'too large for the head, which appeared 'situate far in the hinder part, like 'a mouse under a canopy of state, or 'like a shrivelled beau from within 'the pent-house of a modern periwig." Let the shuddering reader think of the feelings of the withered dragon, who, when age let his natural coat of mail hang loose and rattling on his vast but weakened chest, heard this from the young lion of the next generation! How the aged heart must have ached for the days when "Mac Flecknoe" was written;—ached for the arm's strength that had hewed down *Doeg* (Settle), cast *Og* (Shadwell) into the fire, and assaulted Shaftesbury!

Dryden and Swift were cousins on the female side, but Dryden's appears to

have been the better blood: in a worldly sense there could be no comparison. Swift was poor and never got much for his literary labour, whereas of "Absalom and Achitophel" more copies had been sold than of any work except "The Trial of Sacheverell" (126). From the hand of the Earl of Abingdon Dryden received the unparalleled sum of five hundred guineas for his poem "Eleanora," a laudation of the Earl's wife—a work which, as containing no more than three hundred and seventy lines, was better paid for than any poem, ancient or modern. The modern maximum of a guinea a line is nothing to this; the difference in the value of money makes the former price more than double. By the bye, does everybody know that Dryden's house of living and dying still stands—being 34, Gerrard Street, Soho? His study was the ground-floor front room. Another of the men depicted here lived close by, namely Lord Mohun (123), who fought the Duke of Hamilton (79), so that both were slain. They fought about the property of which that part of Soho is a large section. Gerrard Street took its name from Lady Mohun's uncle, Lord Macclesfield, whose title is represented by Macclesfield Street in the same district.

Dryden's face is by no means a beautiful one. The upper features look as if they had somehow slid towards the chin; the nose is lengthy and fleshy; there is fleshiness of another sort about the lips; the chin is rather weak; the outer corners of the eyes are higher than their inner fellows.

Pope's will, which has been already referred to, connects us with two other legatees, whose portraits are here, the Misses Blount (152),

"The fair-haired Martha and Theresa brown."

Readers will remember these ladies' names in connexion with Pope. The name of Jervas is not appended to this picture in the catalogue, but we have no doubt of its having been painted by that artist. It has, however, been much restored, newly painted all over.

Martha Blount was Pope's principal heiress : to her, "All the furniture in my "grotto, urns in my garden, household "goods, chattels, plate, and whatever else "is not otherwise disposed of," says his will. Another picture by Jervas, who is known to literary men as the best English translator of "Don Quixote," is, here, and is undoubtedly that designated in Pope's "Epistle to Mr. Jervas." It is Elizabeth Churchill, Countess of Bridgewater (160), respecting which Pope has the line :—

"With Zeuxis Helen thy Bridgewater vie :"

a ridiculous piece of flattery, although praising a good enough picture. Pope had large dealings with artists. Richardson painted two excellent portraits of him, which are here : No. 136, a small work from the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, curiously showing those crescent-shaped lines at the corners of the contorted mouth which never fail to accompany a deformed body, and are the signs of long-continued inward pain ; also No. 154, with the poet's favourite and big dog, "Bounce," in front and looking up at him. The bard sits here in that evidently characteristic action of leaning his overweighty brain on one hand, the elbow resting on a table. Thus Kneller painted him in that wonderfully expressive picture, No. 146, belonging to the Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, which was made for Lord Harcourt. It is rough in handling, probably not wholly free from restorations, but startling in the look conveyed of a wasted face, with hollow and hectically lighted cheeks, large luminous eyes, glittering in moisture, a narrow sloping forehead, an ill-formed nose, and, above all, a too heavy, yet by no means large cranium. It is the face of an over-sensitive, irritable, not over-refined man. He puffed Kneller as vigorously, and with better reason than Jervas was berhymed. More pathetic is this letter to Richardson :—"My poor mother is "dead. I thank God her death was as "easy as her life was innocent ; and, as it "cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, "there is yet upon her countenance an

"expression of Tranquility, nay, almost "of Pleasure, that it is even amiable to "behold it. It would afford the finest "image of a Saint expir'd that ever "Painting drew, and it would be the "greatest obligation which even that "obliging Art could ever bestow on a "friend if you would come and sketch it "for me. I am sure, if there is no very "prevalent obstacle, you will leave any "common business to do this : and I "hope to see you this evening, as late "as you will, or to-morrow morning "early, before this winter flower is faded. "I will defer her interment until to-morrow night. I know you love me, "or I could not have written this, I "could not (at this time) have written "at all. Adieu ! May you die as "happily." (June 10, 1733, Twickenham. Mrs. Pope died on the seventh of this month, aged 93.)

We meant to leave Pope in this tender fit, but there is another note that may well follow here. There is a letter from Pope to Swift announcing the death of Gay, their common friend, and containing a postscript in Arbuthnot's handwriting. Arbuthnot attended Gay at his death. The letter is dated "December 5, 1732," and is thus indorsed by the Dean : "On my dear friend Mr. "Gay's death : Received Dec. 15, but "not read till the 20th, by an Impulse "forboding some misfortune." We have three portraits of Gay here, (173) by Michael Dahl, (176) by Hogarth, and (177) by Richardson, as we believe, although it was sold about forty-seven years ago as a Hogarth ; it belongs to Lady Clifden.

Pope's circle is marked at large on the walls of this collection. "Mary Wortley Montagu" is by his friend Richardson (237), a tall and slender young dame, with a very amorous expression in her beautiful eyes, and a face marvellously different from that which Mr. Frith painted some years since in a highly popular picture of Pope's luckless wooing of the lady. Walpole and Pope celebrate the dirtiness of her linen.

Richardson also painted that noble portrait of the magnanimous surgeon,

William Cheselden (237), who agreed to spend the last years of his life with the old soldiers at Chelsea, lies buried in their graveyard, and has his grave miserably defiled. This is a superb portrait, worthy of a Venetian. Kneller's best portrait here is of Sir Hans Sloane (231), belonging to the Royal Society, and a bequest about the time when Walpole—(438, an unnamed painter's portrait of the witty letter-writer, is here)—wrote thus in his jesting way: "Sir Hans Sloane is 'dead, and has made me one of the 'trustees of his museum. He valued 'it at fourscore thousand pounds, and 'so would anybody who loved hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and 'spiders as big as geese. It is a rent-charge to keep the fetuses in spirits." No. 39, a bluff, kindly-faced gentleman, by Kneller, is Dean Aldrich, of Christ Church, the architect of All Saints' and Peckwater, perhaps better known as author of "Good, good, indeed!" and, "Hark! the bonny Christ Church Bells." The famous Betterton, by Kneller, is here, in No. 67, a much-restored picture; also that copy of it on which Pope's reputation as a painter has been founded. All artistic friends agree that the handling of the copy is not due to a mere amateur, such as Pope must have been, but shows signs of long practice in the squareness, firmness, and clearness of the touches, and the brilliancy of the colouring. Doubtless the better portions of this copy are by Jervas, Kneller's pupil and Pope's friend. The copy belongs to Lord Mansfield, the original to Lady Delawarr. The Scottish artist Murray—who painted, in No. 161, William Dampier's gipsy face, as tawny as if all the world's winds had blown upon it—was a friend of Pope. Long-headed Fletcher of Saltoun (20) is probably by M. Dahl, and not by Aikman—another of the good northern portrait-painters of that day. The noblest portrait of Newton is No. 33, by Kneller, the perfect presentation of an incarnate intellect.

The series of Kit-Cat Club portraits comprises those that were painted by

Kneller in his happiest manner for Jacob Tonson (147)—who is himself here, in a red cap, and with a bluff, rosy-hued and well-fed face, a knowing twinkle in his eye, as if he looked about at his "eminent hands" of the literary set who still gather round him in effigy. Like Dampier, he holds a book, but it is "Paradise Lost," of which he bought the copyright. Here is Steele (111), "a short-faced gentleman," very handsome, and with a most genial look; and here is Addison's (115) most gentlemanly countenance. Congreve (116) is a little supercilious in his expression, and partly turns away from us; Sir John Vanbrugh (112) looks really the able man he was, much less heavily featured than folks think. The Marquis of Wharton (118) was Addison's patron, supposed author of "*Lilliburlero*," the famous anti-Jacobite song. The portrait (137) of the fat man with deep pock marks, a swelled nose, and a napkin tied round his head, is *not* that of Kit-Cat himself, the pastrycook at whose house the splendid company of wits and bards originally met. It is by Kneller, as the catalogue says, but is known, by a print by A. Miller, 1739, to represent Le Beck, a tavern-keeper, with a glass of wine in his hand. Worst of all among the errors, that large picture which many must have noticed as "Members of the Kit-Cat Club" (145), belonging to Baroness Windsor, represents some Dutch gentlemen taking tea, and is not by Kneller at all. Another picture caught every eye, and was reported to be by Hogarth—No. 229, "Bishop Hooper," belonging to Christ Church, Oxford; but, by G. White's engraving, 1723, this is known to be by T. Hill, a very able portrait-painter. The so-called "Captain Coram" (341), by Hogarth, is really Mr. Porter. "Sarah Malcolm" (370), although by Hogarth, is not his portrait of that murderess.

The lady in the hood, and with eager, hard grey eyes, and a rather cruel expression (258), was once the "beautiful Molly Lepel," who married Lord Hervey (257),—"Sporus, that thin white curd of ass's milk." They made her a cornet

of horse, says Walpole, almost as soon as she was born, "which is no more wrong to the design of an army than if she had been a son: she was paid many years after she was Maid of Honour." Lord Sunderland got her a pension when it became too ridiculous to continue her any longer as an officer in the army. Before we dismiss the memory-wealthy circle of Kneller and his contemporaries, let us return to No. 58, the Royal Society's portrait of Sir Joseph Williamson, by Kneller, and remind the reader that it was he who received that famous epistle from the Countess of Pembroke—whose portrait was here last year; a resolute-looking little woman—when he pressed her about the nomination of a courtier for the borough of Appleby: "I have been bullied by an usurper, neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand.—Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery." But just look at "Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Governor of New York" (130). It shows a dreadfully ugly male mortal in a woman's dress, with a fan in his hand, a long-bodied gown, and a female's cap on. The original was the grandson of no less a person than the great minister Clarendon. To such degradation did he come that this picture represents one of his follies in appearing thus dressed before the New Yorkers to represent Queen Anne in proper person. He seems to have been half crazy.

We come now upon another class of persons. In No. 270 we have George II., a full-length by Kneller, and oddly illustrating Mr. Carlyle's description of him as always showing one of his little legs, putting it forward to be noticed: rather an impudent than a heavy-looking man, but most happy in self-satisfaction. In 255 we have, thanks to Vanderbank, George's better-looking wife, a bright-faced woman with very fair hair, dressed in velvet, ropes of silk, lace, and the rest of such things, which is as hideous but not so splendid as that of Queen Elizabeth herself, who was really a woeful dresser. From Augusta, Princess

of Wales (264, by Vanloo), in unhappy combination with Frederick Lewis, son of George II. (277, by Amiconi), were derived the trumpeter's cheeks, sloping forehead, weak chin, and narrow-fronted skull of George III., who in Vanloo's picture is seated with his mother, and although a mere baby, is yet almost comically like his mother, and still more like himself when grown to manhood.

That portrait of Frederick Lewis, prince of Wales, by Amiconi (277), is worth writing about, if it were only to show what imbecile creatures have sometimes the misfortune to be influential in this world. There he sits, the beau ideal of a *petit maître*, shaved smug as a new deal board. A tight and rather small whitish wig goes fairly with his very fair, almost white, eyebrows and lashes; the cheeks are plump and full, the eyes without a sign of mind in them. Hear what they thought of him in his own days, and in his own house:—"Old Lady Gower carried a niece to Leicester Fields (where the prince resided) the other day, to present her; the girl trembled—she pushed her. "What are you afraid of? Don't you see that musical clock? Can you be afraid of a man that has a musical clock?" Let us hope the damsel took heart and faced the dapper prince with the fair eyelashes. When this man died, the people lamented that it had not been his brother the Duke of Cumberland, victor at Culloden, whom, not only for his cruelties at that time, but also on account of his appearance (he looks like a great squab of flesh, and fat, and blood) men called "the Butcher." "Oh! that it were but the Butcher," was the cry on 'Change when they heard Frederick Lewis was dead. Here is the fat duke on horseback, a very greasy, sanguinary-looking mortal (281) with Lord Cathcart, his aide-de-camp, riding behind, and showing on his cheek that black patch of which he was so proud, because it covered the hole made by the bullet of Fontenoy. It appears again in 298, the present Lord Cathcart's superbly

toned portrait of his ancestor by Reynolds. Reynolds also painted "the Butcher" in a "whole-length" (318)—one of the most masculine of his many masculine pictures, wherein, with consummate art, he has refined upon that which seemed unrefined.

The Duke of Cumberland's portraits are not the only illustrations of the "45" present here. This is no less a person than "Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat" (320), the half-French Scotchman of evil fame—the very picture which Hogarth painted at St. Albans, whither he was taken to meet the captured Highland fox, in order that he might paint his unlovely countenance. When Hogarth came to his sitter's room Lovat jumped up and kissed him; and, while he sat, he counted on his fingers, as this picture shows, the names and forces of the revolted clans. While Lovat was going to trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, "You ugly old dog, 'don't you think you will have that 'frightful head cut off?'" He replied, "You ugly old —, I believe I shall." After many doubles, shifts, and schemes which put one in mind of the death of that creature with which he has been most frequently compared, he went to execution bravely, and was "despatched at a blow." No performer in that sad drama of the "45" has a stronger hold upon many memories than Flora Macdonald, whose portrait is here (312), from the hands of Allan Ramsay, son of "the Gentle Shepherd;" a very curious and interesting picture, quite other in the features it represents than that sentimental heroine who so commonly appears in pictures. Being dated 1749, it shows her when the bloom of lassiehood had passed away, leaving the expression of an extraordinarily resolute will in hard-set grey eyes, inflexible-looking lips, and cheeks that had begun to wither. It is a most striking face, bitter, resentful, soured, and, with all its intensity, narrow in look. The other "Flora Macdonald," by Hudson (314), is the picture of a round-faced young English lady. Of Allan Ramsay as a painter we have Walpole's rather

superfluous testimony in a letter to Sir David Dalrymple: "I have discovered 'another very agreeable writer among 'your countrymen, and in a profession 'where I did not look for an author; 'it is Mr. Ramsay the painter, whose 'pieces being anonymous, have been 'overlooked. He and Mr. Reynolds 'are our favourite painters, and two of 'the very best we have ever had." He adds that Ramsay painted women better than Reynolds, but can hardly have been sincere in saying so. It was not a woman that Ramsay painted when he gave us this David Hume (No. 379).

Readers of "Boswell's Johnson" remember that capital story about one Bet Flint, who, as the Doctor with great glee told—"wrote her own life in verse, which 'she brought to me, wishing I would 'furnish her with a preface to it. I 'used to say to her that she was generally slut and drunkard, occasionally 'whore and thief. She had, however, 'genteel lodgings, a spinet on which she 'played, and a boy that walked before 'her chair. Poor Bet was taken up 'on a charge of stealing a counterpane, 'and tried at the Old Bailey. The 'Chief Justice Willes, who loved a 'wench, summed up favourably, and 'she was acquitted. After which Bet 'said, with a gay and satisfied air, 'Now that the counterpane is my 'own, I shall make a petticoat of it.'" Bet Flint is not here; but her clement judge is—No. 254, "Sir John Willis, Knight, Lord Chief Justice," painted by Hudson. John Wilkes is also here, with his acidulous and grim old-maiden daughter, painted by Zoffany (554). No. 376 has an interest for readers of old books. It shows Stephen Cave, Johnson's employer and friend, well known as the publisher of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, of whom it was said he never looked out of window but with a view to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

What a wealth of Reynoldses in this Exhibition, and how in some of these portraits by the great painter he has enabled us to see the features of a few of that wondrous group of men whom

he knew and loved! One can but run over names here; nothing more. Here is Beattie (686) with the Angel of Truth behind him, disposing of Voltaire; here is Goldsmith (552); here is Fox (763); and here is Gibbon (667)—Reynolds's Gibbon, and very different from Romney's, which is next it. It was this picture which, Rogers tells us, Fox saw at Lausanne, in these circumstances, "Gibbon talked a great deal, walking up and down the room, and generally ending his sentences with a genitive case; every now and then, too, casting a look of complacency at his own portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which hung over the chimney-piece; that wonderful portrait in which, while the oddness and vulgarity of the features are refined away, the likeness is perfectly preserved." Lastly we have Johnson himself by Reynolds in no fewer than five versions, some looking as if he were bullying a bishop, others as if he were praising Hodge, his cat—"for whom he used frequently to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature." Boswell, who did not like cats, suffered a good deal from Hodge. We really believe he was jealous of the pet. He states, "I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half whistling, rubbed down his back and pulled him by the tail, and, when I observed he was a fine cat, saying,

"'Why, yes, sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this;' and then, as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'But he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.'" We believe there is no picture of this Hodge, or any of his predecessors except that which Boswell thus painted in words.

Johnson, when tending towards the grave, wrote to Reynolds in this ineffably yearning way:—"Write, do write, to me now and then. We are now old acquaintances, and perhaps few people have lived so much, and so long together with less cause of complaint on either side. The retrospection of this is very pleasant, and I hope we shall never think on each other with less kindness." It is evident he rejoices in this. Has any one noticed Johnson's delicately tender request, made on his death-bed, that Reynolds would forgive him thirty pounds he had borrowed? It seems as if he longed to take a kindness into the grave to warm it.¹ He left to Sir Joshua "my own copy of my folio English dictionary of the last revision." This was his *magnum opus*, the nearest to his heart. Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, first of the name, whose portrait by Gainsborough is here (793), sold Dr. Johnson's library of about five thousand volumes; it fetched no more than 247*l.* 9*s.*

¹ We must not suppose Johnson was in need of 30*l.*; on the contrary, his will disposed of at least 2,500*l.*

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE BARREN, BARREN SHORE!

It was twilight,—dreary, drizzling, cloudy twilight, such as we sometimes endure with a sort of impatient sad-

ness, even when there is no cause for grief. A twilight that dulls our spirits as it sinks over the leaden sea. Colour gone,—light gone,—warmth gone,—all silent, and wet, and cold. The wind low and hushed: coming in little fitful

gusts round the rocks and hollow caves ; puffs of weak vapour ; no freshness ; no wildness in the blast ; as if great Nature were, in the words of Shakespeare,—

“ In all her functions weary of herself.”

The tiny lodgings and cottages by the sea were beginning to darken. One after one the glimmering lights went out. The terrified old washerwoman pulled down her sleeves over her bare arms, and looked round with a shudder at the scoured and mopped floor of her dwelling, before she sat down to supper with two gaping friends who had dropped in to keep her company after the awful event of the day. Lady Charlotte was recovering from repeated hysterics in the “pastoral cottage” covered with roses and honey-suckles ; and leaning her head on Gertrude’s shoulder was watching, with something like a returning smile, the energetic attempts of Neil to make tea and wait on her and his mother. Far away, at the police-station, quivered the gas-light over the door, and with a ghastly brilliancy shone on the closed shutters of the room where the murdered smuggler’s corpse was lying ; waiting for evidence, and coroner’s inquest, and some one to own and identify him, and to take some sort of interest in this sudden destruction of a man in the prime of life and life’s energies. And duly, by and by, muffled in a shawl—ashamed of her love ; of his fate ; of the brawl with some unknown ruffian, his companion in a lawless trade which her father had disapproved and which had now cost him his life—came the decent farmer’s daughter, the Mary of his obscure love-story, to sob, and sigh, and drop short agitated curtsies when questioned by the sergeant of police, and admit that it was some one she knew ; some one to whose identity “all at home” could speak ! And then she went back to the quiet farm and her parents, and back to her little lonely room ; where her half-made wedding-gown lay neatly folded, with thread, scissors, and needle-book on the top of it ; and the bright French silk neckerchief (his last gift)

hung over the looking-glass ; and her Prayer-book and Bible were set on the chest of drawers, with wild flowers drying between their leaves, gathered in their pleasant walk the last Sunday, when she had persuaded him to go to church ; that Sunday when her father had shaken hands with him for the first time, and even her mother had asked him if he would stay tea. That happy, quiet Sunday !

And Mary wept and prayed, and wept again. Going through that phase of bitter anguish known to more hearts than hers ; the lament for one whose death is lamented by no one else ; the lament for one, thought by others unworthy, but on whom we ourselves pinned many a hope. Unshared was the grief of her patient heart. She knew that her father and mother were sitting downstairs talking over the matter in whispers : sorry for their young daughter ; but not sorry—rather relieved—that by this stroke of destiny her imprudent love was brought to a close. So she wept, and made her moan,—till, at her tiny lattice window also, the light was put out that made one of the sparks on the land above the shore,—went out, and told no tale of the hopes extinguished within ; or that a poor simple girl lay sobbing herself to sleep in the darkness that succeeded.

But on the long cold stretch of the sea-shore stood one who neither wept, nor rested, nor slept. Ailie was there !

Her head was uncovered to the drizzling rain. Her boa, twisted round her slender throat, was clutched at from time to time with restless fingers, as the light puffs of wind waved the dangling ends of the fur. She was shivering ; less with cold than intense nervous excitement ; alternately moving swiftly and pausing, more cat-like than ever in the dim sad light.

More cat-like than ever ! At one moment she would scud swiftly over the damp sands with soundless footsteps, and be lost behind the cliff. Then with slow, stealthy, deliberate pace, she would emerge, advance a few

yards, and stop: motionless and watchful, yet watching nothing: looking over the sea—the objectless, grey, low line of the undulating sea—with a fixed stare; her eyes gleaming in the faint light; her spare figure making a sort of shadowy column between sand and sky. And thus she would remain till, all of a sudden, the spirit of swift scudding would awake in her again, and send her flitting along the shore with such rapidity that the eye lost her, and only became conscious of her reappearance when again the stealthy pace, the objectless pause, the long stare at nothing visible, the slight gesture of the governing hand that would fain keep the boat from imitating the movements of animal life when stirred by the capricious air,—broke the monotony, and gave something of a less visionary nature to her presence on the gloomy sands.

Oh, very dismal and barren of all hope was that shore to the eyes of Alice Ross! She might recross the sea in that light sailing-boat which had borne her from France; she might put countries and continents between her and her native land; but across the gulf of black thoughts, across the ocean tinged with blood, across the disturbed billows of rage and confusion which tossed her soul, never more could she be steered to any quiet haven. Nevermore!

Nor was she dreaming of quiet; nor desirous of peace; nor pitying any of the actors or sufferers in the strange tragedy of the morning, except herself; nor yearning to blot out all that had occurred that day like a bad dream. Active, restless, full of the supple energy of the animal she so closely resembled; sharp and feverish were the workings of her busy brain.

Alice was not thinking of the terrible past; she was planning a terrible future. She was thinking of James Frere: not as a false lover, a common swindler, a murderer amenable to the laws of his country. No, no; none of these things. She was thinking of him solely as her prey.

He had had many a narrow escape, but this time his fate shall doom him. He shall not escape ALICE!

Woe to the man who is loved with the passion that has neither tenderness nor affection to soften it! who is loved not for his own sake, but for the selfish sake of the woman who has mated with him! The opposite of that love is hate. The serpent hatched from the Egyptian warmth of that sterile soil, is vengeance. Pity and regret and the sad quiet partings of a humbled heart; the unutterable and fiery sense of wrong quenched and conquered by a flood of better and holier feelings: all these things are unknown to such women. Their impulse is to slay Jason's children to punish Jason. They fulfil the Scriptural malediction which says, "Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel."

Alice thought over the links that had bound her to Frere, and all that she had said, done, and suffered, till a delirium of wild revenge thrilled her brain.

"Don't be affected." "You knew it." "Nonsense." These were the words of insult he had tossed at her before that other woman, the "Anita," he had recognised! Words spoken, no doubt, to deceive that Creole wife; perhaps to pave the way for reconciliation with her. She was rich; she had boasted of her riches. Everything over which Alice Ross had power as her own property, she had lent or given to James Frere. The Creole had said that her father was dead; and she was rich, and so had come to England. What though she had spoken angrily at that first meeting? Frere would have power to soften her. He had fled, but it was not clear that he knew that he had killed the man he struck at: it was not clear that he knew he was a murderer. Where would he flee to? that was the question. All his haunts; his tricks of disguise and hiding; his fox-like craftily-contrived holes; his means of evading and eluding: his daring ways and cunning devices; were they not known to Alice? Had he not himself

revealed and boasted of them in the days of their "love?"

Only one thing for ever marked him : the scar on his cruel right hand.

Yes, he was marked. She was glad of that. That would help *others* to track him. Others not so well acquainted with his manifold contrivances. She remembered the first day she had ever noticed that scar; the day the Dowager Clochnaben had asked him to sketch some architectural improvements for her grim castle.

She saw him now, as in a vision; saw him—as she stood with the drizzling rain damp on her hair, and the leaden sea cold and sad at her feet—seated in the great room at Clochnaben; with all its stately old furniture; its huge comfortable grate, full of pine logs burning with a scented odour; its heavy shining table on which lay the maps, and books, and the slanting portfolio with blood-red strings from which he took the etchings he had made. She saw his smile once more; that smile when their eyes met; *THE* smile, that told her there was more in the soul of that wandering preacher than was taught by his Scriptural texts; and yet she had liked him the better for it, and welcomed with a thrill of passion that irregular and intelligent face as her ideal of male beauty. She saw his hand—that scarred, that *forging* hand—with its light firm touch, and pencil of power, busy in its task that harmless night. She saw it raised and bleeding in the blue lake by the Hut, when he dived for Eusebia's bracelet, and Guiseppe had recognised him and exclaimed against him.

And lastly, in the rapid magic lantern of her shifting visions, she saw him lying in the Highland cottage, simulating to the simple and pious minister the woes of a blind beggar, and cunningly obtaining his assistance and charitable recommendation. She saw the low sunshine gleam in on the tartan quilt of the lowly bed as she sat by him; illumining the edge of the bed-frame, polished and worn by age, the dark green check of the quilt, and the

forgers' hand; as he held Gertrude's and Kenneth's letters, steadily gazing at the writing with those eyes supposed to be filmed in darkness, preparatory to exerting once again those skilful fingers in their power of imitative art, for the satisfaction of a base revenge on the innocent.

That hand; that thin scarred hand! Clear as the awful image of warning that came out and wrote on the walls of a palace—"Mene, Mene; Tekel, Upharsin," she saw it rise between her and the sullen sky and cold grey sea that dim and dreary evening. And, as all the passing dreams of her mind faded and vanished, the swift scudding movement returned to her limbs, and flit, flit, flit, went Alice; over the sands, and round the rocks, and up the cliff, and along the narrow pathway; no sound in her footfall, only in the click of the little painted wicket-gate at the garden of the inn where she and Frere had passed the preceding night.

There she paused, and passed in with slackened and furtive tread; looking up at the window of her own room, where a light was still burning. And gathering her dress more closely round her to escape the wet,—which dripped from the late autumn roses, and trickled down the cairn-like heaps of huge flints with conch-shells set about them which formed the chief ornament of that circumscribed Eden,—she felt, at last, all the chill which busy thought had deadened as yet to her senses!

So, answering in the negative the question of the sleepy servant-girl, if she would "take something" before she went to bed, she stole shivering upstairs to rest.

And there—in the very chamber where he of the scarred hand had slept in security the night before—did Ailie lay her head on her pillow, resolved that he should die an ignominious death "by the laws of his country." No more meeting with "Anita;" no more insult to Ailie; but death—death—death—and disgrace.

The lingering light at *her* chamber-

window burnt long and low; but at length even that sign of wakeful life disappeared,—and all along the coast was dark!

The damp drizzle and weak gusty wind of the evening, gradually rose to wild beating rain and wilder storm. The sea rose and the tempest howled. Undermanned and overladen merchant-vessels—whose owners had to think twice before paying port dues—lost spars and sails, and drove regretfully past havens of refuge; and prouder ships rode out the blast, or took shelter where best they might.

But through the storm, as through the calm, Ailie's fearless eyes watched the darkness; and with a fierce compression of her fingers she muttered every now and then,—“He shall be hunted down, hunted down!”

Long she pondered where to begin the feline watch and pitiless chase. He would not surely go back to France? St. Malo was the haunt of the smuggling companions he had lately consorted with. Would he go to Jersey? It was too small for hiding, and too probable a place for the searching visit of the police. He would go to London! In that vast struggling hive, with its eternal murmur of a working, striving, occupied population, any one might hide and be forgotten. He would surely go to London.

And Ailie made her slender package, and was off at dawn of day. Having paid the bill to her nervous landlady before the tardy inquiries of the police as to the young foreign woman who was seen with the murderer the day before,—and whose place of lodging had only just been made out,—disturbed the small household; filled the taproom with sinister agitation; and set the hostess herself off in tearful protestations of the extreme respectability of her house, into which, if her account might be trusted, no foot had ever passed that might not have walked in equal procession with the holiest of saints and martyrs.

To London, then, went Ailie, and set her catlike watch at many a ruined

hole, and saw the walls placarded here and there with the great words MURDER and REWARD, and read in various papers the variously abridged accounts of the event. The long details in *Lloyd's*; the brief notice in the *Morning Post*; the stern methodic account in the *Daily Telegraph*; the tiny corner devoted to “Murder in the Isle of Wight,” in the superb and overflowing *Times*.

And still, as she read, the hunger of her starved revenge grew keener, and through the streets she knew of old to be his haunts she flitted in the dim foggy evenings, as she had flitted over the sea sands; her eyes dilating sometimes as she followed with furtive step a figure resembling Frere's to the door of some low lodging in court or alley, only to close, with an exasperated moan of impatience and disappointment, as she slunk back from the aspect of a stranger.

Pains thrown away; calculations shrewd in vain; for Frere—that man of shifts and expedients—knew too well that the safe thing to do under such circumstances is the one thing you are expected *not* to do; and, while furtive Ailie was prowling wearily through byestreets and round foggy corners between the Strand and the river, he was sitting fearlessly in gay French theatres and French cafés—his black hair curled and perfumed—dining well and enjoying himself; “waiting for remittances from Madrid;” and getting all current expenses meanwhile lavishly provided for by a young lordling setting out on his first independent tour, whom he had amused and looked after during a very rough and sick passage to Havre, and who had already decided that he was “the pleasantest fellow upon earth,”—expressing a hope that (as soon as those remittances should arrive) they might join purses and travel together over the continent.

And James Frere spoke his thanks and made conversation, in very pretty broken English; for he was a Spanish hidalgo for the nonce, just returned from Mexico. And a gentleman's linen may certainly be marked “J. F.” whose

name is not James Frere, but Marquis José de los Frios.

So Ailie wandered in vain. The streets, like the sands, were barren; and the tide of human events washed sluggishly backwards and forwards over the sunken wreck of her life, but brought nothing to the surface!

CHAPTER LXXII.

GERTRUDE MADE JEALOUS.

THE horror with which Lady Charlotte was seized at the idea of any further residence in the pastoral cottage, "where you see, my darling Gertie, we might evidently any day be most likely murdered in our beds," was so great, that there was no contesting the advisability of removal; and their preparations for departure were accordingly made with as close an imitation of Ailie's haste as the greater multiplicity of objects to be removed rendered possible.

Biting the end of her long ringlet, and trembling very visibly, Lady Charlotte sat watching each successive trunk and *carton* corded and directed to her town address; smiling nervously at their lids, and repeating to her maid, "You see, Sansonnet, London is such a nice *safe* place—so safe and nice. I'm sure I wish we were there! So very safe; so many policemen, and houses, you know, on each side of one, and no back doors—only the area. These pastoral places are dreadfully dangerous. Dear me! Only to think of what I've gone through. And it might have been any of us! You can't tell what that sort of man will do. It's a mercy he didn't take it into his head to stab us all round. And he isn't caught yet; you know they couldn't catch him, which indeed is all for the best; I mean that if they *had* laid hold of him, of course he would have killed them all. So the sooner we get to London the better. But now don't get flurried, Sansonnet; you are crushing down that white crape hat with *bluets* most dreadfully: just lift the lid! You may

have the bonnet for yourself that I wore that day. I shall never be able to look at it again. So horrid. Oh, dear me! Do be as quick as you can, my good Sansonnet, and let us get into safety. I never, never will leave London again. It was Mr. Boyd's idea—not mine in the least. And he said it would do my daughter so much good, and I ask you if it has done her any good at all? Certainly not; only these clever men are so wilful and obstinate. You never can get Mr. Boyd to have any opinion but his own; a little of his mother in him; a *little* of his mother. Obstinate you know. And now see what has come of it! Murder has been done, and Gertrude not a bit the better. I'm quite glad to get away, and I shall write to Mr. Boyd and tell him so. Horrid! And my darling Gertie so patient too, and quite anxious we should start. I shall certainly write and show Mr. Boyd how wrong he was to advise us to come. Now, Sansonnet, *do* shut the basket trunk! You can iron the dresses you know when we get to town, if they are a little crushed. Anything is better than staying among robbers and murderers—anything!"

And so the fragile lady chattered nervously on; and never gave her ringlet any rest till she sat on the deck of the steamer for Southampton, with her pretty little fringed parasol held carefully over one of the bonnets that had *not* been present at the murder, smiling at every one and at every thing, and repeating from time to time, "I feel so safe, going back, you know, dear Gertie, don't *you* feel safe and comfortable? And dear Neil,—I'm sure even he is glad to be safe, though of course he was sorry to leave his boat and those horrid gulls. But he is to stuff two of the gulls, and they will be very pretty in the dining-room. They won't make that screaming either, after they are stuffed. He, he, he!"

And Lady Charlotte gave a little merry tittering laugh after the last observation, for she was under the impression that she had made a jest; and she felt besides altogether glad and in

spirits at escaping thus with life and limb from the dangers of pastoral retirement.

But nothing could make Gertrude Ross feel glad or in spirits. Day by day her melancholy deepened. Day by day her health failed. More beautiful than she had been in early girlhood, her beauty was yet further increased by a transparency of complexion and hectic colour which began now to be habitual.

Her mother saw it with alarm. With alarm she listened to the evasive answers of the physician in attendance; answers evasive and unsatisfactory even to her simple mind, sharpened on this one subject alike by affection and experience. And consoling friends—careless or unconscious of the suffering and fright consequent on their words—told her they “feared dear Lady Ross was going in the same way her father had gone before her,” and that they had known many instances of rapid decline in persons who had been made “anxious and uncomfortable,” “when the taint was in the constitution, my dear.”

And out of the letters of reproach, appeal, and confused explanation, which Lady Charlotte kept inditing to Vienna, as if Lorimer Boyd was in lieu of Providence, and could keep her daughter alive and well, if he only chose to take sufficient pains in the matter, came at last a tender counter-reproach from Lorimer himself; complaining of a certain reticence in Gertrude’s letters to him, giving so little account of her own feelings or state of health.

And out of that again a nervous, repressed, yet anguished answer from poor Gertrude, not absolutely saying, but implying, that he *could not understand* her state of mind. That he—without those dear and intimate ties which were hers, (and yet not hers!) could not be expected to comprehend that her heart was torn up by the roots; and that she seemed to herself to be not so much dying, as already dead, in some respects; dead to all interest in usual things,—and sad, even about her deepest interest; her one source of joy and consolation,—her adored Neil. And then

came from Lorimer a letter so passionate that the colour flushed to Gertrude’s temples as she read it; scarcely recognising, in its impetuous burst, the grave grim caustic friend, whose reticence on such subjects had always seemed to be far greater than her own.

“You think then, dear Gertrude, (for there is no other possible translation of your letter), that there are bounds to my sympathy for you,—that, in vulgar parlance, I cannot understand you? You have put it gently, carefully, sweetly. Where there is regard (less regard than that which I trust you feel for me,—your old friend, and your father’s friend),—we do all of us endeavour as it were to shelter our thoughts in soft words; even to those whose intimacy with us enables them to fling away that velvet scabbard, and leave the thoughts as bare sharp and wounding, as before they were slipped into their useless covering. The scabbard is worn in vain, for me!

“You are mistaken, dear Gertrude! Dear child of the man I loved before you grew to lovely womanhood, you are mistaken! I feel and know all you imagine must be unknown to me. Do you think I have lived till now and never loved? Do you think I have not also experienced how difficult it is to bend one’s mind even to wholesome hopes, before the hourglass of sorrow is well turned, or its sand has begun to fall? That I do not know how miserable a thing it is to struggle with the clinging thought that one might yet be blest with reconciling love,—instead of being able to give a person up utterly? The difference between death and imprisonment! The one a prolonged torture, the other only a merciful blow. Do you think I am unacquainted with that sensation of utter indifference to all subjects and events which bear no relation to the object painfully beloved? With that consciousness, that, for aught we care, the earth might crumble with all upon it, as long as standing room was left for two? I know that love! I know the power that makes all other vexations seem like the raving of a far-off storm to one that sits safely sheltered. The

power that can build, as it were, round the human heart walls so massive that the indistinct thing is the thunder of the world's tempests, while near and dear and sweetly audible sounds the voice whose low music thrills every pulse of our being.

"My dear Gertrude, do not doubt me. You are so much to me,—*even as we are*,—that my life would be barren, but for the belief that I am something to you. Do not write me letters reserved in their sorrow and their fears. They make me feel like a miserable alien. I call to you at such times, but there is no echo. I look for you, but I cannot find you! Tell me you think you are dying—tell me your heart is breaking for this miserable madness in our ever dear Douglas (which one day *must* have an end!)—but do not exile me from your confidence, and bid me stand,—after so many years of intimate companionship,—far off, among the group of common friends, who are left to conjecture your sufferings and ask news of you in vain."

When Lorimer Boyd had despatched his letter, he would have given much to rewrite it. Especially he regretted, yea, was inwardly stung by the memory of the phrase, "*even as we are*." Would she take it as an allusion to his concealed love for her? Would she notice it, not in words, but by a yet further evidence of reserve in her correspondence? He stood, grim and gloomy, looking over the Bastei on the dotted dwellings of the Viennese suburbs, ashamed, and angry with himself. Would his letter seem importunate and distasteful? Had he said so much, only to produce estrangement between them instead of increased confidence? Ah! idiot that he had been to pass the boundary line he had set to himself for many a long year, and change from the tone of habitual gravity or *persiflage*, to plunge into passionate phrases that might draw down on him a repulse, however gently given!

He tormented himself needlessly. Tender, and soft, and thankful, were all the words of Gertrude's answer.

Tender, and, utterly unconscious! One timid sentence,—expressive of a certain degree of surprise that any one he had "honoured with his love" should have failed to respond,—he found there; and one simple allusion to the very phrase he had almost cursed himself for writing; that "*even as we are*," which had been such a burden of hot lead in his thoughts. She took that phrase to mean the distance that separated them as contrasted with their constant companionship in former days; and promised to tell him all, "even as if we were sitting consulting together, as in the old happy days, in the pretty room of the Villa Mandórlo, how best to spare Sir Douglas pain about Kenneth."

And Lorimer, relieved, and half-satisfied, fell back on his old style of letter-writing, and spake no more of pining love or wild enthusiasms. Common topics, passing jests, indifferent discussions, again filled the many pages that travelled from the distant *chancellerie* to the white hand that broke the seal so languidly, and the sweet eyes whose lids grew heavier each succeeding day.

He strove to interest and amuse; to jest with her, as men will do (and women too) who feel that they have been on the verge of a dangerous confession of an attachment that never can prosper, or which never should have been avowed.

"Vienna is very dull," he said, "so at least I am told. It is at all events very empty. I think of wearing a coat of skins and a conical cap, such as Robinson Crusoe is represented in; and going about with a poll parrot on my finger, looking for a footprint in the Prater or public drive. Mrs. Cregan was here for a short time with her pretty daughter; the mother the most admired of the two. Though, indeed, a fair beauty of Viennese society (with a most German wealth of hair) insisted that the luxuriant brown plaits of the English stranger were 'postiches.' But going to the opera a little hurried and dishevelled was considered tantamount to having walked over red-hot ploughshares,

and Mrs. Cregan came off triumphant and completely cleared. The opera is my sole pleasure! You know how I love music; and, though the voices sound thin after the full-throated bubbling richness of Italian singing, these people are on the whole better musicians.

"A backward people, too. We had an alarm of fire the other night, and a prodigious 'incendie' it turned out to be. A whole convent burned down. Anything worse than the arrangements for getting water on such an occasion, it is impossible to conceive. Here, with the Donau carrying the Danube into the heart of Vienna, it was brought in *barrels*, such as serve to lay the dust in other cities. The fright of the crowd was extreme; and the rushing about of water-carts and engines, with men standing up in them, holding immense pine torches, scattering sparks and flakes of fire as if handing about samples of the destruction going on wholesale, made a picture very strange and not very edifying to my unaccustomed eye.

"I heard an interesting anecdote at the Hospital for the Insane. A poor young lady there, quite mad, but gentle, (mad 'for being forsaken,' as her attendant assured me), had yet so much of rational system left in her bewildered brain, that she regularly and daily taught the child of one of the keepers to write and read,¹ and heard her lessons with the most methodical care. I was much touched by the story; that wandering mind, unfit to associate with grown-up people, still keeping so far in advance as to be of use to an ignorant child; shut out, too, from usual companionship on earth, and (according to our views) irresponsible for her actions in the eye of Heaven, yet able to train another mind in some degree to knowledge and duty!

"I will tell you nothing more to-day; but you are to tell me all about yourself and your health. ALL,—or I shall write and complain to Lady Charlotte, who always writes and complains to me when you are not well, till she has almost brought me to think it somehow

my fault when you cough or have bad headaches.

"Yours ever,

"LORIMER BOYD."

And in the process of their "infamous correspondence," as Lady Clochnaben had termed this interchange of letters, Gertrude did struggle to tell him all,—all that she felt or feared for herself, for Neil, for her gentle little mother, and much of what she felt and feared about Sir Douglas.

Only one thing Gertrude kept buried in her heart, and yet it was the bitterest pang of all. She had grown jealous. A new miserable pain had risen like a flickering tongue of fire, and seared where it touched.

Sir Douglas had been ill; very unwell indeed; the hardships that were trying so many fine constitutions round him, and were borne so bravely by all, told on a frame stricken by anxiety and vexation. His eyes, too, had suffered. He had scarcely been able to read or write for some time. In this condition he had, he said, received much kindness from one of the officers' wives who had come out to join her husband. He did not say much of this lady, except that she sang to him. She "had one of the sweetest voices he had ever heard," and had written some of his letters for him.

Human nature is human nature, and, dreadful as it used to be to Gertrude to think of her husband lonely in his sadness and suffering, it was more dreadful still to dwell on the picture thus conjured up of his being tended, consoled, charmed, by another.

All day long, and in her mournful dreams, Gertrude's, feverish imagination dwelt on the circumstances. What was she like, this rival unknown, who took her place, and usurped her duties? She must be young and fair. Voices fade, like all other things; the most melodious tones grow flat and hoarse and weak in age, and this was "one of the sweetest voices Sir Douglas had ever heard." ONE of the sweetest. Oh! had he yet some memory of hers? Had

¹ A fact.

he forgotten the Sabbath-singing so cruelly commented upon by the Dowager Clochnaben and the hypocrite James Frere, when she, his wife, soothed the hours made weary with the same pain, and the same deprivation of common occupation?

Could he hear sweet singing and forget hers? Forget his own praises, his own emotion, and how his first declaration of love had been at Sorrento the sequel, the blessed sequel, to the song that died away into silence over the moonlit sea?

How often since had he praised her voice! How often! Was that praise now the portion of another? Was he to love again? To be loved as *she* had loved him?

She had her visions of the past, like Ailie, but oh, how different! She saw her noble Douglas in those blessed happy days. She saw the dreamy love in his eyes while listening to some favourite ballad: the silent thankful smile of approval and delight as it ended. She felt the pressure of his cordial hand. Once, so vivid and so painful was the vision of all this given to another, that with a sharp wailing cry she stood up in her lonely chamber, extending her arms in despair; calling wildly on the absent, "Oh love! oh husband! oh Douglas!" till Lady Charlotte came in, flurried and frightened, in her white muslin dressing-gown, and asked her what had happened; and pitied her, but also scolded her; for "letting her mind dwell so on a man who after all had been so *very* ungrateful and foolish; yes, *foolish*, she must say so, and she didn't care who heard her, or thought the contrary; and she wished she had never seen Sir Douglas, nor Kenneth, nor any of the Rosses, for they were worse than ghosts or demons, and had brought nothing but misfortune into the family."

And all this Gertrude kept in her aching heart when writing to Lorimer; as he kept also in his angry heart the announcement of the same news by his mother; who triumphed and sneered, and called Sir Douglas "a very gay old gentleman," and said, "it was a pity

when folk didn't know their own mind; and if they chose to have young wives instead of just being content with a good nurse and a flannel nightcap, they should put up more quietly with the consequences; that was *her dictum*."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

FRERE'S LODGINGS DETECTED.

THE most humble instruments are sometimes the means of Heaven's perpetual wrath.

In the midst of Frere's charming *séjour* at Paris; his daily feasts, his nightly carouses, his "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles," and delightful companionship with his wealthy young dupe; a little commonplace accident once more sent him into space, a forlorn and hunted vagabond, ready for all chances which Ailie might prepare, or his luckless destiny entail on him.

The young lordling looked out for a courier "with excellent recommendations." He found one. The courier especially recommended to him was an Italian, speaking very good English and French, active, energetic, and having lived already not only as courier but in regular service in an English family—an affectionate devoted sort of fellow, who had nursed his master in illness, and energetically attended him in health—and who, in due course, presented himself for examination and inspection.

The lordling was pleased, and so was the courier. The engagement was made; the day of departure fixed; the route planned, and nearly decided upon.

To end all uncertainty on this latter point, the "most amusing fellow in the world," the Marquis de los Frios, who was to be travelling companion and friend on the occasion, was called in.

The courier looked eagerly at the Marquis, and his countenance fell.

The Marquis also looked at the courier. "Signor Frere!"

The mock Marquis would fain have braved out the recognition; but to be recognised now was not the light matter

it might have been in former days. He stood his ground with admirable self-possession while in the presence of the courier and his new master. If a man could have been cheated out of his very senses, the courier would have faltered in his conviction; so perfect was Frere's unconscious bearing, so excellent his broken English mixed with words of Spanish origin. But the courier was our old friend Giuseppe, the coral-diver of Naples. His bold, sunburnt, honest, handsome countenance quailed not, nor altered one jot as he gazed in Frere's face.

When the latter left the room "to fetch a journal in which there were maps of the route he had formerly taken by Switzerland to Italy," Giuseppe rapidly and resolutely laid bare all he knew of the impostor thus suddenly met again after a pause of years. The incredulity of the lordling was great—so great, that with the happy sauciness of boyhood he rose at last, saying, "Will you stay here, my good fellow, and let Los Frios just confront you, and put you down with an unvarnished account of himself? If you weren't yourself a foreigner, you'd know that this gentleman couldn't be English; couldn't, because he hardly speaks English well enough to be understood, unless one was used, as I am, to this sort of lingo."

And so the young lord left Giuseppe, patiently waiting; and did not try his patience long, but returned in about five minutes with a puzzled exclamation of "By Jove!" which comprised all he liked to say on the occasion, having found Frere, *alias* Los Frios, departed; and a pencilled note in a very neat gentleman-like hand, informing him, that, remittances *not* having yet arrived from Madrid, and these sort of stories being embarrassing for a stranger, and most difficult to disprove in a place where one had no acquaintances, he had thought it best to renounce the idea of their mutual tour, and go at once to Spain. That he was sure, under the circumstances, his friend would find no fault with his availing himself of a

portion of a bag of Napoleons obtained for travelling purposes the day before. He had not yet counted the pieces he had borrowed, but would do so in the railway carriage, and strenuously advised him to be very cautious as to the man who had pretended to recognise him (Frere), for that he never saw the man before in his life, and he must have had some motive in thus endeavouring to get rid of a third party, on their travels.

And now James Frere really did come to London, having first cleverly arranged to *dérouter* the police in Paris, by taking a ticket by rail for Madrid, and ostentatiously showing himself at the proper station for such a start.

How or when he disappeared from that station no one could have said. But an infirm old gentleman arrived by the Havre packet for Southampton the night of that day, and from Southampton went to London, very anxiously and timidly asking his fellow-passengers to recommend some quiet hotel, and advise him about lodgings, having just arrived from America on anxious business which might detain him some time in the great metropolis. And he also begged to know where was the best place to get American money changed, for, though he had, of course, bills on bankers in England, yet he would be glad to get dollars and such like turned into silver; as to Australian sovereigns, he believed they were good and correct for use in England. And both dollars, and notes, and sovereigns were displayed, and much good-natured assistance tendered in the way of advice; and the infirm old gentleman accepted the card of one of his advisers, who kindly offered to call next day and see if he was comfortable, and if he could do anything for the stranger; and then the old gentleman got into a cab, and was driven to an eating-house, from which, having taken some refreshment, he sauntered forth on foot, and turned to cross Waterloo Bridge. He paused on the bridge, and leaned over, looking into the water. Wrapt in contemplation he seemed, and of a sorrowful

character, for he often sighed, and covered his face with his hands.

And as the various passengers across the bridge passed on, and others succeeded, a magical change came over his face, and when he turned once again to cross the bridge in the opposite direction, though still elderly, he was no longer infirm, but a jolly, radiant sort of personage, who looked about him, and could have taken part, at a moment's notice, in a frolic or a fray, and paid a saucy compliment to any unprotected female he met.

But Ailie saw him !

And patient was the watch she kept, as he tried one lodging after another ; patient the ear that listened when he told the landlady where at last he fixed himself, that he was "dining out with some friends, and would return at night," and handed her an earnest in advance on the price of his lodgings before he walked away. The red cross that marked the doors in the fatal days of the Great Plague of London, told no surer tale of certain death and misery, than the invisible notice from Ailie's watchful gaze on the door of that house.

At last ! At last he was earthed. Another night ; or less ; *half* a night ; enough of night to put an end to whatever wassail he was about to engage in, and bring him back to the trap set for him, and shut out all hope of escape.

She had only to go now and communicate with the police.

That was all.

And with the swift scudding that took her over the long sands by the Black Gang Chine, she threaded her way through the crowd, reached the police station, and laid her information.

Frere's lodging was detected. His fate was sealed.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

AILIE BAFFLED.

It is not only in pleasant things that the proverb holds good, "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." Ailie was doomed once more to be disappointed.

Frere never returned to those lodgings ; although the forfeit money remained with his expecting landlady, and that personage, after pondering much over the question, "Why tarry the wheels of his *cab* ?" supplied his place with another lodger ; keeping a pleasant little apology ready cut and dry, to be offered (with her unlet second floor) should the defaulter turn up in a few days, and the delay turn out to be "a case of illness or something."

But Frere was by no means ill. His wavering star was once more for a while in the ascendant. He had made another *rencontre* as he walked towards the parks, certain not to be recognised.

He met his Creole wife.

She was walking, handsomely dressed, from the gate of Kensington Gardens to a carriage.

He did exactly what Ailie had conceived possible ; he resolved to appeal to her compassion.

"Stop, for God's sake," he whispered. "I am James Frere ; I have wandered in disguise for days, in hopes to see you" (this was a pleasant fable). "You can denounce me ; but I am your son's father ; a miserable man" (here she paused, and faltered in her march onward. He saw it, and continued eagerly and sadly) ; "a man worn out with life's struggles ; ready to die, but not by the hangman's hands. Turn back into the garden ! Give me ten minutes for dear life's sake. You shall never be troubled with me more, Anita, after that !"

Abject, humble, imploring ; the great dark eyes she dared not meet, fixed in greedy scrutiny and hope of pity on her downcast face.

She paused — she hesitated — she turned — and re-entered the gardens with Frere at her side. He led to a solitary bench under some trees ; and there he pleaded with the woman who had once loved him, and had mourned his desertion with bitter tears.

Plausible, fiery, eloquent, — a most consummate master of all the tricks of speech by which favour can be won or condemnation averted ; he made way once more into the yielding heart that

listened. He falsified his whole life ; his reasons for leaving her, his trials and persecutions, his long imprisonments, the anger of her relations. As to love, he had known other women, but never really loved except herself. He asked for no love—only aid to escape to America or the West Indies. She could give it. She could be his saviour, his guardian angel. Some day, when her boy was old enough to understand, he would bless her a thousand times over for saving *him* from the heritage of indelible shame consequent on the disgrace and despair of his father. The smuggler's death need not be the horror to her that it was to the Englishwomen who witnessed it. Only in England is such a calm value set on human life. Thousands of soldiers die on the field as suddenly. Every bullet has its billet. He did not mean to slay the man, but to shake himself free : he was maddened and bewildered by meeting *her*. He scarce knew what he did at the time. Any way, if he was the veriest wretch that ever burdened earth, she had loved him once, and by that love and by her child's life he besought her pity ! Her pity, and nothing more. So that, in the onward years when she was happy and blest,—she might think of the miserable wanderer who had gone to die in the far West, and rejoice that she, at least, had had compassion in the sorest need of his hunted and persecuted life.

"I live," she said at last, "in Manchester Square. Take an apartment near there, and I will come and see you, and talk of possible things and ships that will sail soon." There was a pause, and she added in a low voice, "Do not be miserable !"

"Do not be miserable."

She did not belong to the class of women who slay Jason's children to punish Jason. She had melted. The exulting blood bounded in the man's heart. Gaining so much he might yet gain more.

But Ailie also had thought over "possibilities." And among those possibilities she classed the meeting with

this lost Anita. She had ascertained her name, or the name she went by, from the people of the hotel in the Isle of Wight, and her address in London.

The day came, and the hour, when Frere was once more within reach of her cat-like spring. He had not left in any ship. He was in the lodging near Manchester Square, and Ailie, prowling near the Creole's house, saw her go forth in the late dim hours always in one direction. Then she made sure that Frere would fall into her hands. She watched—and watched—and watched—

Oh ! not in vain this time. She saw him : saw him looking from the balcony of a well-built comfortable house, and saw the Creole enter.

Ailie never prayed ; or she might have prayed then to keep her senses, so fluttering and leaping were the pulses of heart and brain. Afraid to leave and miss him as on that former occasion, she stood wistfully considering, and looking about for a policeman on his beat to call the detective who was watching in Manchester Square.

She saw one advancing, and went swiftly up to him. She spoke in a hurried breathless tone : "In there," (pointing to the house) "lives the man who committed that murder in the Isle of Wight ; you will get a reward—here is the placard ; go in and take him."

While the man stood hesitating, muttering something in a doubtful and surprised tone about a "warrant," and "speaking to the sergeant of the force," the Creole passed out again. Her veil was down, and she moved slowly and sadly with her handkerchief to her face as though weeping. Her dress brushed lightly against Ailie's as she went by, and the latter drew back from the contact with an angry shudder.

"Go in now," she said to the policeman, in a hoarse whisper, "the servant girl is still standing at the open door : there is a large reward, I tell you. Here is your sergeant coming."

The detective at this moment joined them. The two men advanced, and Ailie followed. They passed together up the stairs and opened the door of the

sitting-room. Frere sat at the writing-table, with his back to them, apparently too intent on his occupation to notice the intrusion.

The detective moved forward a pace or two, touched him on the shoulder, and stepped back again, as if prepared for any show of resistance he might offer. But nothing of the kind seemed impending. He rose quietly and slowly, and turning round deliberately, faced Ailie Ross. She gave a cry, and darted to the door.

"It is not the right person," she exclaimed. "They have changed clothes; he has escaped! Follow him: he cannot have got far! *This is a woman!*"

"Yes," said the Creole, as she fixed her large dark eyes scornfully on Alice. "I am a woman, though I wear the garb of a man; and you, you are a tigress, perhaps, though you wear the garb of a woman. He saw you from his balcony. *He saw you!*"

To be continued.

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RECENT FOREIGN FISHERY EXHIBITIONS, AND THEIR LESSONS.

BY J. G. BERTRAM.

No fewer than five general "Fishery Expositions," and one "Salmon Fishery Congress," have taken place during the last four years. Only one of these, however—an exhibition of salmon ladders, coupled with an inquiry into the present state of the salmon rivers of Great Britain—has been held in this country. The others were held abroad.

The first exhibition of the kind, and the one which is thought to have been the best, was held at Amsterdam; the latest has been that of the Hague, which has just closed. Holland was the cradle of the fisheries; its capital city is figuratively said to have been built on herring bones; and, although the Dutch have long since lost their grip of the sea, having been beaten in the race of fishery enterprise by those whom they taught, there was much in the exhibition at the Hague to interest and instruct. It was, so far as it went, a thoroughly practical exposition of the art of fishing. One thing it effectually did: it brought the food-fisheries of Holland (all the continental fishes, even the most insignificant, are used as food) into a focus, and allowed people to see what progress was being made in the arts of fishing, and what

position Holland now occupies as a fishing nation compared with France or Britain.

A fishery exhibition, or "exposition," as it is called, is interesting even to the uninitiated. Much taste is often displayed in showing the various nets; and there are always many curiosities in the shape of fish-traps, such as the quaint-looking cylinders used for the taking of eels, and the curious cages employed in the capture of crustaceans, not to speak of some of the unique self-acting fish-catchers which the French have invented. The little instrument that gives its death-blow to the monarch of the sea may be examined, as may the tiny hook that takes the trout a prisoner. The fishes themselves, either alive or dead, can be seen in most fishery exhibitions; and, while the epicure may eye the tit-bits, the economic housewife is taught that all the parts of a fish can be made useful. I saw, the other day, at the Hague, large jars filled with choice morsels from parts of the cod that have before now been thrown away as inedible. The lips, the cheeks, and the jelly from the head of that fish, make choice eating. The merits of Dutch cured herring, *i.e.* fish pickled

with a portion of the intestines left in them, were at the Hague contrasted with the British mode of curing, and the Dutch way was found in many respects the best. The fish curers always send a good stock of preserved fish to fishery exhibitions; sardines from Concarneau, Matie herrings from Vlaardingen, anchovies from Genoa, pickled mackerel, preserved oysters, fish-flour, &c., are plentifully shown. The "exhibits" in the way of prepared fish food were very heterogeneous at all the exhibitions, each curer, of course, showing on his own behalf. None of the collections of food-fishes at any of these recent shows was anything like so perfect as that shown in the Industrial Museum of Edinburgh; where most of the food-fishes—at any rate from whitebait to sturgeon—may be seen in a finely preserved state.

The ambition of the directors of the exposition at Arcachon was to show a little of everything connected with the science of the sea, even to specimens of the ground inhabited by the mussel, and bits of the rocks frequented by the larger crustaceans. The uses of sea-weed were demonstrated; the guano made from the inedible fish with which the sea abounds could also be tested at the exposition of Arcachon. Various other sea products were likewise to be seen there, as ambergris, spermaceti, shagreen, the dye-shells that produce the royal purple of ancient Tyre, chank and mother-of-pearl shells of the Indian Ocean, &c. And, better than all, at the Arcachon exposition the best fishes of the sea were to be seen disporting *au naturel*. Oysters from the Île de Ré were also there, growing on the very tiles which had intercepted them as spat. Cultivated mussels, so valuable as bait, were likewise to be seen hanging in beautiful clusters, just as they had grown on the basket-work erected in the bay of Aiguillon. Crustacean monsters bounded to and fro in the very unimaginative aquarium which terminated the *chalet* of the exhibition, and which, although as useful, was most unlike the picturesque fish-house erected at Boulogne. Barnacles flourished in some of the salt-

water tanks, and the maladies of fishes were exhibited in numerous glass jars which studded the tables and counters of the show-room. The development of salmon, from the egg to the animal, was likewise shown. Pisciculture could be studied, either as developed at Huningue or as practised in a ruder fashion at more homely places. The arts of fishing, as known in all countries having access to the sea, were displayed at Arcachon, either by pictures or models. Pearl-fishing, coral-diving, seal-slaughtering, turtle-hunting, and the sponge harvest, can all be well represented at a fishery exhibition.

After the eye has been gratified with numerous out-of-the-way wonders, there are left for the fishery economist certain higher aspects of the show. All that can be seen, whether of products or apparatus, supplies texts on which to hang lay-sermons about fish, and the best mode of making them useful to mankind; about fisheries, as an outlet for capital, as a medium for the employment of labour; not to speak of the important question—important at least to great maritime nations like England and France—how far the fisheries may be made to serve as a training school for either the imperial or the mercantile navy. Nor was the force of any of the expositions expended even so. It was attempted to illustrate the technology of fisheries, as in the arts of boat-building, rigging, sail-making, anchor-forging, and net-making. Attempts were likewise made to estimate and compare the productive powers of salt and fresh water, and to measure the additional ascendancy which man might obtain over the ocean if he were thoroughly to cultivate it.

None of the exhibitions have yet taught us what we most want to know as regards the food-fishes of the sea. At what age do these animals become reproductive, and how long is it ere their eggs come to life? The salmon, indeed, has been made to yield up those secrets of its prison-house; and the salmon-fisheries, by being legislated for in accordance with the habits of the animal, are

rapidly becoming as prosperous as they were in the days of yore. In proof of this it may be stated, on the authority of the inspectors of salmon fisheries, that 4,000 salmon were caught last season in the Exe against 400 in previous years, and that, as regards the rivers Ribble and Hodder, at one fishery where only 90 salmon were captured in 1859, 9,000 were caught last year. But as regards sea-fish we are quite in the dark. We literally know nothing of their habits of life, the food they eat, or at what age they repeat the story of their birth. Many questions bearing on the natural history of fish in general, and on the food-fishes in particular, were propounded at Arcachon, but have they yet been answered? Of oysters it was asked—At what age do they reproduce? what is the average number produced by individuals at a time? what causes may annually influence their fecundity? what is their food? what substances do they attach themselves to? and how long do they live? As to fish in general, the following questions were put:—What, in all probability, becomes of fish, both migratory and other, when they cease to show themselves on our coasts? On what kind of bottom does each species prefer to deposit its ova? Is it possible to determine the spawning-time of most useful species? and is it possible to cause natural and artificial spawning?

None of these questions were answered at Arcachon, nor yet at the Hague. Nor have our British naturalists ventured to grapple with them, except in a very superficial way. Take the haddock, which is one of our most esteemed food-fishes. It is vain to look to our naturalists for information about it. Neither Yarrell nor Couch can satisfy us as to the age at which this fine fish becomes reproductive. There are still people—writers!—who believe in the old theory of fish migration. It was once the fashion to think all fish, and particularly the herring, migratory. These animals were depicted as constant wanderers; with a desire, no doubt, to see the world and visit strange places! The contributor of the article Ichthyology to

the *Encyclopædia Britannica* does not feel inclined entirely to reject the old theory as to the migration of the herring. There was hung up, in the fishery exposition at Boulogne, a chart exhibiting “the grand tour” of the herring, and it was astonishing to note that many of the visitors were impressed with the belief that this grand tour was real, and was still going on year after year. There are naturalists who think the mackerel to be also a fish of passage, making long voyages from north to south, and *vice versa*. The turbot, too, has been described as a migratory fish, and it has been often asserted that salmon make an annual visit to the North Pole! Then as to the spawning of fishes the most absurd ideas used to prevail—indeed in some quarters absurd ideas still prevail. All kinds of *outré* sea substances were set down as fish-spawn; and as to the *modus operandi* of spawning there were the queerest fancies. An “idea” of some of our modern fishery economists is that all kinds of sea-fish eggs hatch out with enormous rapidity. Herring ova, it has been stated—but of course erroneously—come to life in about a fortnight. A Billingsgate fishmonger once asserted that salmon roe hatches out in forty-eight hours. Of course it does no such thing. At Stormontfield, salmon eggs take over a hundred days to come to life, and I saw at Arcachon a series of bottles with the ova in different stages of progress. The eggs at Stormontfield are hatched in the open air; in a protected place they would come to life a few days sooner. The Intendant of the *Etablissement de pisciculture* at Huningue told me that they had hatched salmon in sixty days, but the quickest hatching ever accomplished at Stormontfield took double that time. This year the first egg took 155 days to come to life. The planting of the eggs was begun on Nov. 13, 1866, and no egg came to life till the 4th of the following April. There are no grounds for supposing that the ova of a herring hatch out in a fortnight, and that the eggs of the other sea-fish come to maturity in an equally short space of time. In short, we are very ignorant of

these points of fish life, and of many other points of nearly equal importance. We are only beginning to take steps for the removal of this ignorance. At a place called Concarneau, on the coast of Brittany, the French Government have erected a laboratory of pisciculture, where they are studying the habits of most sea fishes, and the progress made has been so great that a satisfactory deliverance on the times of breeding and the age of reproduction may shortly be expected. The British Government have done nothing in respect of such experiments. The Dutch Government, however, are in the field, making all kinds of inquiries into the natural history of the most prominent food-fishes. Mr. P. L. Pollen, who exhibited a large collection of the fishes of Madagascar at the Hague, is now travelling in this country with that object. Professor Huxley defined memorably the other day the extent of our knowledge of the fish that inhabit our coast, when he was giving evidence before the Select Committee on the sea fisheries of Ireland. He said that, with the exception of the spawn of herrings and cod, naturalists were in absolute ignorance with reference to the manner in which deep-sea fish deposit their spawn, and in what localities it is to be found.

Whenever the economy of the fisheries comes up for discussion, there is one grand fact of fish-life that is always thrown in our teeth. We have but to hint that the fish supply is failing, or at any rate precarious, and we are promptly reminded that the productive power of all our fishes is enormous; that the cod yields her eggs by the million, and that a female herring deposits thirty thousand eggs every season, or, as some people think, twice a year. It is of no use, of course, to deny that fishes are enormously fecund. The sole has been known to give its million of eggs, and the twenty-pound salmon deposits its twenty thousand ova every year. But, admitting all this, and supposing the cod-fish to perpetuate its kind by annual millions, and the herring by tens of thousands, we all know that the waste of life in the

boundless deep must be enormous. Not to speak of the eggs that altogether escape fructification, it is certain that the young fish when hatched are destroyed in myriads. It seems the business of one kind of fish to prey upon another kind. It has been estimated of the salmon, that in its natural state only one egg in a thousand ever arrives at the stage of a table fish; and, if that proportion holds good as to a comparatively well-protected fish like the salmon, what can we say of eggs dropped in the ravening waters of the sea? These may fall in millions, but they fall only to be lost. Hundreds of thousands of them are never fructified; and even those that fulfil the conditions necessary for their ultimate development into fish, perish in countless quantities, while the new-born fish fall a prey to millions of enemies who are ever on the watch for them, and who instinctively know the places where and the seasons when they are to be found. We have an example of this in the case of the young salmon. When the smoults arrive for the first time at the sea, they have, so soon as they reach the salt water, to run the gauntlet through a horde of hungry enemies, who, with a fine instinct, know that for a few weeks of the spring time they can count on having a daily banquet of young salmon. So far as this valuable fish is concerned, this loss upon the eggs, which in the natural way of breeding is enormous, can be greatly reduced by artificial spawning. At the Stormontfield salmon-nurseries the percentage of unfruitful eggs is comparatively small; and, as all the fish that are hatched out are protected for one year, and half of them for a period of two years, the percentage of the young which is destroyed has been largely reduced. But in the sea such protection, either to eggs or young, is hopeless, and the multiplying power of all fishes would require to be even greater than it is, if the fishery power is to be multiplied in the future in the same ratio as it has been in the past.

How best to secure the fishes of the sea is still an unsolved problem. The

French, as I have hinted, have invented various self-acting machines for their fisheries. One of these, a model of which was shown at Arcachon, was so contrived that, the moment a large fish was caught, it gave the signal of its capture by causing a bell to ring! An ingenious "salmon-catcher," which is used on some of the French rivers, excited the attention of the visitors to Arcachon. It is formed of three large fanners or dippers of strong network, which revolve on an axis and are driven by the water of the stream on which they are placed, and in the inner end of each of the fanners there is a funnel, through which the fishes find their way into a large reservoir, where they can be detained, in water of course, till wanted for the table. Throughout France there are numerous contrivances by which fish capture themselves. Indeed, at the productive *viviers* of Monsieur Boisère, situated at the west end of the basin of Arcachon, the working of the fishery is so planned that the lagoons form a large reservoir from which the fish can be easily ladled out as they are "wanted" for the market. In the construction of his *viviers*, the proprietor has so studied economy of labour that his staff of workers consists of only half-a-dozen persons—a very moderate number when there are three hundred acres of water, with a great variety of gates and canals, to be looked after. In Holland there are no *viviers*, and, although the numerous canals would give abundant opportunity for fish breeding, I could not ascertain that the Dutch people carried on any system of fish culture beyond making every canal, big or little, a reservoir for eels, of which immense quantities are captured for the Paris, Brussels, and London markets. In addition to various more modern ways of fishing, the most primitive of all ways may be witnessed in the basin of Arcachon—namely, spearing. The men do this by torchlight, going out in their tiny flat-bottomed craft, and so securing, each evening, a few dozens of gray mullet, or sea bream. The scene is very picturesque.

The festoons of nets which were hung around the exhibitions at the Hague and Boulogne gave one a good idea of the immense efforts which are constantly being directed to obtaining fish. A drift of herring nets is nothing short of a mile long; and when we consider that at one of our fishing stations as many as a thousand boats are assembled at the herring fishery, that at many places there are fleets ranging from twenty to six hundred boats, and that during the season as many as from ten to twelve thousand boats will be fishing for this one fish, we can easily see that ten thousand miles of netting sunk in the water with a countless number of meshes will, if all goes well, capture a countless quantity of herrings.

The official statistics for 1866, just published, give the number of boats as 13,815, but that number includes those fishing for ling and cod as well. These boats, with the necessary fishing gear, are nearly of the value of a million pounds sterling, and employ 45,000 men and boys as fishermen; and, besides taking a large quantity of fresh herrings, they took also 658,000 barrels which were cured for exportation and also for the home trade.

A cry has arisen of late years that we have been over-fishing, but it is difficult to ascertain whether we have been doing so or not. We have no data, except in the case of the herring fishery, by which to determine such a question. It has not been the practice of our Government to collect statistics of our food supplies; but it is to be hoped they will now begin to do so, in order that in future the nation may accurately know its growth of food. It is said by the Commissioners who were appointed three years ago to examine into the state of the sea fisheries, that instead of any falling off there is everywhere an increase in the total supply of fish. All kinds of evidence are laid before us to prove this. The enormous area of the fishing grounds is spoken of. The celebrated Dogger Bank, which has been a fish store for a very long period, is hundreds of miles square, and is, the

Commissioners say, as productive as ever. Then the various fishing banks of the German Ocean at present known to us would, if put together, form an area as large as Ireland; and, as constant discoveries are being made of new fishing grounds, we are inferentially told that there is no occasion for undue alarm as to our fish supplies. Well, we can all estimate the size of the North Sea by means of our maps, and those in particular who have sailed over it can, perhaps, speculate effectively on its productiveness. It is pleasant to see a fleet of trawlers at work on the Well Bank. The last time I was among them, the captain of the steamboat did a little bit of fishing for the benefit of his passengers. He let down a bottle of gin, and straightway hooked a neatly packed basket of "prime." Never, I daresay, were fried soles relished like those caught by the gin bait; they were in exquisite condition, and hunger helped, doubtless, to add greatly to their flavour. Great as is the extent of the German Ocean, and numerous as are its fishery grounds, one may sail for days upon it and never see a single fishing vessel. But there are crowds of vessels for all that. On the west point of the Dogger Bank it is not uncommon for a single trawl vessel to take, in a three hours' trawl, from two to three tons of fish; and a smack-owner mentioned a recent case in which five of his vessels caught 17 tons of fish in one night! The new luggers now being built for the Holland fishers are likely to prove first-rate; they are built in France, fitted with English fishing gear, and manned by Dutch fishermen.

It has often been suggested that the present modes of fishing are "hashy" and uneconomical; that the great beam trawl destroys the spawn of the fishes and breaks the fish; and, as regards the line fishery, that it is destructive alike to old and young. After a fish, be it a small haddock or a large cod, is once hooked on the great lines, it must die. Small fish, therefore, by this mode of fishing, cannot be thrown back to the waters in order to their

further growth. A plan is adopted by the Cuban fishermen which brings the asphyxiated fish alive again. It is not the hook which kills: the fish is choked in the hauling up, and reaches the surface, if not dead, in a more or less dying state, according to the depth from which it has been brought. All that needs be done to such fish in order to restore vitality is to prick them dexterously with a piercer in order to let out the air by which they are choked, and then restore them to the water, where they will speedily resume their wonted liveliness.

Fishermen are full of "conceits" as to the proper ways of fishing. A long-continued war on the subject of how best to catch the herring in Lochfyne has just been settled by Parliament. The old-fashioned way of taking the herring in Scotland is by means of a drift net, which is set at sunset and drawn when it is thought that the fish have struck against it. Some of the Lochfyne fishermen, a few years ago, adopted the same plan of capturing herring as is used by the pilchard fishers of Cornwall—namely, by means of a seine, or circle net. A large body of fishermen being of opinion that circle net fishing was destructive of the shoals and that it hashed the fish, kept up an agitation till they obtained an Act of Parliament declaring it to be illegal. Afterwards there was a commission of inquiry on the subject, and they came to the conclusion that seine or circle net fishing was as good a way of taking herrings as any other way. In consequence of that report a Bill was this year introduced and passed which will admit of the Lochfyne men fishing with seine nets if they please. This, however, is only one example of fishermen's prejudices. In Ireland there is a deep-rooted hatred of the trawl net, and in Scotland there are no trawlers to speak of. Some people have the idea that, if you only catch your fish, it is of no consequence how you catch them. As regards the herring, it is quite certain that they are as good when caught in the circle net as when taken by the

drift. The Commissioners, who went the round in order to inquire into the state and prospects of the sea fisheries, were able to correct a great many of the misrepresentations which prevailed as to the effects of trawling; but so much has been said on both sides that it is difficult to arrive at a proper conclusion. The misfortune is, that we do not seem to be able to invent any system of fishing that would admit only of the fish in the best condition being taken, and allow all those that are unfit for table use to escape.

At one of the recent exhibitions models of the live-fish tanks of St. Petersburg and Havana were shown. The latter are kept constantly supplied by swift cutters, having wells of about fifty tons, that catch the fish in the Gulf of Mexico or on the coast of Florida. The tanks are not large, about eight feet by five, and hold about ten score of fish. One vessel can keep four tanks constantly supplied. These floating tanks or fish cisterns are very useful, and admit of the supply sent to market being equalized according to demand. We have our welled cod smacks, and we might also have a few large floating reservoirs in our fishing ports to serve as stores. The fisher class suffer greatly from occasional gluts, and the consumers suffer much during the occasional periods of scarcity which ever and anon occur; but by means of a few hundred tanks or fish stores such a balance might be struck as would suit both parties.

With the exception of the statistics collected annually by the Scottish Fishery Board, there are no official means of computing the total annual take of fish on the coasts of the United Kingdom. We have to trust to calculation from the number of fishing vessels employed. Leaving out of view the vessels that sail from the smaller English and Irish ports—there are no trawlers in Scotland—the number of fishing craft that find a constant cargo in the North Sea, the Channel, &c. is over 1,000. "These vessels are manned by at least 5,000 souls; they represent a capital of, at the very lowest esti-

"mate, 1,000,000*l.*; and they supply "the market daily with probably not "less than 300 tons of fish, valued at "from 1,500*l.* to 2,000*l.* So extensive, "indeed, is the trawl business, that it is "worth the while of a single fish sales- "man and trawl-owner to pay between "2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* a year for ice, in "which to preserve the fish." A constant increase in the number of the fishing craft has to be noted, so that, if fish be at all plentiful, the total supply cannot fail to be kept up—nay, to be increased. Private fishermen, and companies as well, are increasing their fleets. "Within the last two years a single "London company have increased their "fishing fleet by ten sailing and two "steam vessels, and are now building "two more steamers." The same course is being followed by others. Yet though, by such means, the supply of fish to Billingsgate is constantly increasing, it fails to keep pace with the demand.

The following figures are given by the Commissioners:—"The increase "which has taken place at particular "ports is very strikingly exhibited in "the returns given from Hull and "Grimsby. The total weight of fish "landed at Hull in 1854 was 1,571 "tons; in 1864, it had increased to "10,782 tons. At Grimsby, the fish "traffic on the two lines of railway from "that port had grown from 1,514 tons "in 1856 to 11,198 tons in 1864. At "Yarmouth, it rose, in four years, from "20,399 tons in 1860 to 34,432 tons "in 1864; and in the same years, at "Lowestoft, from 13,030 tons to 17,340 "tons." The Commissioners make a point of constantly bringing forward the increase of fishing craft, and the multiplication of fishing gear, as a proof of the continued prosperity of the fisheries. They say the evidence, where strongest in favour of a gradual decline in the yield of fish, was nearly always accompanied by statements showing the progressive increase in the number of men and boats engaged in the fishing. There has also (say the Commissioners) been an increase in the length of each fishing line and the number of hooks upon it,

in the length and depth of the nets, and in the size and sea-going qualities of the boats. By these means—namely, the increase of the machinery—the supply of fish carried to market on certain lines of railways was found to have increased more than threefold in a period of nine years. This good news, told by the Commissioners, of an increasing fish supply, was thought, at the time it was published, to be too good to be true. May not another conclusion be drawn from this progressive increase of fish and machinery than this one advanced by the Commissioners? When so many new boats have been put on to fish, and the hook and net power has been so largely increased, one would have thought that the increase in the supply of all kinds of fish would have been far greater than is reported.

There is one important fishery that we can adduce evidence from as to progress—namely, the herring fishery. Of that great industry, as carried on in Scotland at least, there are official statistics so far as the cured fish are concerned, extending over many years; and by these figures the whole question can be tried and estimated. In fact, as regards the herring, the question amounts to this: if these fish be as plentiful now as they were said to be thirty or forty years ago, we ought to obtain double the number now that we got then, for the very good but simple reason, that we are using twice, or more than twice, the quantity of netting. The following illustration will show what I mean:—In the year 1818, the 482 boats fishing at Wick with 4,500 square yards of netting, took each 136 crans of herring; whilst in 1863, 1,084 boats, each fishing with 16,800 square yards of netting, took only 79 crans of fish per boat. Now, if the herrings be as numerous as they once were, ought not four times the quantity of netting to capture four times the quantity of fish? It is said that all the herrings that man, by exercising the greatest possible industry, can take from the sea, are not of any consequence whatever; or, in other words, that they do not in the slightest degree affect the

supplies. Not to speak of the havoc that the millions of cod and other fishes make in the shoals, it has been calculated that the solan geese of St. Kilda alone require an annual supply of 214,000,000 of herrings. This is equal to 305,714 barrels: much more than the total average of herrings branded at all the north-east coast stations put together in any one of the last three or four years. The quantities eaten by fowls and fish at other places, and the number destroyed by other equally destructive agencies, are no doubt in proportion to these figures. The herring is thought to spawn twice a year, and one fish, at least, of that kind has been known to contain 69,000 eggs. Such fruitfulness, in the face of the destruction noted above, is evidently required to keep up the supplies.

A propos of the herring, I ascertained, while visiting Vlaardingen, the herring capital of Holland, that greater pains than ever are taken in the curing of herrings for the Dutch markets. Whilst all other laws for the regulation of the Dutch fisheries have either been repealed or allowed to lapse since the year 1859, the state regulations for the cure of the herrings still continue to be enforced with great precision. All restrictions and regulations as to close times, trawls, nets, and lines have been abolished, to the manifest relief of the fisheries; and in time, no doubt, the protective system which keeps up the brand of a specific mode of cure, will also be abolished. The Dutch herrings are taken where our herrings are taken; but they are cured on board their own ships in a peculiar way, *i.e.* a part of the intestines (as has been already stated) is left in the fish. These herrings have a high reputation in Holland, being greatly esteemed as a relish with salad, &c. An enormous price is obtained for the first-fruits of the season—as much as seven hundred guilders being paid for the early barrels—a “tasting” of which is immediately forwarded to the Hague to be presented to the king. Formerly great ceremonies used to be observed on the arrival of the new herrings at

Vlaardingen. The church steeple was dressed with flags, the ships put out all their bunting, and the curers decorated their houses with flowers and evergreens in order to signify their joy. Presents of half-a-dozen of the new herrings, in an ornamental kit, are still sent to friends and dignitaries.

The quantity of herrings that can be cured by the Dutch is, under the circumstances of their being cured on board, very limited. It is by the division of labour that a greatly larger quantity is cured in Scotland. The Dutch sailors have both to fish and cure, whilst the Scotch fishers only catch the fish, the curing being accomplished on shore by persons employed for the purpose. The work is done with great rapidity. If the Dutch were to engage curing-stations, and fish after the Scottish fashion, curing to their own taste, but doing so on shore, they might soon regain their old position on the seas. Their herring fishery used to be called the "great fishery;" but the "great fishery" is not now with the Dutch; it is with their pupils, the Scotch.

The Dutch do most business in the flat fish which are found so plentifully in "the great fish pond," as the German Ocean has been designated. They still employ the same old-fashioned luggers that they have always used; and at Scheveningen and other places the flat-bottomed fleet may be seen any evening running on to the beach (there being no harbour), and there landing their "takes" of soles, flounders, and other fish of the turbot kind. These they capture in great quantities by means of a couple of very light trawl-nets, which, after being used, are hung up to the mast-head to dry. There is a winter fishery for small herrings carried on in the Zuyder Zee; but I was told at Monnikendam that it had not during late years been very productive. There is a good deal of fishing industry carried on in the Zuyder Zee, and in its branch the Y: and many of the flat fish which are captured in the latter sea are brought to the market of Amsterdam while still

living, and are kept in the canal in a perforated boat, adjoining the market-place, till required. Eels are also dealt with in the same way; many tubfuls of these fine fish may be seen daily waiting to be sold and skinned—an operation which is performed with much dexterity. There are no shell fisheries in Holland to speak of, which arises very probably from there being no rocks or stones to form living and breeding ground for lobsters or crabs. I saw plenty of mussels on sale in Rotterdam. These are obtained from the Zirk Zee. All the best fish taken by the Dutch are sent inland, so that the fish-markets of their coast towns are but scantily supplied.

Being anxious to see how the Dutch take their salmon, I visited a salmon fishery on the river Maas near Rotterdam, which is rented by a company from Mr. Van Brienon, and is fished by means of steam and horse power. This fishery is worked from a terrace on the left bank of the river, which is quite a mile long, and only about three feet above the surface of the water. The agents in the working of the fishery are—a small steam vessel, three or four boats, four or five horses, and thirty-six men and boys. Great care is taken to keep the fishery going, three suits of nets always being at work, and the fishery operations are never suspended, but go on continually night and day, from February to November. The nets used are one thousand feet long, and thirty-three feet deep. They are sunk by means of three hundred stones, and kept straight in the water by seven hundred floats of cork. The plan adopted is to work the net from one end of the terrace to the other, right across the full breadth of the Maas. The little steamer sails out with the net, and courses along the off-side of the stream; whilst a horse, or one or two of the men, officiate on the near-side. At one or two places on the terrace there is a winding-in machine, driven by either one or two horses, and near the landing-place there is a large perforated floating receptacle, in which

the fish are kept till they are wanted for the market. On one or two occasions, when the day was more than ordinarily hot, many of the fish died—it was thought from sun-stroke. An Act of Parliament regulates the size of mesh to be used, *prevents the use of any kind of fixed net whatever*, and prohibits fishing at the flow of the tide. About thirty-two hauls of the nets are made every twenty-four hours, and the average take of fish is rather more than two at each haul. The tally on the day I was at the fishery, for the first twelve draughts of the nets, showed respectively 3, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 2, 0, 4, 3, 2. On the 8th of July there were sixty-six salmon caught, and these were sold for a sum of 813 guilders. The average price of the fish is about twelve guilders for each, and the average weight of the salmon captured is about fifteen pounds—the heaviest ever noted having weighed fifty-five pounds. The early fish generally run about twenty pounds' weight. The wages of the fishermen are about eighteen shillings a week each. They live in a bothy on the fishing-ground, eating and drinking as they please, and only visiting their homes once a week. There is a salmon fishery at the mouth of the Maas, of the value of about 40,000 guilders per annum; and there are six other fisheries for salmon on that river and the Merwede, all of which are tolerably productive.

Turning now to the French food fisheries, as seen through the medium of their recent exhibitions, we find that they present a striking contrast to those of Holland. To use a vulgarism, the fisheries are “all the rage” in France at present. Pisciculture on river and sea is the order of the day. Oyster culture is especially in fashion, and the re-stocking of the fresh waters is going on with great constancy and perseverance. I have already mentioned the ingenuity of the French in fishing traps; their ingenuity in the invention of piscicultural apparatus is equally remarkable. At Huningue, near Bâle, the application of particular means to serve particular ends is perfect. The

boxes for sending away the ova (they do not hatch out the fish at Huningue), and the mode of packing the eggs, are a perfect study. Fresh-water fishes are everywhere cultivated throughout France, the numerous Church fasts giving rise to a great demand for fish in districts that have not yet been penetrated by the railway. The want of railway transport for fish is much felt in many places. On some parts of the coast, where the fishing would in all probability be most abundant, it is but lazily prosecuted, simply for the want of inland conveyances. The French have grown very industrious on the sea; and their enormous coastline, extending from Dunkerque to Bayonne, a distance of more than 2,000 kilomètres, is highly favourable to fishing enterprise; and, if there were more lines of railway branching out to the coast, there would be plenty of fish for them to carry inland. As it is, the Parisian markets are very well supplied. It is quite a sight to see the large and beautiful salmon, the fresh flat fish, and the countless quantities of living crustaceans, that are provided for the supply of Paris. Although prices range very high, the demand is enormous. The high prices are not owing solely to the want of carrying power. A system prevails in France of passing the fish through a great many hands before they can reach the consumers. In fact, the price is constantly on the increase from the moment the fish leaves the boat till it arrives at the house of the purchaser.

The great speciality of France at the present time, as regards fishery enterprise, is the cultivation of oysters. Having visited the oyster-beds of Arcachon and Ré, I am able to speak from experience. The French people have thousands of oyster layings, and they are all of them very productive. In some parts of France, and notably at Arcachon, no difficulty has been felt in obtaining spat. It always falls in that beautifully-sheltered basin, and the consequence is that a gigantic oyster industry obtains there and at the isles of Ré and Oleron. Just fancy the number

of oysters that can be grown on a space of twelve hundred acres, and consider that there are many such spaces devoted to oyster culture in France! It is also a noticeable fact, in connexion with French oyster culture, that the Government of that country have laid down at several places a suite of model beds, in order to teach the art to those who would learn it. Indeed, the French Government has taken great pains to diffuse true ideas as to the economy of the fisheries. It was to teach nations how to fish that the exposition was given at Arcachon.

The fishery exhibitions, we repeat, have done good. When *our* turn comes to have an exhibition—and I move that we at once set about it—it will be seen that the fishery enterprise of Great Britain, notwithstanding our manifold blunders and imperfections, is the greatest in the world. With our ever-enlarging population and our increasing desire for food luxuries, it would, indeed, require to be so; and the future care of such a vast source of wealth is worthy of the best efforts that our Government, or individuals, can expend upon it.

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LONDON UNIVERSITY, AND LONDON COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS OF SCIENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

LONDON, in respect of its institutions for the higher education, is in a state of disgraceful chaos.

In this great city, if in any city or capital in the world, there ought surely to be a fully-equipped university. There ought to be an organization of means, round some conspicuous centre, whereby all those of the inhabitants that may be in search of the most perfect possible instruction in the liberal arts and sciences, or in any branch of them, might, without going beyond the bounds of the metropolis, find that instruction. True, the two ancient universities of England still exist in all their transmitted power and splendour, and also, it is believed, with an amount of pliability to new exigencies likely to secure for a long time to come their pre-eminence as national institutions. But why should not London by this time have had in her own possession an apparatus for the higher education, organized as visibly, and under as far-flashing a name, as either Oxford University, or Cambridge University? Granted the propriety of setting apart two quiet towns of mid-England for the express business of academic education, so that these towns should be, in

an especial manner, the homes of the English Muses. Still, might it not have been well for England if long ago London had also had a university, as well appointed as those of Oxford and Cambridge—founded as such a university would necessarily have been, on somewhat different principles, and obliged as it would have been, by the very fact of its being metropolitan, to study wider intellectual conveniences? Or, if there were reasons in the past why the supreme apparatus for instruction in the Arts and Sciences should be located out of London, are such reasons valid now? Organized or not organized, it is from the mass of various intellect now gathered in London—intellect of philosophical speculation; intellect of scientific research; intellect of art, of history, and of literary criticism—that the influence radiates which can alone or mainly be called dominant in England. Should there ever be a centralization, therefore, for national purposes, of the intellectual *machinery* of all England, where can the centre properly be but in London? But let such a general centralization be but a dream of the far horizon, and let Oxford and Cambridge be as sure of continued national emi-

nence as their best sons wish—is it possible that all England can now-a-days delegate the organized care of the highest academic education which the country requires to Oxford and Cambridge? What may be felt by other parts of England, the north and the west for example, needs not be inquired here. We speak of London only. But we may speak of London in two aspects. We may speak of it as a vast fixed population of three millions, having needs of its own, the means of satisfying which it might fairly like to have accessible within its own limits. Or we may speak of it as the capital of Great Britain, where many who have received part of their education elsewhere, Oxford men and Cambridge men included, have to spend large parts of their lives, and where it may justly be expected that for such, as well as for its own *alumni*, there should be the means, on and on, for every kind of liberal study in its last phases, and to its utmost ramifications. In either case, London ought to have a university, a teaching institute of arts and sciences, commensurate with its size. For the sake of those of its own multitudinous youth it cannot afford to see the business of a high liberal education delegated any longer, even ostensibly, to Oxford and Cambridge. Nor, whatever training Oxford or Cambridge, or other places of education, may have given to those who come to reside in London, is it desirable that London should remain in such a condition that these persons, from the time of their arrival in it, must consider their general education closed, or, if they want to extend it by cultivating anything they have formerly neglected, must look about dubiously, and be driven to consult a medley of newspaper advertisements, and puffs of so-called colleges, for information where to go. In short, on all grounds, London ought to have a university, a corporate apparatus for the highest general and professional instruction, more vast and conspicuous, better organized, giving occupation to more of the best minds of the land in the work

of teaching, conferring more dignity and influence on all so connected with it, looked on by the State with more favour and solicitude, beheld with more pride and interest by the whole nation, and heard of abroad with clearer and broader rumour, than any institution now figuring under the name of college, university, or whatever else, in the pages of the *London Directory*.

But *is* there not a "University of London" already? There is, and it is a most efficient and flourishing institution after its kind. The degrees it confers are among the most hard-won and honourable in the three kingdoms; and the body of its graduates may be considered a body of exceptionally high intelligence and culture. The rise of the institution in so short a time to the place of peculiar command which it holds, not in London alone, but over the whole country, is a fact of some consequence in recent British history; and no provision of the Reform Bill of the late session ought to give, or has given, more general satisfaction than that which erects this university, unhampered by the proposed absurdity of a conjunction with Durham, into a distinct parliamentary constituency. So much respecting it at present. In what particulars it fails to answer the idea of such a University of London as we have now in view, and how far and in what way it might fit itself into the measures that would have to be taken towards supplying the desideratum, are matters for farther explanation. Meanwhile, to verify our remark that London, in respect of its institutions for the higher education, is yet in a state of chaos, let us draw out a brief descriptive list of all the institutions anyhow belonging to this class that we know of as existing in London:—

I, THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—This great national establishment, created by the State at enormous cost, and upheld by large annual grants of State-money, as well as occasional special grants, may be regarded as one of the educational establishments of London—indeed, as the

greatest of them all. None of its large staff of officials are teachers or lecturers ; they are but keepers, in different grades and at different salaries, of its vast collections of antiquities, objects of natural history, books, &c. But, by resort to these collections, students in London, of all ages, and of the most diverse pursuits, have a means of instruction open to them such as perhaps no other metropolis could furnish. They have but to pass within the gates, and they may look, and read, and study for themselves. The Museum, in short, is a teaching institution without any staff of teachers. Its affairs are managed by a body of trustees, including some of the Cabinet Ministers and great officers of State, together with others of the most distinguished men in the realm elected for the business. To be an elected trustee of the British Museum is to wear "the blue riband of British literature." The librarianships and keeperships are also posts suitable for men of high scientific or literary distinction ; and many such men have held, or now hold, these posts. The great botanist, Robert Brown, was head of the Botanical Department ; and the present superintendent of the Natural History Department is Professor Owen.

II. SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.—This is a rather complex congeries of institutions—we had almost said jumble of institutions—owing its origin to recommendations of the Commissioners for the Great Exhibition of 1851. Impressed with the necessity of a more systematic instruction in science and art for our industrial classes, to enable them to compete with foreign nations in the higher products of industry, the Commissioners urged on Government the propriety of bringing together under one administration the various institutions for the promotion of Art and Practical Science already existing in connexion with the State and supported by the public funds. The result was, that in 1853 the Lords of the Treasury acquiesced in a proposal of the Privy Council that the following

institutions, then already existing, should be consolidated into one department, under the Board of Trade :—*The Department of Practical Art*, a development of certain "Central Schools of Design," which had existed from 1837 ; *The Department of Practical Science*, a more recent institution, which was only taking shape ; *The Government School of Mines and Science*, founded in 1851 ; *The Museum of Practical Geology*, established in Jermyn Street in 1850 ; *The Geological Society*, already in connexion with the Jermyn Street Museum ; *The Museum of Irish Industry*, an institution founded in Dublin by Government in 1845 ; and *The Royal Dublin Society*, dating its existence from 1731. All these institutions, the collective grants to which in the year previous to their amalgamation had amounted to £1,586*l.*, were thenceforth to be under one common superintendence, and were to form a kind of Government agency for the teaching of science and art, the influence of which should be disseminated over the country by means of affiliated local institutions, either self-supporting or only slightly aided by public money. Of the institutions so combined into one, it will be noted, five were in London and two in Dublin. In 1853, however, another London institution was added to the department—viz. *The Royal College of Chemistry*, founded in 1845, and situated in Oxford Street. Finally, in 1854, the Department took an extension into Scotland, by the foundation by Government of a new Industrial Museum in Edinburgh, with which museum was incorporated the Natural History Museum formerly belonging to Edinburgh University. The Department, thus completed, and consisting of a conjunction or crude association of eight London institutions, two Dublin institutions, and one Edinburgh institution, remained attached to the Board of Trade till 1856, when an order of Council transferred it to the Committee of Privy Council on Education. This Committee of the Privy Council on Education is, as our readers are aware, the nearest

approach we have in this country to a Ministry of Education, though some of the functions that would belong to such a Ministry, if we had it, are performed now by the Home Secretary. The Committee on Education, in fact, has under its management two great divisions of business—the business of PRIMARY EDUCATION, carried on by the primary schools of the country, and kept under Government superintendence by means of inspectorships, &c.; and the business of this motley DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART, represented in the above-named institutions in the three capital cities, and in the ramifications of these institutions, all having reference to the higher education of the community, or to those kinds of the higher education that are supposed to bear most directly on industrial interests. The two divisions of business are kept quite distinct, and there is a flow of public money annually into each. The vote for the Department of Science and Art in 1860 was 94,951*l.*, or more than double the sum voted for the separate institutions collectively before their union.

From the account just given it will be seen that the SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION includes a good deal that cannot be brought under the head of “means for the higher education in London.” The Department spreads its tentacles beyond London, and it includes business other than that of instruction—the business, for example, of the Geological Survey. Nevertheless, some of the most important items for any list that might be drawn up of places for the higher education in London are furnished by this Government Department. Let us pick out these items:—(1) Having its headquarters in Jermyn Street, but with chemical laboratories in Oxford Street, there is what may be called *The Government School of Science*, usually designated “The Royal School of Mines,” but in fact consisting of that institution in union with the “Royal College of Chemistry.” Its head or director is Sir Roderick Murchison; and its teaching-

staff consists of seven professors—for Natural History, Professor Huxley; for Physics, Professor Tyndall; for Chemistry, Professor Frankland; for Metallurgy, Dr. Percy; for Mineralogy and Mining, Professor Warrington Smyth; for Geology, Professor Ramsay; for Applied Mechanics, Professor Willis. The fees charged at this establishment from the regular students are very much at the academic rate—a whole sum of 30*l.*, or two annual payments of 20*l.* each, or 3*l.* or 4*l.* per single course of lectures. A great feature of the institution, however, is the delivery of evening courses of lectures to working-men only at a very low fee. Diligent audiences of as many as 600 attend these courses. (2) Having its headquarters at South Kensington, and in connexion with the South Kensington Museum, is what may be called more especially *The Government School of Art*, though it assumes usually the general name of “The Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council.” Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., is the General Secretary and Director of the Museum; and the establishment consists of what, on paper at least, appears a confusion of branches. There is a “Science Division,” with inspectors, examiners, &c.; there is an “Art Division,” with similar officials; there is “The Museum,” with its keepers, clerks, &c.; there is “The National Art Training School” (for training Art-teachers); and there is “The Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering.” It is in connexion with the last two that we find shreds of business in common with that of most colleges and universities. Thus, in the National Art Training School Professor Marshall is Lecturer on Anatomy; and there are lecturers on Botany and Geometry; and at the head of the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering is Dr. Joseph Woolley, as “Inspector-General and Director of Studies,” among whose subordinates is an instructor in Practical Chemistry.

III. ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN IN ALBEMARLE STREET.—Nominally a private society of members,

with a reading-room and library as well as a lecture theatre, this institution deserves to be singled out here from among many similar, but minor, institutions in London, on account of the especial importance of its lecture theatre. The institution was founded in 1799 by Count Rumford, Sir Joshua Banks, and others, for the purpose of facilitating scientific inventions and discoveries, and creating an interest in matters of science. Sir Humphry Davy flashed into public notice as a lecturer here, and, becoming resident professor in the institution, made some of his discoveries in its laboratory. Here the young bookbinder Faraday heard Davy lecture, with consequences which the world knows. From 1813, when Faraday became Davy's assistant, the Royal Institution can claim as its property the whole of Faraday's career. Here he made his researches and discoveries, and here latterly, as resident professor, he delivered those marvellous courses of lectures which charmed all London. After Faraday's retirement a few years ago, Professor Tyndall became his successor, so that now the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street shares with the Royal School of Mines in Jermyn Street the services of this distinguished *savant*. Not exclusively on the resident Professors—lately Faraday and now Tyndall—does the fame of the lecture theatre of the institution depend. Connected courses of scientific lectures have been delivered here by Huxley, Frankland, and others; and, indeed, every season there are such courses of considerable length, along with shorter courses, scientific or philosophical, by the most eminent men at hand. Perhaps the highest and most elaborate form attained by the lecture system anywhere in the United Kingdom is that exemplified in the regular afternoon lectures at the Albemarle Street institution during the London season, and, in a more popular vein, by the Friday evening lectures at the same place. Among the philosophical and literary lecturers have been Buckle, Froude, Maurice, Kingsley, and Professor Bain.

IV. GRESHAM COLLEGE.—This old foundation in the City of London is an example of a good intention frustrated through error in the original arrangements, and the absence of a subsequent power of suitable revision. It arose out of an agreement between the famous merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, on the one hand, and the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company of London on the other, whereby, in return for Gresham's gift of the Royal Exchange to the city, those two bodies undertook to institute courses of lectures on these seven subjects—Divinity, Civil Law, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Rhetoric, and Physic—to be delivered *gratis*, in term-time, in Gresham's house in Basinghall Street, which he made over as a college for the purpose. These Gresham courses of lectures were begun in 1597, on the death of Gresham's widow; and for more than a century Gresham College was a place of some note in the annals of English science and literature. Students from Oxford and Cambridge, who had settled in or near London, frequented it for instruction in branches of science they had neglected, or had found insufficient means for prosecuting in their own universities. Milton, for example, after leaving Cambridge in 1632, seems to have gone to it occasionally for farther insight into geometry, astronomy, and the theory of music. One of its Professors of Geometry was Dr. Isaac Barrow; but, indeed, there is a well-known collection of "Lives of the Gresham Professors," published in 1740, and containing much curious and valuable information respecting very worthy men. The first college was taken down in 1768; after which, for many years, the lectures were given in a room over the old Royal Exchange. The present college dates, we believe, from 1843. Lecturers, or Professors, are still appointed, and, we suppose, receive salaries, and appear at stated hours to be ready to lecture; but, as far as we can hear, there are never any audiences, nor is it very ardently expected that there should be. The college is, in fact, a nullity.

The heart of the City of London is not a place where people now will flock to hear lectures on Drawing, Astronomy, Rhetoric, &c. in the hours of business, whatever may have been the case when Gresham lived, and London had gates and walls, and a tidy little population of all classes accommodated in the quaint-gabled streets within them. Besides, the *gratis* principle seems here to have worked ill. So, at least, Dr. Johnson thought. "Gresham College," he said to Boswell, "was intended as a 'place of instruction for London; able 'professors were to read lectures *gratis*; 'they contrived to have no scholars; 'whereas, if they had been allowed to 'receive but sixpence a lecture from 'each scholar, they would have been 'emulous to have had many scholars." There is, doubtless, something in this. Might not the foundation be confiscated or remodelled?

V. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—This institution, with its domed edifice in an open space in Gower Street, and its attached hospital opposite, is the memorial, and something more, of a real attempt to provide London with such a university as it needed—a university after the German or Scottish model, but with modifications to suit time and place. It was founded in 1826, by a number of men eminent on what was then the "Liberal" side of public affairs, Lord Brougham being at their head, with the express intention of affording to young men of all denominations, and without the impediments then arising from religious tests and obligations at Oxford and Cambridge, adequate opportunities for a literary and scientific education at a moderate expense. From the first it included a Faculty of Arts and Laws, and a Faculty of Medicine; but Theology was excluded from its curriculum. Although only a proprietary institution, or joint-stock undertaking, and having no recognition from Government, it started with the fairest prospects, with the name of "The University of London," and with a well-contrived organization fully answering to that name. There was much talk about

it, *pro* and *con*, throughout the three kingdoms—Liberals and Dissenters approving of its principles, and wishing it well; and Tories and Churchmen, on the other hand, denouncing it vehemently, laughing at the idea of its puny rivalry with Oxford or Cambridge, and fitting to it all sorts of nicknames and epithets of abuse.

"O the wondrous wondrous man that planned
our great machine—
The London University, and the Penny
Magazine!"

is a scrap of one of the old squibs of that time against Lord Brougham; and Oxford men and Cambridge men of the present day, who have learnt to respect University College, and have been earnest to bring Oxford and Cambridge themselves more and more round to some of the principles on which it was founded, would be amazed by the proofs that might be given of the rancour with which it was regarded at the outset by their predecessors.

It was time, indeed, that an experiment of a university on such principles should be tried in England; and in 1836 the Government came to the rescue of the experiment. Instead, however, of chartering the Gower Street institution by the name of "The London University," which it had till then borne, and allowing it to go on with that name, educating students, granting degrees, &c., they persuaded it to part with that name (which, perhaps, all circumstances considered, it is a pity it ever did), and to accept a charter as *University College* merely—Government at the same time signalising its approbation of the non-sectarian principle by instituting, also by charter, a totally new "University of London," organized so as not to be a teaching-body at all, but only a body for examining and granting degrees. What Government said to the founders of the Gower Street institution was substantially this:—"We approve of your principles, and should like to see a London University, whose degrees, granted to all comers irrespectively of religious opinions, should compete with those

of the two ancient universities; but would it not be better that such a university should not be identified with a single building or college, but should be an independent body, appointed by the Crown, and grasping many colleges, your own included, in a kind of affiliation?" Matters having been arranged so in 1836, "The University of London" has since then been one thing, and "University College, London," has been a totally distinct thing.

This latter has gone on, still in Gower Street, as a college in the proper sense of the term—*i.e.* an institution of classes for education in the Arts, in Law, and in Medicine. The number of students attending it every year in the Faculty of Arts and Laws averages about 240 or 250; and in the Faculty of Medicine the average number is about 180. Evening classes for others than regular students have also been instituted. The number of professorships in the Faculty of Arts and Laws is twenty-seven. In the Medical Faculty there are fourteen classes. None of the chairs are publicly endowed; the College receives not a farthing of Government money; the Professors are remunerated solely by their class-fees. Among the past or present Medical Professors of the College may be mentioned Sir Charles Bell, Professor Graham (now Master of the Mint), Liston (the famous surgeon), Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, Dr. Lindley, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Jenner, Dr. Sharpey, Dr. Russell Reynolds, Professor Quain, Professor Erichsen, Professor Marshall, and Sir Henry Thompson; and in its list of Professors of Arts and Laws have been, or are, such men as Austin (Jurisprudence), Panizzi, Latham, George Long, Ramsay (Geology), Sylvester, A. J. Scott, Key, De Morgan, F. W. Newman, Tom Taylor, Arthur Hugh Clough, Malden, Seeley, Williamson, and Henry Morley. Little wonder that, with a teaching-staff that can be represented by such names, University College has acquired a peculiarly high reputation. The Medical School of the College is one of the most celebrated in the kingdom.

VI. KING'S COLLEGE.—Co-equal in general estimation with University College, and, indeed, the only other institution in London fully answering to the idea of a college as a place of complete liberal education, is King's College, quartered in Somerset House, in the Strand, and having its hospital (King's College Hospital) not far off. This college, founded in 1828, was the result of a kind of reaction against the views of the founders of University College. While it was the avowed distinction of University College that it should be open to all religions and sects, it was published as the "fundamental principle" of King's College, that "instruction in the Christian religion" should be an indispensable part of whatever education was to be received there. Thus, from the first, the College was rather in sympathy with Oxford and Cambridge opinion, and in declared connexion with the Church of England. This did not prevent, but rather helped, its development by the side of University College, and for a long time it has been a most efficient institution. The classes are divided, not into Faculties, but into four departments—"A Theological Department," a "Department of General Literature," a "Department of the Applied Sciences," and a "Medical Department." There are, in all, forty-two professorships, besides lectureships. The number of matriculated students in all departments, in the Lent Term of 1865, was 391; but there are evening classes in the College, very largely attended by occasional students. The roll of the past and present Professors of King's College exhibits many shining names. Among the theological professors have been Archbishop Trench, Bishop Ellicott, Mr. Perowne, and Professor Maurice—the dissension between the last of whom and the College authorities, on account of his theological views, caused some commotion at the time. In the departments of Literature and Science, we find the names of Mr. Nassau Senior, Dr. Dasent, Mr. Charles H. Pearson, Mr. Brewer, Dr. Fitz-Edward Hall, Mr. Thorold Rogers,

Canon Moseley, Mr. Clark Maxwell, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Phillips, Professor Ansted, and Professor Wheatstone; and in the Medical Department, the names of Professor Edward Forbes, Herbert Mayo, Mr. Partridge, Mr. Lionel Beale, Professor Daniell, Professor Miller, Sir Thomas Watson, Dr. Guy, Dr. Farre, and Sir William Fergusson. To have been able to include some of these names in the roll of the Professors of King's College, it is evident that the College authorities, though strict in the Theological Department, as was proved by their conduct in Mr. Maurice's case, must have construed the "fundamental principle" of the institution, so far as the other departments were concerned, very temperately and wisely. Like University College, King's College is totally unaided by public money.

VII. SPECIAL COLLEGES OF DISSENTING BODIES.—Omitting such colleges of this class as provide only theological teaching, and the professional training necessary for preachers, we may mention three as doing something more. In the *New College*, a handsome building recently erected in Finchley Road, St. John's Wood (a union in 1850 of several colleges of the Independents previously separate), there are general professorships as well as theological—the Professorship of Greek and Latin, for example, being held by Dr. William Smith. In the *Regent's Park College* (a spacious mansion within the Park, chosen by the Baptists for their college when they removed it from Stepney some years ago) the young men who are educated for the Baptist ministry, under the care of Dr. Joseph Angus as Principal, also, we believe, receive general literary instruction within the college. Finally, in *Manchester New College*, in Gordon Square (the college of the Unitarians), not only are there Professorships of Theology and Hebrew, but there is a Professorship of Philosophy, held by the Rev. J. Martineau.

VIII. THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE.—This excellent institution, situated in Great Ormond Street, dates its existence from 1854. It was founded by the

Rev. F. D. Maurice, with a view to put within the reach of working men, by means of evening classes, and for small fees, instruction in Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physical Science, History, Political Economy, &c., not attenuated in the *ad captandum* way, but as nearly as possible of the true academic quality. In this college, accordingly, as well as in the evening classes at King's and University Colleges, and at the evening lectures in the School of Mines, working men in London may now receive teaching that a while ago was beyond their limits. The Principal is Professor Maurice; the teachers hitherto have been mainly volunteers. Among them have been or are Mr. Ruskin, Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., Mr. J. M. Ludlow, and Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

IX. METROPOLITAN MEDICAL SCHOOLS, IN ADDITION TO THOSE OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AND KING'S COLLEGE.—The Medical Schools of University College Hospital and King's College Hospital are, in fact, constituent portions of the colleges to which these two hospitals are respectively attached; but there are in London *nine* distinct medical schools besides, each clustered in or round a great hospital which does not stand in connexion with any college for general education. These schools take their names from the hospitals they are clustered round: viz. *Bartholomew's Hospital* (West Smithfield); *Charing Cross Hospital*; *St. George's Hospital* (Hyde Park Corner); *Guy's Hospital* (St. Thomas's Street, Borough); *London Hospital* (Mile End); *St. Mary's Hospital* (Paddington); *The Middlesex Hospital* (Berners Street); *St. Thomas's Hospital* (Newington); and *Westminster Hospital* (Broad Sanctuary). Now each of these nine "Hospital Medical Schools," as they may be called to distinguish them from the two "College Medical Schools," has a medical teaching-staff, whose certificates answer as well in qualifying students for medical degrees in the University of London, or for passing the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, as if they had attended the corresponding classes in King's College

or University College. The teaching-staff of each school consists of a group of medical men of already attained eminence in the profession, or rising into eminence; most of whom also act as surgeons or physicians in the hospital. In some of the schools more subjects are taught than in the others; but the leading subjects of a surgical and medical education are included in all. Without mentioning the more technical of these, we may note, as more to our purpose, that each school provides for the teaching within itself of certain subjects of general science which need not necessarily be taught in a hospital. Thus *Bartholomew's* has Chemistry (Dr. Odling), General Anatomy and Physiology, Botany, and Comparative Anatomy; *Charing Cross* repeats Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, and Comparative Anatomy, and adds Natural Philosophy pure; *St. George's* repeats Chemistry, Botany, Anatomy and Physiology; *Guy's* has Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, Comparative Anatomy in conjunction with Zoology, and adds Experimental Philosophy; *London* has Chemistry over again (Dr. Letheby), Botany, Anatomy and Physiology, and Comparative Anatomy; *St. Mary's* has Chemistry, Botany, Physiology, and Comparative Anatomy conjoined with Zoology; *Middlesex* has Physiology and General Anatomy, Comparative Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany; *St. Thomas's* has Botany and Physiology, and General Anatomy again, but conjoins Chemistry with Natural Philosophy, and Comparative Anatomy with Natural History; and *Westminster*, having Chemistry, Botany, and Physiology and Anatomy, like the rest, reverts to the conjunction of Comparative Anatomy with Zoology, and to Natural Philosophy pure. Surely, apart from the higher question with which we are now engaged, one may suspect the necessity or advantage of this competition of so many hospitals for pupils in subjects of general science. For teaching purposes, why should not the hospitals be interconnected? Why should not one fee give a medical student in

London the run of as many of the hospitals as he chose, and the pick of their best teaching?

X. THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Nothing short of a surgical operation will get the distinction between "University College, London," and "the University of London" into the heads not only of Scotchmen, but of Oxford and Cambridge men, Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, newspaper editors, and the world in general. The two institutions are continually being confounded. They were confounded by speakers in Parliament in the recent debate on the subject of the representation of the University of London—some speakers evidently fancying the University they were going to enfranchise to be the domed building they had occasionally seen in Gower Street. Nay, money has been left nominally to "the University of London" which was clearly intended for "University College," and has been claimed and obtained by University College as undeniably hers. Many of the letters received by Professors of University College come addressed "Professor So-and-So, University of London;" and on the envelopes of such letters there is often the spiteful legend of the postman, "*Not known at the University of London*," showing that they had first been taken to the University rightly so called, and that the porter there had refused them, and could not or would not give any information as to the probable whereabouts of the obscure person sought after. "He don't belong here; that's all I know," we can fancy the functionary saying, and leaving the postman to his own ingenuity. And really he would have some excuse. The persistency with which people identify "University College, London," with "the University of London," has long been a plague and provocation to all concerned. Yet there is some excuse also for the error itself. "University College" *was* at one time "the London University," and only parted with that name in 1836, when what is now "the London University" was formed. Moreover, the existence

of the former institution was the chief cause of the creation of the latter, and not a few of the recent or present officials of the College have been or are in official connexion with the University. There is, however, a reason deeper still. The word "University" never had such a meaning before in England, Scotland, or Ireland, as that which people must get accustomed to in the case of "the University of London." In Scotland the terms "college" and "university" are practically, though not theoretically, synonymous. There is one teaching corporation in each of the four university towns; this body of Professors is accommodated (save at Aberdeen and St. Andrew's) in one college building; and it confers degrees. So, or nearly so, with the University of Dublin. In Oxford or Cambridge, again, where "university" is *not* synonymous with "college," there is still that kind of association between the two names which arises from the fact that the teaching functions are distributed between the university and the colleges, and that the university, or degree-granting body, is a growth out of the group of colleges, or a conjunct representation of them. Even in the case of the recently-instituted Queen's University in Ireland, there is still the notion of an organic connexion between the university, or degree-granting power, and certain colleges, or teaching bodies. But, to grasp the idea of the "University of London," one must let go one's hold of all these precedents or concomitants, and be ready for a new category.

The University of London—at present without even a building of its own, and quartered, so far as it needs quarters, in a wing of Burlington House, Piccadilly—is a Crown foundation, not for the purpose of teaching at all, but solely for the purpose of conducting examinations and conferring degrees. Awakened by the Gower Street experiment to the fact that England had no university except those of Oxford and Cambridge, and that consequently almost all Englishmen whose means were but moderate, and absolutely all who did not subscribe to

the Articles of the Church of England, were excluded from the encouragements to learning depending on a university degree, the Whig Government of 1836 issued a charter, empowering a body of eminent public persons therein named to begin a new state of things. These persons were not to teach, nor to appoint professors, nor to set up colleges. There were colleges and schools already in operation—University College, King's College, provincial colleges, &c. &c., some on Church of England principles, and some not. With these the Government did not mean to interfere; let them go on as they chose, with what funds they had or could get; Government did not mean to endow any of them. But out of these colleges and schools there were continually growing up young men, with whom, from their being Dissenters or from the state of their circumstances, membership of either of the ancient universities was out of the question, but who would be glad to have university degrees, and well deserved to have them. For the relief of all such, the University of London was founded. The eminent men nominated by the Crown were to appoint examiners under them, in Classics, the Arts and Sciences, Law, Medicine, and in short every subject of a liberal or professional education, excluding only Theology. This was to be the machinery. Then from the widest possible area let candidates periodically appear before these examiners, only bringing with them certificates to show that they had been receiving education at some school or college which the authorities of the new university had thought worthy of being put on its list of affiliated institutions. Let all come, dark or white, Jews or Christians, Churchmen or Nonconformists. Let the examinations be up to any convenient standard of strictness, but let there be no test of religious belief; and on those found worthy to have degrees—B.A., M.A., LL.B., LL.D., M.B., M.D., or whatever others might come into fashion—let the authorities of the new university ceremoniously confer such degrees.

This let there arise in the community, in the course of years, a body of London University graduates, and let it be seen, by the cast of these men, and their competency relatively to the graduates of other universities, what the experiment would come to !

Such, in spirit and substance, was the London University charter of 1836. The charter was renewed in 1837, on the accession of her present Majesty ; additional powers were given in 1850 ; a wholly new charter was given in 1858 ; and the charter now in force, superseding all others, and settling the present constitution of the university, bears date Jan. 6, 1863. The reason for this succession of charters was that experience gradually suggested changes in the organization. One of the most natural of these was that, when a body of London University graduates had once been formed, it was found necessary to admit them to some share in the government of the university of which they were the offspring. Accordingly, the University now consists of a Chancellor, a Vice-chancellor, a Senate of thirty-six Fellows, and the body of graduates. The Chancellor, Vice-chancellor, and Fellows really rule, and make whatever fresh changes from time to time the charter has left to their discretion ; but the Graduates in Convocation have a deliberative power on all matters concerning the University, and also a certain power in the nomination of new members for the Senate.

With all these changes, the University still remains essentially what it was—not a teaching body, nor a body growing out of or representing any group of teaching bodies ; but, as we may say, an air-hung agency of Government origin, for examining young men from all parts of the British dominions, and conferring degrees upon them. The real core of this agency, in which the virtue resides, and whose action must make or mar the whole concern, is the body of examiners ; and the highest functions of the Senate are the election of these examiners, and the discussion with them from time to time of the proper methods

and subjects of examination. At present there are forty examiners. They go in pairs, so that there are two examiners in each of twenty designated subjects. The examiners are appointed but for a limited term, so that there may always be a reinforcement among them of fresh men. The present body of the examiners includes men of the highest distinction, some of them graduates of the University itself, others bred at Oxford, or Cambridge, or Dublin, or one or other of the Scottish universities ; and that all along the examinations must have been of very superior quality is proved by the value set everywhere on a London degree. The system of degrees has also been considerably extended and improved by the Senate of the University—degrees in Science, for example, having been added to those in Arts, Law, and Medicine. Nevertheless, and with all the importance that must attach to a body of men now so numerous, so widely spread, and of such reputation collectively as the London graduates—an importance justly recognised by their formation into a parliamentary constituency—there is a feeling among many (and I have it myself) that the present scheme of the University of London is in discord, if not with the ideal of a certain kind of University of which the British Empire might well have one specimen, at least with the ideal derived from our old habits, and that would serve best now for London itself. The institution is air-hung—air-hung, it is true, in or over London, but with its connexions no more with London than with all the ends of the empire. It is like Swift's island of Laputa—an island floating in the air ; stationary in the main over one spot, and that the metropolis, but movable. Nay, this character of disconnectedness, which has always belonged to the institution, has been increased of late by changes in practice. For example, the calendar of the university still publishes a list of "Institutions in connexion with the University as to degrees in Arts and Laws," and also a list of "Institutions from which the University receives Certificates for

degrees in Medicine." The former list is headed by "The Universities of the United Kingdom," includes the Universities of Sydney and Toronto, and then some thirty or forty colleges and schools, comprising University College, King's College, and the other London colleges which we have named in this paper, together with schools and colleges in Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham, and other English and Irish towns. These used to be called the "affiliated institutions" of the University—a name not improper if it were allowed that paternity might be assumed on the one side where there might be no consciousness of sonship on the other. The affiliation, however, was considerably extensive for a university named *The University of London*; and it must have jarred on the ear of an Oxford man, a Cambridge man, or an Edinburgh man, to hear that his university stood *affiliated* to that of London. This, however, was but an affair of names. The meaning was that the University of London would recognise certificates of attendance at the classes of any of the institutions named, and would, in fact, not being a teaching body itself, admit to its membership, and its degrees, only persons who had been already *educated* by one or other of the said teaching bodies. Now, however, as respects the degrees of the University in Arts, Laws, and Science, all this is obsolete. In respect of these degrees, University College, London, for example—which was in part the cause of the University of London's creation, and which has supplied perhaps the largest proportion of its graduates—is no more "affiliated" to the University now, in any real sense, than any private apartment in a London house is, or, for that matter, the toll-man's sentry-box at the Swiss Cottage, or a bathing-machine at Brighton. And so with all the colleges and institutions on the list—except only the Universities of the United Kingdom. But this requires a little explanation.

The charter of 1863 still binds the authorities of London University to require from candidates for *the degrees in*

Medicine and Surgery certificates of a certain amount of instruction at one or other of the medical schools—metropolitan, provincial, Irish, Scottish, Colonial, or Indian—on the adopted list. The notion of the Crown, as of most people, evidently still is, that it would not do to qualify surgeons and doctors of medicine merely by examinations calculated to ascertain proficiency, without caring where or how the proficiency had been attained. Certified attendance at classes in some of the recognised schools of medicine and surgery is still a requisite. But for *the degrees in Arts, Laws, and Science*, no such qualification is needed. The charter, it is true, ordains that the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows of the University shall admit "as candidates for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Laws and Doctor of Laws, Bachelor of Science and Doctor of Science," persons who shall produce satisfactory evidence that they "respectively have completed in any of the said institutions" [*i. e.* the institutions in the adopted list] "the course of instruction which the said Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows shall from time to time by regulations in that behalf determine." But then the charter goes on to ordain also "that persons *not* educated in any of the said institutions . . . shall be admitted as candidates for matriculation, and for any of the degrees hereby authorized to be conferred by the said University of London, other than degrees in Medicine or Surgery, on such conditions as the said Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Fellows, by regulations in that behalf, shall from time to time determine, such regulations being subject," &c. Put the two clauses together, and their meaning is, that all persons, whether educated or not at any of the colleges or schools of the British dominions, might become candidates for any degrees, other than medical or surgical, in the University, and that it should be left very much to the Senate to determine what difference, if any, should be made in favour of those who

had been educated at any of the adopted institutions. Now, what have the University authorities done in the exercise of the discretion so left to them? As far as we can gather from the calendar of 1867, they have swept away all distinction between persons who have been educated at the recognised institutions and persons who have not been so educated, with these exceptions—(1) That persons who are already graduates in Arts in *any of the Universities of the United Kingdom* may skip the Matriculation Examination, and become candidates at once for the B.A. degree or the B.Sc. degree or the LL.B. degree in the University of London; (2) That persons who have already graduated B.A. in *any one of the four Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham* may, after an interval of a year from such graduation, become candidates for the M.A. degree, or for the D.Lit. degree in the University of London. With these exceptions, the University of London, so far as Arts, Laws, Science, and Literature are concerned, places the whole outside world on an equal footing. With these exceptions, the institutions on its own adopted list are nothing to it; it is all the same to it whether the man who presents himself at its doors has been punctually attending classes at any of the London colleges, or any of the provincial colleges, or has been acquiring knowledge by the private industry of his own teeth and nails. Its sole test of worthiness is its own examinations. A young man may matriculate in it, and pass on to degree after degree in it up to the highest, without having given or giving attendance at any college, school, or teaching institution at all, if only he can contrive to reach the fixed standard of merit in the successive trials. "And why not?" is the natural exclamation; the sympathies of all necessarily going at once with such an innovation upon academic old fogysm. Yes! but then, in the first place, why does the University continue to speak of certain colleges and schools as being "in connexion" with it, when these schools and colleges are no more in connexion with it than

all creation is, or at least every tenement in which a human being can live and study? And, in the second place, there is involved a question in the answer to which authorities are by no means agreed. Consistently with the interests of sound and thorough knowledge, how far may we safely abrogate the old method of requiring certified attendance during a definite period in recognised places of education (*i. e.* places of continuous teaching and examination combined), and accept the results of periodical examinations by a mere examining body as a substitute?

We have said enough to show that, whatever great purpose the present University of London may be fulfilling, it is not such an organization as we have conceived to be possible and desirable under the name of "University of London," and as people might have expected under that name. It is not an aggregation, consolidation, or representation of the higher teaching-bodies of London; nor is it that concentrically with a roving agency for granting degrees to the *alumni* of eminent teaching institutions out of London that had been left in the cold shade by the older universities. It is simply an examining and degree-granting agency for her Britannic Majesty's dominions at large, the circles of all the other universities included. So far from having an organic connexion with the London colleges and schools of science, it has loosened the incidental connexion it once had with them, and, though still in fact deriving its graduates most largely from them, all but ignores them in its regulations. Overhanging London, but letting its eyes range from Bath to Bombay, from Canada to Caithness, it announces itself more and more in the character of the only degree-granting corporation in the empire which does not teach, nor include teaching institutions within its pale, but confines itself to the act of examining. Indeed, it now advertises that candidates need not come to it, but that it will go to candidates. This year there have been, or are to be, examinations for matriculation and for the B.A. and B.Sc. degrees

in Manchester, Liverpool, and Carlisle, conducted by sub-examiners simultaneously with the corresponding examinations in London; and applications for the institution of such local examinations are requested, from other towns and cities. The papers of questions at these local examinations are the same, of course, as those in London, and the answers are sent to London to be examined. The University of London can thus act, as it were, through the post; and, as this development of its functions is on the increase, it will probably be the case ere long that there are graduates of the London University who have never been in London. No harm in this either. On the contrary, there is something rousing in the conception, as there always is when we see a new energy bursting old bottles. Only it brings out more forcibly the fact that the existence of the present University of London, notwithstanding its name, leaves the question of the consolidation or organization of the London colleges and schools of science, as such, precisely where it was.

In the preceding survey I have perhaps omitted things that ought to have been included, and included somewhat that might have been left out. I have gathered my information in the rough, and expressed it in the rough. Also—for I write at a distance from the means of verification by personal inquiry—I may have made some mis-statements. On the whole, however, I think I have made good the assertion with which I set out. Such a confused straggle-waggle and yet poverty of agencies for the higher instruction as my survey presents is unworthy of the metropolis of Great Britain. Government schools competing with proprietary colleges; two principal proprietary colleges within a mile of each other, most of whose classes, at their present numbers, might be united with advantage both to professors and students; other proprietary colleges administering here a pinch and there a pinch of something or other, nobody knows what, to their own few

inmates; brilliant courses of lectures here and brilliant courses of lectures there, but no systematized routine for all, and great spaces left unoccupied; a vast teaching power at hand in the form of a resident body of scholars and *savants* whose fame is in all Europe, but this power unused or frittered away in corners; the scholars and *savants* that do engage in teaching, for the sake of an income, obliged to morsel themselves out and increase the pittance they derive from one institution by pittances derived from others; no proper clubbing for the whole use of such men in competent stations, where they might instruct hundreds regularly with all the steam on; reckless repetition of such bits of machinery as there are, and yet deficiency of machinery; collections of natural history, antiquities, and works of art, the richest in the world, and admirably kept as show-places, but not sufficiently interpreted to the lieges, or turned to account as schools;—in short, to sum up all, a city of three millions, where thousands of youth might and should every year be receiving a university education, still destitute in the main of the very idea of such an education, from the want of a visible presentment of the means for it that should strike the eye like Gog and Magog! This is the state of affairs.

This state of affairs ought not to continue. There ought to be a consolidation and reorganization round one visible centre of all the existing colleges and schools of science in London that profess the higher education—a consolidation not necessarily of the buildings (for all the buildings will be required, and that they are scattered will be an advantage), but of the funds, arrangements, and management—together with whatever addition of means may be needed to provide that complete University, in the sense at once of an apparatus of teaching institutions and a gradation of fit appointments for its intellectual chiefs, which it is the wonder of other capitals that London should still be without. *That* is the problem. It is a part of that general question of the reform of our

entire system of national education which is now occupying so many minds; but a part which has received less attention than some others, and which is important enough for separate treatment. It is not for any one person in such a case to scheme out what may be required. I will but conclude this paper by setting down, still in the rough, one or two things that occur to me.

1. There must be State-action, and, if necessary, an application of more State-money. A while ago one would have thought twice before saying this, whatever one's private opinion might have been. But the *doctrinaire* notion that the Government of a country has no duties save those of a police for securing the free motions of the social atoms or the free actions of individuals among each other—this notion (after doing excellent service in clearing the country of restrictions and abuses, and in leading people to distinguish between the things that the State ought to count within its province and the things that it ought to let alone) is manifestly beginning to work itself out among us, and to evoke its own contradictions. Whiggism, though it always acted timidly on the principle, because it was an article of the creed of those who held the balance, never really made it an article of its own creed; and what may be now called Old Radicalism, or Manchester Radicalism, which did make the principle an article of its creed, and caused it to yield the best service it has yet done to the country—this Radicalism is now giving way to a new Radicalism, of which Mr. John Stuart Mill is the most conspicuous representative, and whose views in regard to the principle in question are perhaps best set forth in the closing chapter of Mr. Mill's *Political Economy*, entitled "Limits of the Province of Government." The immediate future of our politics will certainly be characterised by more of those *positive* exercises of State-action which the new theory, after insisting on large continued sway for the non-interference principle, pronounces to be

legitimate. Especially in the Education Question will this be the case. There are signs of it on all hands. Now among those forms of State-action in the matter of Education which, I believe, Mr. Mill and others who agree with him consider to be just and beneficial, the setting-up and endowing of universities for the higher education is included. A very striking paragraph to this effect might be quoted from that chapter of Mr. Mill's work to which I have just referred. In short, as I hold that the system of political opinion now coming into practical ascendancy among us would blame the Whigs for not having long ago moderately endowed two such metropolitan establishments for the higher education as University College and King's College, so I believe this system of opinion would go heartily in with a larger scheme for the consolidation and reorganization of all the London institutions for the higher education, those two included. Then as to the funds. In the first place there are large Government funds actually out among the institutions on our survey. The finger of Government already *is* in the pie. The absolute opponents of State-action except for police may be reminded of this fact, and of the duties it entails upon them if they will be consistent. They must break up the British Museum, and have its contents sold by auction. They must smash the South Kensington concern, and all that belongs to it. They must recall the 5,000*l.* a year now given to the present University of London, and convert it into a joint-stock society subsisting by its earnings. Failing any such movement, the question whether the present expenditure of public money may be improved by a consolidation of the institutions among which it is distributed, is clearly an open one. And, if larger funds are needed, and cannot be forthcoming from the ordinary exchequer, have we not the scheme of Professor Rogers of Oxford, broached at the late meeting of the British Association at Dundee? If it is by the confiscation of the vast unknown reve-

nues of the University and Colleges of Oxford that the funds are to be provided which shall cover England with proper primary schools—and Scotland too, as Professor Rogers assured his Scottish friends, who remembered Bannockburn, and almost blushed at the offer—surely, on grounds of nearest harmony with the original destination of the funds, a portion of them might be preferentially applied in promoting University Education in London.

2. The preliminary inquiries and deliberations necessary, and the preparation of a suitable scheme, would be best intrusted to a Royal Commission. It might consist of such men as the Bishop of London, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Grote, Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Grant-Duff, Dr. Sharpey, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, Professor Seeley, and Mr. Matthew Arnold. The learned and scientific societies of London ought to be taken into the consultation.

3. One great difficulty would be with the constitution of the existing University of London. Two careers are before this great institution. It may continue to be an examining and degree-granting agency for the whole British dominions—a career of indefinite promise, for the contingencies of which *some* institution seems certainly to be required, and one of the contingencies of which is that the institution which adopts it may at some future period be called upon to absorb the Civil Service Commission. Or it may possibly yet be revoked into a University of London in the sense more natural and more according to precedent—in which case there would need to be a change of its constitution, so as to make it really an aggregation of the colleges and schools of science in London, and a conjunct organ of them, though perhaps with continued roving powers beyond their bounds. What makes this alternative just a possibility is that in the Convocation and Senate of the University there is a very large body of persons who are *alumni* of the London colleges, or professors in them, or concerned with their

government, and whose feelings therefore must be interested in the cause which we are now pleading. But the possibility is hardly a likelihood. The name of “The University of London” is perhaps pre-occupied for ever by the organization which at present bears it. But, if the name should prove to be irrevocable, the desired organization may exist well enough under any one of various other names that may be devised. For lack of a better it might be called “The London Academy of Arts and Sciences.” Might not the British Museum be made the centre of such a great formation? The possession of the degree-granting power, belonging to universities, would seem, however, to be indispensable; and this would occasion another difficulty.

4. The classes of all the colleges or schools of such an Academy or University ought to be thrown open to women as well as to men. Whatever University can take the lead in this noble, and I believe inevitable, change in our national customs, will earn for itself everlasting credit. It may be easiest for London, starting afresh, as we have supposed, in the whole business of university education, to take this lead, and to give the general signal. Ladies’ Colleges, Women’s Colleges, and what not, are admirable experiments as things now are—the best that can be; but they are really only makeshifts. The women of this country ought to be educated, or to have the option of being educated, at the same institutions as the men, up to the very highest, with the same advantages, and the liberty of the same subjects, taught in the same gradation, by the same teachers, and in a manner as thorough, continuous, and systematic. Till this is done, our nation is unjust to half its members, and exists, spiritually, intellectually, and in every other respect, at but half its possible strength. The difficulties of detail that present themselves in the notion of the equal education of both sexes at our Universities are not worth a thought here. The more important of them might be left to carpenters and door-keepers.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF GERMAN PROTESTANTISM.

BY M. VON BOTHMER.

I do not think that any Englishman, however heathen his haunts or ungodly his habits, however heterodox his opinions or defective his theology, could pass six years of his life in his own country without once meeting a clergyman in society. We are on the whole, perhaps, rather overdone with theology in these controversial days; but we do not feel that we are on that account overdone with clergy, nor can we justly accuse our clerical friends of intruding too much of that kind of talk upon us, which is technically termed "shop." In spite of Colenso and the Pentateuch; in spite of the now nearly forgotten "Essays and Reviews," of "Ecce Homo," and scores of similar works, we cannot complain that (in society at least) the voice of priestly authority makes itself unduly heard, or that the accents of heterodoxy are unpleasantly loud and pertinacious in our ears. All young curates do not talk Ritualism; and even the most enthusiastic youthful divines of the ascetic school are amenable to croquet, and can make themselves equally useful at garden parties and at social country gatherings, out of Lent. The clerical element is no inconsiderable one in English society; and, as for English novelists, they would be at their wits' end without their country parsons, portly rectors, pompous deans, urbane bishops, and meek or enthusiastic curates. We all feel the grave yet benign influence of a black coat at our feasts; and I have heard young ladies declare that no party was perfect without an M.B. waistcoat. We like to see our clergy about cathedral towns; and we are scrupulous, when we gather our friends around us, not to forget to bid the clergy also, giving them a high seat at our board, and asking for their benediction on our

viands. The social influence of our clergy is great, but it is, at least, as agreeable as it is beneficial; and it is an influence to which we all the more readily submit, because it is neither arrogant nor clamorous, but is rather cheerfully sobering, and as far removed from impertinent interference as it is from meanness or servility.

I am afraid that many, nay that most, of my readers will be shocked at a statement which I shall presently make, but which, since I have undertaken to speak on the subject at all, it behoves me boldly to register for the truth's sake.

I was seven years in Germany without once meeting a Protestant clergyman in society. It sounds bad, I know; but it is still worse than it sounds—and that is surely saying a great deal! Such an assertion, or confession, as the one I have made, will fall on startled, possibly on incredulous ears; and yet it is to the letter true. Protestant clergymen in Germany are *nowhere*, and their social influence is absolutely *nil*. It may perhaps be thought that I frequented ungodly men, whose conversation was such as no *clericus* could well endure, and whose manners might not be sanctioned by the light of a reverend countenance; or it may be argued that I sat in the seat of the scornful, and refused obstinately to listen to the charmings of Wisdom and Piety. On the contrary, I often and loudly expressed a desire to meet some clergyman of the Lutheran persuasion, and openly regretted the absence of such from society. Neither must it be supposed that I did not go to church. I went thither industriously, patiently "sitting under" the pulpit-thumping and cushion-dusting pastors of various churches, and vainly hoping that, in time, I might acquire a

taste for such church-goings, and extract some spiritual consolation from the eloquence of those holy men. But it was not so. I found much to puzzle, and but little to comfort me in the dreary services and half-empty churches; and so, by slow degrees, my patience began to wane, my hopes waxed faint, and, finally, I abandoned the pursuit of piety altogether.

There is no doubt that religion exercises a great influence over women, and, by that eternal principle of compensation which cannot be ignored, women exercise a great influence on religion. Love, sympathy, tenderness, pity; charity, in its divine and universal sense: these are feelings to which women are more particularly subject, and whose influence on the female heart is immeasurable. Where, then, can they better find an opportunity of exercising the "divine rights" of Christianity than in the good works of religion? We know in England that there is scarcely a parish where ladies do not teach the young, nurse the sick, sit by the bedsides of the suffering, carry food to the starving, clothing to the naked, tend those stricken down by the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and courageously and calmly close the eyes of the plague-smitten dead. The Crimean war laid the foundation of great and heroic self-devotion, and voluntary self-sacrifice, and enduring courage amongst the ladies of our land. But, long before the Crimean war, the high and gently born had shaken off the sloth of former days, and in many a village-school, and in many a crowded, pestilential alley, fair girls and gentlewomen were to be seen going to and fro, teaching, persuading, alleviating, encouraging. Such things have ceased to be remarked upon; they have become matters of course amongst us. But let it not be forgotten that, if high and delicate souls were thus ready to do, in Christ's name, any work, howsoever revolting, for His sake, the clergy were also there, speaking nervous words in the hour of weakness, strong words in the hour of temptation, words of

faith in the dark hours of weariness, when the sensitive and overstrung natures were fain to break down and weep that the flesh should prove so miserably weak, when the spirit was so willing. Wherever we go, our clergy are, and their presence is a boon, and cheers us on to further exertion. This is surely practical piety. It is no mystic asceticism; it is no ecstatic delusion; it is not born of dogmatism, nor is it controlled by any priestly authority. It is a free-will offering of pure, loving hearts; and the girls you see teaching in a village school to-day you will perhaps find dancing on the lawn to-morrow, or at an archery party on the next day, in the prettiest of modern costumes, and with the most bewitching hats and boots that fashion and skilled labour can produce or beauty wear. There is nothing morbid or unhealthy in the religion of these enthusiastic young souls. There is nothing gloomy or ascetic in it. Their hearts prompt them to some grateful response for all the mercies that have been vouchsafed to them, and the expression of it lies in their seeking to succour those whose lot is less happy, and whose lives are perhaps less holy, than their own.

I wish to confine myself purely and simply to the *social* aspects of German Protestantism, and to avoid anything like theology or dogma. But so much at least I may be allowed to say—that the Protestantism of Germany is not such as the grand heart of the great, rough-spoken, genial, enthusiastic Luther planned; that it is not such as the mild Melancthon dreamed; still less, if possible, does it bear a resemblance to the stern simplicity which Calvin would fain have exacted from all those who followed him. No one would think, in looking at the Lutheran Church of Germany to-day, that it had ever had so jubilant and defiant a defender as Luther. One wonders how an institution which is called by his name can have retained so little of the spirit of its founder; and one marvels that his enthusiasm, his zeal, his fervour, his daring, his resolution, and his invincible perseverance,

should have passed away so completely, leaving no mark behind them.

The terms Protestant and Protestantism have come to be little thought of amongst us. In truth, they savour all too much of a clamorous baldness, of itself barren and unfruitful. And yet it is better than the still narrower sectarian names usually applied to Protestantism in Germany—Lutheranism and Calvinism. As if before Luther, and before Calvin, God's sun had not shone upon the earth; and as though there were but two ways to heaven—one holding on by the skirts of Luther's clothing, the other following in the train of Calvin's hard exclusiveness. To protest at any rate implies that something, not unimportant, has gone before; and thus I prefer using the general term of Protestantism to particularizing the two denominations by the names of their respective heads. Luther himself earnestly deprecated the idea of his name being so used. "Above all things," he says, "I beseech you to leave my name out of the question. What is Luther? Call yourselves Christians, not Lutherans. This doctrine is not mine, neither have I been crucified for any. St. Paul and St. Peter desired that their followers might call themselves Christians, not Paulinians or Peterists. Let us extirpate, dear friends, these sectarian names. I am not, and will not be, master of any man. I profess, in common with the whole Church, nothing but the catholic doctrine of Christ only, who is the sole Master of us all."

Alas for Luther! Of a *Church* one can scarcely speak in reference to Protestant Germany.

The Church of England, with all her divisions, impresses the popular heart, and holds the popular mind with a firm and tenacious, yet motherly and loving grasp. Her sons do not rudely shake her off, nor do her daughters seek to disobey her. But the so-called Protestant Church of Germany has no such hold on her children; they are apostate and backsliding ones—nay, they scarcely can be called sons and daughters of the Church at all.

Go to the churches of Protestant Germany, and what will you see? A sprinkling of female worshippers, and one man to every forty women. Every forty? Perhaps, though it is Sunday, there will not be above thrice that number in church. Then do your little sum, and see how sad the result will be. Even the three men who are there look infinitely bored and wearied. There is no poetry, no passion, no grace, no attraction in a Lutheran service. It is cold and utterly formless. It is bare with an almost indecent bareness, and it seems as though the gifts of nature and art were thought to be too good to be used for its adornment; or rather, perhaps, that no hearts can be found loving enough to take delight in beautifying the holy places, or to rejoice in the task of making God's temple "all glorious within." The shabby paper flowers on the altar are faded and dirty. The altar-cloth is ragged and threadbare; the crucifix is chipped and neglected. No fine linen or delicate laces grace the sacred mysteries of chalice and paten; no knee is bent in worship; no sound of universal prayer and thanksgiving is heard; some hymns are sung, and a sermon is preached, and the dreary function is over.

Here and there a better state of things may be found, but only here and there. There are a thousand and one plausible excuses to be found for not going to church. It is too cold, or the services begin too early, or the organ is out of tune. But the truth lies very near and is very simple. A man whom you but seldom see, and whom you never meet in private social intercourse, cannot have much influence over you. In domestic troubles, in the hour of bereavement and affliction, in the hour of remorse and doubt, you will not turn to such an one. To do so you must feel some personal sympathy with him, some sort of "oneness." You must have confidence in his affection and wisdom; you must respect his judgment, and, above all things, you must not be shocked by his manners. To see a man in the rostrum once a week, his ordinary dress

covered with a Geneva gown, and a frill round his neck, is not sufficient to inspire you with confidence, or to encourage you in feelings of attachment and respect. Once a week ! What do I say ? Once a month would be nearer the mark, if we take into account the long winter, when no one goes to church if he can help it. Now a clergyman is not admitted into society in Germany ; or at least not into the society of which I write. The peasants go to church, but the poorer classes in the towns look on the "black coats" with prejudice and aversion, seldom darkening the church doors, and resenting anything like advice, as though it were interference, in angry and contemptuous terms. They have sayings and songs in abundance to the discredit of the clergy, and do not scruple to use the strongest language in speaking of their spiritual pastors. Within the magic circle of noble blood the Protestant clergyman is never admitted ; or, if admitted, on terms that clearly define his position and set a seal upon his inferiority. The middle class still remains, — the class from which he himself springs, and in which he therefore naturally feels himself most at home. But even here there is nothing apostolic in his influence. He is the same as the lawyer next door, or the linendraper over the way. His priestly office endows him with no special dignity, nor is he treated with any additional respect. They call him "Herr Pastor," and he takes his hand at whist, his pipe and his beer with the rest, and is as secular in his talk as they. In this way he acquires no polish, nor is it possible that he should do so. The *classe bourgeoise* in Germany and our "middle-class" are thousands of miles apart. They have the advantage of us in education ; their intelligence is greater, their acquirements more varied, their knowledge more accurate and more extensive perhaps than ours. But their manners ! Shade of William of Wykeham forbend that I should attempt to describe their manners !

Thus much, however, I do not hesitate to say — that, if the middle class of

Germany is a hundred years in advance of ours so far as abstract or positive knowledge is concerned, it is at least five hundred years behind us in all the refinements and graceful amenities of life. Pipes and beer, dressing-gowns and slippers and spittoons, vanished from amongst us long ago ; and with their exodus the reign of scrupulous cleanliness, of tubs and long washing-bills, began. It is not to be supposed that a poor German pastor whose name is Schmidt or Meyer (the difference of caste is sufficiently indicated by the absence of the magic "Von"), whose boots are never blacked, whose cloth is rusty, and whose coat is out of date, whose linen is not over fine (and, if the truth be told, not always over clean), — it is not to be supposed, I say, that such a man as this can feel himself very much at his ease amongst bland barons and contemptuous countesses, or make his voice heard with clerical authority amongst graceful, fashionable, well-bred folks, who are scandalized at his boots, and are blushing for his linen. He has none of that calm and dignified assurance that a recognised position gives. He does not feel himself to be a gentleman amongst gentlemen, as good as they by birth and education, and better than they in so far that his life is better and purer, and his calling a higher one than theirs. He cannot worthily represent the Church of which he is the avowed and accredited servant, because, even in Germany, the days are gone by when uncouthness and slovenliness were tolerated amongst the upper classes. His position is not that of the poor, hard-working, peace-bringing English clergyman, who finds compensation for his poverty and many privations in the honour paid to the religion whose servant he is ; for whom a seat is vacant and a welcome just as ready at the castle as it is in the cottage ; whose wife is a lady, though a lady in linsey instead of in satin ; whose daughters are a match for any man, and whose sons feel no painful sense of inferiority when they find themselves with the Squire Bob Acres, or are invited to dine at the hall

with young Porphyrogenitus and his friends.

As has already been said, a German Protestant clergyman is *nowhere*, his opinion is as nothing, his influence absolutely *nil*. He is, in sober truth, of very little account. Nobody minds much what he says on things in general; and, were he to speak of those things more particularly of which it would well become him to speak out of the pulpit as well as in it, he would not even be tolerated. Let him take his hand at whist; let him have his afternoon game at bowls or skittles, and smoke his quiet pipe whilst he thus amuses himself, and his fellow-citizens will not be averse to his society. Pipes and skittles are becoming diversions, and beer and tobacco promoters of good fellowship; only do not let him show that he is (or ought to be) different from them, or all amity will be at an end. His life differs but little from theirs; chiefly perhaps in that their day of rest is his day of labour. His wife does her duty as a Hausfrau, not troubling herself about theology, parish schools, refuges, homes or hospitals; his daughters knit his stockings and make his shirts, and cook and wash and iron and sew, in a way that leaves little time over for "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." With his family he talks of his pigs and geese; with his neighbours of the gas and taxes; of religion no mention is made, nor, I fear, is "the enthusiasm of humanity" very strong upon him. He drones on inoffensively, but no burning charity, no ardent love, no fervent zeal, no divine spark glows in his breast, or awakens his dull soul to enthusiasm; he preaches his Sunday discourse, and thinks, "good easy man," that therein his whole duty is accomplished.

But the clergy alone do not make the Church; there is the laity. To me, the longer I looked, the more it seemed that the Protestantism of Germany was but a sorry pretence at religion; that it was but dry bones, and dust and ashes. What with the feebleness and shortcomings of the clergy, and the coldness and contempt of the laity, the spectacle is a sad one for outsiders to contemplate. Amongst my fair friends

was a lady supposed to be very "*pious*;"¹ that is, she went to church regularly every Sunday, when it was not too late or too cold, and did not hail, or rain, or blow, or snow. "Dear Madam," said I to her one day, "how is it I never meet Dr. Donner at your house?" (Dr. Donner was her favourite preacher; he was also a clever man, and had written a learned book about the minarets of the Mosque of Omar.)

"Why," said she, "he is certainly a most estimable man, highly educated, and all that sort of thing, but you know he is not exactly—not quite—of course I don't mean to say a word against him, but the prejudices of society must be respected." This was a most impotent apology, and I resolved forthwith not to accept it. "But, my most gracious lady," said I, addressing her according to prescribed formula, "you expect that man to take your soul to heaven, and yet you think his presence will contaminate your body, and you refuse to breathe the same air with him outside the church." Upon this she looked aghast, but, being a gentlewoman, courteously forbore to notice my boorishness. She paused a moment before replying, and then said quietly: "I know what you mean—but—it is impossible; people would be offended if I asked him to meet them, and Dr. Donner himself would not feel comfortable out of his own sphere."

"But, dear Madam, when and where, may I ask, is a clergyman 'out of his own sphere?' The Apostles were but fishermen, and St. Paul, the tent-maker, was in nowise embarrassed when he made that famous defence before the 'most noble' Festus." "But that is two thousand years ago," said the lady, and added, blushing slightly, "Dr. Donner's mother keeps

¹ The use, or misuse, of this very word "*pious*" is significant. It is a term of contempt applied to those whose lives are not so utterly careless as the lives of their neighbours. To say a lady was "*pious*" would not be to say anything very distinctive in a country where piety is no exception amongst them. But to stigmatize a sister-woman as "*pietistisch*" in Germany, savours of a contempt that true piety surely never deserved, and which only an angry sense of inferiority in Christian fervour and charity could inspire.

the pastrycook's shop opposite the theatre, and his wife is a saddler's daughter." There was something in this, certainly; and, if I could ever have dared to whistle in that gentle presence, I should surely have done so then. The lady saw her advantage, and continued, "Of course, pride, and all that sort of thing, is very wrong; but then, you see, our clergymen are so terribly *bourgeois* (as you do yours in England) with the rest of our friends." "And do they not feel offended at being asked alone?" "Oh dear, no!—but, to tell the truth, it is not the custom to ask them at all. They go out amongst people of their own class—lawyers, and shopkeepers, and people of that kind—but they don't expect us to invite them."

Truly, a religion whose ministers are thus spoken of, and of whom so little account is made, runs a fair chance of sinking into utter oblivion and of being clean forgotten for ever and ever, like a dead man out of mind.

"Beautiful women," says Heine, "beautiful women without religion are like flowers without perfume. They resemble cold, sober tulips, which look upon us from their china vases as though they were also of porcelain; and, if they could speak, they would explain to us how naturally they grow from a bulb, how all-sufficient it is for any one here below not to smell badly, and how, so far as perfume is concerned, a rational flower has no need of it whatever."

His taste revolted at a defect at which his piety, since it did not exist, could take no exception. I often thought of Heine's words when I was in Germany; and to me it seemed that, the more beautiful the women, the greater their resemblance to the poet's porcelain tulips.

Men often go to church because women take them there. A man's religion is often but the reflected glow of a beloved wife's devotion, or of a revered mother's holiness, though by degrees it may become his own. I need not say that amongst men in Germany infidelity is the rule, belief the exception. Women have in all ages been the

nursing mothers of religion: from the days when Mary eagerly drank in divine truths at the feet of her Lord, from the time when the three stood weeping round the Cross, from the days of virgin martyrs to the poetic Middle Ages, from the Middle Ages down to our own times, they have never forgotten their faith or been false to their love. But in Protestant Germany it would almost seem as though the women were too much "cumbered about much serving" to have time for the beautiful charities and loving-kindnesses of Christianity. The picture drawn by a great German authority of the present condition of the Protestant Church in that country is a gloomy and painful one indeed. He says that "it is eaten to the core by unbelief, and sapped in its very foundations by infidelity."

Germany does not want for theologians. Of these she has enough, just as she has eminent philosophers and geologists and naturalists, historians, and mathematicians and chemists. But talking of religion will not make a people religious, nor will discussing dogmas sow devotion and faith in unbelieving hearts. German theologians, for all their congresses, seem unable to awaken anything like true religious feelings in the hearts of the people.

It may be asked, why this should be the case? The answer is not altogether easy; but it lies partly in this, that the clergy are neither respected nor esteemed, as clergy, by those above or by those below them. The cure of souls is, alas! with them, a sinecure.

Germans of the upper class will tell you that they cannot associate with their clergy on terms of equality, because their clergy have no claim to be regarded as equals; because their manners are often offensive, and generally unpolished; because there are discrepancies and deficiencies in their address and general way of conducting themselves which are offensive to the prejudices of the more refined. No one who has resided long in Protestant Germany can ignore the general disregard in which the clergy are held. And yet the very persons who are most eager to take exception at

little incongruities of word and deed, such as those to which I have alluded, are the most clamorous in condemning the spiritual pride which could prefer gospel truths at the hands of the courteous and refined rather than at those of the uncouth and tactless. They say, "If you are a Christian, you should not be so hypercritical about little things: your baker's son can preach evangelical doctrines as pure as an Archbishop. For ourselves, we do not profess these things, and therefore it is allowable for us to object to vulgarity and irrationality."

Thus they would fain skilfully extricate themselves from the horns of the dilemma, and take refuge in finding fault, without any sincere desire to remedy the evil. It may be wrong to allow temporal things to outweigh spiritual; but that the things of this world do tell in the balance—ay, and heavily too—cannot be denied. Were the social status of the German pastor a different one, his spiritual influence, his priestly authority, would also be different. Even in the old disreputable port-drinking, belle-toasting, fox-hunting days, our clergy were, according to their lights and after their kind, gentlemen—gentlemen of an eccentric pattern perhaps, and of a not altogether reverend cut; but, according to the fashion then in vogue, still gentlemen. They were not despised by the exclusive or sneered at by the inferior, on that score at least. Then came the days of the Wesleys and Whitfield, and the aurora of better times dawned; a more fitting order of things prevailed; and it has continued to prevail, even up to these days of muscular Christianity. But propose to a young German nobleman (the younger son of a younger son, though he bears his title, according to the unfortunate custom there obtaining), propose, I say, to such a young "Von" that he shall become a clergyman: he will either laugh in your face with scorn and derision, or he will bluster forth huge words, and want to fight a duel with you for insulting him!

A few words more, and I have done.

The Protestant Church of Germany has no *Ritus*. Their so-called Symbolical Books and our Prayer-book have nothing in common; neither has their *Gesangbuch* (which is nothing more nor less than a collection of hymns) any resemblance to a liturgy. There is no positive rule of proceeding in the Church services. One pastor has them performed in this way, another in that; but year by year they have grown colder and more bald, year by year fewer worshippers are seen, and, notwithstanding all the scolding of the preacher, the churches remain empty.

The late King of Prussia was aware of the want of religious fervour and enthusiasm in good works, which rendered the Protestant Church in Germany a dead letter. He sought to give more form, more pomp, more beauty to its services; he created bishops and encouraged the nobility to don the cassock. But the time was not ripe. The seed fell in stony places; the episcopal attempt was not renewed; it met with immense ridicule; the King was laughed at for a pietist and an Anglomaniac; anecdotes were told to prove that religion, in so worldly-minded a prince, was but a sorry pretence concealing an attempt at more extended political power, and the movement, if movement it could be called, died a natural death.

The Germans have a Reformation, but—no Church.

I said at the beginning of this paper that I wished to confine myself exclusively to the social aspects of German Protestantism. With dogmas and articles of faith I have nothing whatever to do. Let men believe what they will; only let them be in earnest in that belief. It may be that out of the dust and ashes of German Protestantism a new faith shall arise, more beautiful, more tender, more enthusiastic and noble and daring and enduring, than the old. It can scarcely be that the Great Elector and the Great Reformer shall have fought so bravely with such single-heartedness, with such simple faith in a great and good cause, to be betrayed by a laggard crew at last!

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

(From the Fourth Georgic, 452—528.)

Aristæus, all whose bees have perished by disease and hunger, inquires of Proteus the cause of this disaster and the remedy. Proteus replies :

Nor without wrath of heaven has thee this pest overtaken.
Great as thy plague thy crime : for thee these righteous revenges
Orpheus, meriting ill that grievous doom that befell him,
Stirs (if no fates avert), for his lost wife angrily mourning.
She, while she fled from thee in headlong haste and unwary,
Near to her death, that snake of folds enormous beheld not,
Coiled in the brake at her feet, and keeping the banks of the river.
But then the choir of her equals, the wood-nymphs, with shrill lamentation
Filled the high mountain tops ; nor wanted voices of weeping
All o'er that rugged land, by Mars beloved ; and the rivers
Mourned, and with high Pangæum Athenian Orithyia.

He with his hollow shell his sick soul loving to solace,
Thee on the lonely sea-shore, his sweetest partner, sang ever,
Thee when the day was breaking, and thee when the day had departed.
Yea, and the jaws of hell, the high portals of Pluto's dominion,
And that forest that glooms with a night of darkness and terror,
Entering, he came to the ghosts, he came to the monarch, the dreadful,
Came to the hearts that know not to melt at man's supplication.
But, disturbed by his song, from the lowest recesses of Hades
Flitted the shadows thin, weak forms of the dwellers in darkness ;
These than the birds not fewer, the thousands that hide in the branches,
Evening them from the mountains or storms of winter compelling ;
Matrons, and men of old, and bodies of glorious heroes,
Left by the breath of life, and boys, and maidens unmarried,
And on the funeral pile youths stretched in the sight of their parents ;
Whom the black slime all round, and the reed deform of Cocytus,
Whom with its sullen tide that marsh unlovely confined there
Keeps, and the river of hate with a ninefold girdle coerces.
Yea, and astonished then Death's halls and secret pavilions
Stood, and the Furies three, their locks with pale vipers enwoven ;
While with his triple jaws stood Cerberus yawning, and hurt not ;
And, by the storm undriven, stayed moveless the wheel of Ixion.

And now, retracing his path, he had every danger surmounted,
And his beloved and restored to the upper air was approaching,
Pacing behind—for such was the law Proserpina gave them—
When, too heedless a lover, him madness seized of a sudden,
Such as might well find grace, if grace dwelt ever in Hades.
His Eurydice he on the verge and confines of daylight,
Too, too fond and forgetful ! must pause and look back at ; with that look
Wasted was all his toil, and the laws of the pitiless tyrant
Broken ; the Stygian pools three times with a clamour resounded.
“Orpheus,” she cried, “who thee and me has ruined, the wretched ?
Whence this madness immense ? Lo ! the cruel destinies call me
Back, and my swimming eyes with a weight of slumber are sealing.

And now adieu; I am borne by a night of darkness surrounded,
 Stretching to thee,—ah, thine no longer,—the hands that are helpless.”
 Thus exclaimed she, and straight, like smoke that mingles in thin air,
 Out of his sight she vanished, another way fleeing; nor ever
 Him idly grasping at shadows, and many things yearning to utter,
 Saw she again at all; nor him hell’s ferryman henceforth
 Suffered to pass that lake which each from the other divided.
 What should he do, or whither, of wife twice widowed, betake him?
 Move with what voice, what weeping, the powers of hell or of heaven?
 Cold in the Stygian bark she already was passing the river:
 Him they report for seven whole months in order unbroken,
 Under a lofty rock, by Strymon’s desolate waters,
 This among icy caves to have wept, and weeping recounted;
 Soothing the tigers with song, and with song compelling the forest;
 As when, mourning beneath some poplar shade, Philomela
 Wails for her ravished young, whom the heartless ploughman observing
 Has from the nest withdrawn, an unfledged brood; but the mother
 Grieves on a bough all night, her pitiful descant repeating,
 Descant forlorn, that fills wide spaces with sad lamentation.
 Love he scorned, and him no maiden might win unto marriage;
 Wand’ring alone he gazed on the ice-bound plains of the far North,
 Tanais, snow-fed stream, and fields where frosts are eternal,
 Mourning his ravished bride and gifts of Dis unavailing;
 Until the Thracian dames, his long devotion resenting,
 Under the shadow of night, ’mid rites and orgies of Bacchus,
 Tearing in sunder the youth, his limbs over wide fields scattered.
 Nor did not then, when the head from the snow-white shoulders divided,
 Borne in the middle stream by swift Cægrian Hebrus
 Seaward was rolling, his voice and tongue in death that were failing,
 Utter the name to the last with flitting breath of the loved one;
 Echoed the banks with that name, with that name all the river resounded.

RICHARD C. DUBLIN.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE SUBLIME

(FROM HEGEL’S *ÆSTHETIC*.)

BY J. HUTCHISON STIRLING.

[The following specimen of the *matter* of Hegel refers to subjects usually found interesting and easy, but a preliminary word may still prove useful. Hegel’s general object is best named, perhaps, when we say that he sought thought everywhere, with the resolution of demonstrating that this thought did not exist, only unconnectedly here and there, as mere pleasing or surprising signs of intelligence, but that it constituted a system—a vast, organic, complete system—but still a system that referred itself to the unity of a single living pulse. With this general aim, he naturally found himself under an obligation to construe not only the present but the past. History became to him a very important portion of his problem, and he was compelled to philosophize it from various points of view. Of these religion was the most important. If the *Illumination* sneeringly objected to the Jehovah of Scripture certain discrepancies, it was easy for Hegel, and without sneering, to retort, “And your *être suprême*, then, what relation does He bear to all these monstrous and barbarous idolatries which we find in history?” To such a question there can be no reply on the part of the illumination unless, from its atheistic section, this, That all is a matter of unintelligible chance. Hegel, however, naturally turned from such

an answer, and said, "These superstitions and idolatries cannot possibly be mere meaningless accidents in time; they must belong to a whole of which they are necessary parts." In this way he was led to present religion as a single subject gradually developing itself from Fetichism upwards, till the time was ripe and Revelation vouchsafed. The progress of art Hegel views as having been similarly conditioned—as having always constituted, indeed, but an accessory of religion. While man was yet absorbed in, and identified with, nature through the mere necessities of hunger, &c., art there could be none. Art could only begin when, in stepping back from nature, and looking at it on its own account as different from himself, man first felt wonder. Thenceforward the attempt would be to understand this different thing,—that is, to reduce its difference into his own identity. But such attempt is necessarily accompanied by the desire to express. Passing over Fetichism, &c., symbolism appears as the earliest realization of this desire both in history and reason. But symbolism will have a history of its own, and its course, too, will be from nature to spirit. At first, the two elements of the symbol—the externality or object, and the internality or meaning—are identical; then comes separation, with uncertainty and struggle, with inclination now to this side and now to that; and lastly, the externality will manifest itself as only negative, when compared with the freedom and affirmativeness of the meaning or internality. Historically, we have the first stage among the ancient Parsees, to whom light was at once the absolute and the symbol of the absolute, and for whom, consequently, art was as yet not. The second stage, again, we find in the monstrous *phantasticism* of India. Egypt, lastly, is the land of the symbolical as such, the land where all is enigmatic, where the pyramid is a monstrous crystal that entombs a marvellous meaning, where death and the invisible world become objects of absorbing interest; where, then, we have the direct transition to the liberation of internality, meaning,—spirit.

The Symbolical, then, as a whole, leads to the Sublime: Hegel's treatment of which, the Translator hopes, will prove intelligible, despite the various difficulties, whether original or imported. All turns in it on the double relation of the Infinite and the finite. When the Infinite, God, is conceived as affirmatively present in and throughout the finite, then we have the brilliance, the splendour, the universal joy of Oriental pantheism. When, again, the Infinite, God, is conceived as exalted into Himself beyond the finite, which is now a mere negative or accessory, then we have the true sublime, as in the poetry of the Hebrews. Creation as opposed to generation, the prohibition of graven images, the absence of the idea of the immortality, and yet presence of the distinction that leads to the religion of conscience—in such points some fine touches will be found. The notes are the Translator's.]

THE unenigmatic manifestation of spirit, which is the aim of symbolical art, can only be attained when there is a consciousness of the *import*, the meaning itself, apart from the *external form* that would symbolize it. For on the direct visible unity of both it was, that, among the Parsees (to whom physical light not only symbolized, but was, the Absolute), the *want* of art depended; while, again, it was the *contradiction* at once of a separation and of a required unity of both that gave rise to the phantastic art of India; and, lastly, even in Egypt, the cognizableness of the free inner meaning, in independence of the manifesting form, failed, and thus furnished foundation for the obscurity and mystery of the symbolical proper.

The first veritable purification, the first express separation of the absolute from the sensuously present objects, that is, from the empirical individualness of the outward, is to be sought in the *Sublime*; which elevates the absolute above every immediate existence, and

thereby brings about that firstly *abstract* liberation which is at least the *basis* of spirit. For the import, so elevated, is not yet conceived as concrete spirit; but it is regarded, nevertheless, as the self-sufficing inner that exists within itself, and that only by reason of its abstractness is incapable of finding its true expression in finite forms.¹

Kant has discriminated the Sublime and Beautiful in a very interesting manner, and what he accomplishes in this connexion, in the first part of the "Kritik of Judgment," from section 20 onwards, retains—with all its prolixity, and despite his main principle that reduces all to a subjective element, as the influence of the mind, imagination, reason, &c.—its interest to this day. The reduction alluded to must, in

¹ The *abstractness* spoken of here refers to this, that the ancient Egyptians saw that all things perished, that thus what was alone permanent (or absolute) was, as it were, abstract negativity (*perishing*) itself, but not that this negativity was the concrete immortal soul or spirit.

general principle, be held as correct, in so far as it is said by Kant, after his own fashion truly, that the sublime is not contained in anything of nature, but only in our mind, in that we are conscious to ourselves of being superior to nature within us, and so, consequently, to nature without us. In this sense, Kant thinks "the sublime proper" cannot be contained in any sensuous form, but concerns only ideas of reason, which ideas, though incapable of any adequate manifestation, are, by this very inadequacy (which may be sensuously manifested), excited and called into the mind." (*Kritik d. Urtheilskr.* 3te Aufl. p. 77.) The sublime in general is the endeavour to express the infinite without being able to find in the world of phenomena an object which may prove suitable for this expression. The infinite, just because it is excluded from the entire complex of objects, and, as invisible formless import, is only inward and self-subsistent, remains inexpressible in its infinitude, and exalted (*erhaben*, sublime) beyond any expression through finitude.¹

The first matter which the import gains now is this, that, as opposed to the totality of the phenomenal, it is within itself the substantial one, which as itself only pure thought, is only for pure thought. For this reason this substance (substantial one) ceases to be capable of having its manifestation in anything external, and so far there disappears the symbolical character proper. But if this inward oneness, now, is to be presented to imagination, that is only possible by this, that as substance it be conceived as also the creative power of all things, in which it will have then its

revelation and manifestation; acquiring thus, consequently, a positive relation to these things. At the same time, however, its character is equally this, that it is now raised above the particular phenomena, as such, and above their totality, whereby, in consequent process, the positive reference transforms itself into the negative relation,—to be purged from the phenomenal as what is particular, and so inadequate to substance, and disappearing in it.

This representing outward form, which is again cancelled by that which it represents, so that the very representation of the implied meaning shows itself as a sublation of the representation, is the *Sublime*; which we shall not place, therefore, in the mere subjectivity of the mind and its ideas of reason, like Kant, but shall conceive founded in the one absolute substance as the inner meaning that is to be exhibited.

The division now of art in reference to the sublime follows from this double relation of substance to the phenomenal world.

What is common as well to the negative as to the positive side of this relation lies in this, that the implied substantial unity is raised beyond the particular phenomenon by which at the same time it is to be supposed exhibited, although it can only be expressed as in reference to phenomena, since, as substance and essentiality, it is formless, and inaccessible to perception whether imaginative or sensuous.

The first, affirmative, mode of conception here we may represent by *pantheistic* art as we find it first in India, then in the later mysticism of the Mahometan poets of Persia, and lastly, but with intenser inwardness of thought and feeling, in the Christian West.

On this stage, substance—that is, the one divine absolute principle that is implied in the phenomenal outward—is viewed as immanent in all its created accidents, which are thus not yet subordinated into mere ornaments and attendants for the glorifying of the absolute, but, through the indwelling substance itself, maintain themselves

¹ To Kant we must always assign the merit of having discovered, and even of having signalized at full, all the various elements of a comprehensive and true theory of the sublime and beautiful. Hegel, as usual, has here made objective what to Kant was subjective. The words *absolute* and *infinite* must be understood as applying to that, whatever it is, that abides and remains in the flux of the phenomenal. Such principle of *absolute* production and *infinite* preservation must be assumed whether we speak with the materialist of the *natura rerum*, or with the spiritualist of God.

affirmatively, although in every particular there is to be seen only the divine, the One; and so the very poet who in all and each adores this One, and has merged himself as well as things in this idea, is enabled to retain a positive relation to this substance in which he connects all things.

The second, negative, glorifying of the might and majesty of the *one* God, we find in Hebrew poetry as the sublime proper. Here the positive immanence of the absolute in the created forms is sublated; the *one* substance appears on one side by itself as lord of the world, opposed to which, or in relation to which, all created things are manifestly impotent within themselves, and evanescent. If now the might and wisdom of the One is to be made manifest by the finitude of natural things and of human destiny, it is no Indian distortion into the deformity of the measureless and monstrous that has any longer place. On the contrary, the majesty of God is now realized to the mind in this way, that all that exists, with all its splendour, with all its nobleness, and with all its state, shows but as subservient accident and transient appearance in comparison with the substantiality and stability of God.

a. THE PANTHEISM OF ART.

The word *pantheism* is exposed nowadays to the grossest mistakes. For, on one side, *all* signifies, in our modern sense, each and everything in its quite empirical individualness: this box, for instance, with all its special peculiarities of colour, size, shape, weight, &c. or that house, book, animal, table, chair, fireplace, strip of cloud, &c. When, in this sense of the word, then, divers theologians assert of philosophy, that it makes all and everything God, the accusation is absolutely false. Any such conception of pantheism can only arise in crazed brains; and is to be found neither in any philosophy nor in any religion, not even in that of the Iroquois or of the Esquimaux. The *all* in what has been named pantheism is not, therefore, this or that

particular thing, but rather *all* in the sense of the *All*, that is, of the *One Substantial Being*, that is indeed immanent in things, but with abstraction from their empirical particularity and reality; so that not particular things as such, but the universal soul, or, in more popular phrase, what is true and excellent in them, is accentuated and understood.

This constitutes the special signification of pantheism, and in this signification alone we have here to speak of it. It belongs pre-eminently to the East, which conceived the thought of an absolute unity of divinity, and of all things as in this unity. As One and All, now, divinity can only come into our consciousness through the *disappearing* of the enumerated particular things in which it is expressed as *present*. On one side here, therefore, divinity is conceived as immanent in the most diverse objects, and, more particularly indeed, as the most excellent and eminent existence in and among the various existences; on the other side, again, the One being this thing, and another thing, and again another thing, and manifesting itself in everything, the particular things demonstrate themselves as sublated and evanescent; for not each is this One, but the One is these entire particularities, which, for consciousness, disappear into this totality. For if the One is life, it is also again death, and not life only; so that, therefore, life, sun, sea, do not as life, sun, sea, constitute the One. But in this pantheism, at the same time, the accidental is not, as in the sublime proper, expressly characterised as negative and subservient; but, on the contrary, the substance, the One itself, becomes—as it is in every individual, this One—virtually converted into what is individual and accidental. Contrariwise, the individual again,—as it equally changes, and as the phantasy limits not substance to any specific object, but takes up each and lets it fall again to advance to another,—becomes on its side the accidentality, beyond which the one substance is

lifted up and away, and thereby exalted (as into the sublime).

Such mode of conception is capable of artistic expression only through poetry, not through the plastic arts, which bring to view, only in its persistent outward actuality, the particular and individual that, as opposed to the one substance present in similar existences, is to be conceived to disappear. Where pantheism is pure, there occurs no plastic art for its exhibition.

1. As first example of such pantheistic poetry, we may again mention that of India, which, as well as *phantasticism*, has brilliantly developed this side also.

For Supreme Divinity the Indians have, as we saw, the abstractest universality and unity, which breaks up also indeed into the particular gods,—Trimurtis, Indra, &c.; which inferior gods are not held fast, however, but are, in their turn, resolved into the superior, as these into Brahma. In this it is shown that this universal (Brahma) constitutes the one permanent self-identical basis of all things; and if the Indians certainly exhibit in their poetry the twofold endeavour to exaggerate particular existences till in their sensuous shape they may appear adequate to the universal import, or, conversely, to let all determinateness quite negatively disappear into the *one* abstraction; still on the other side we find even amongst them that purer pantheistic expression which, in the sensuously present but vanishing particular, exalts the immanence of the one divinity. We might be inclined to find in this mode of conception rather a similarity with that immediate unity of pure thought and sensuous thing which we found among the Parsees; in their case, however, the *one* is itself a specific natural entity, light; whereas with the Indians, Brahma, the one, is but the formless one that, only as transformed into the infinite multiplicity of mundane phenomena, gives rise to the pantheistic mode of thought. Thus in the Bhagavat-Gita (Lecture VII.), it is said of Krishna:—“Earth, water and wind, air and fire, “mind, understanding, and self-con-

sciousness, are the eight elements of “my essential force; yet know that I “have another and superior principle, “which animates nature and supports “the world: in it have all beings their “birth; so know, too, that I am the “creation and the destruction of this “whole universe; there is not anything “greater than I; and all things hang on “me, even as pearls upon a string; I “am savour in the water, splendour in “the sun and moon, the mystic word “in the sacred books, humanity in man, “sweet odour in the earth, brightness “in the flame; in all things I am life, “and I am contemplation in the peni- “tent. I am vitality in the living, I “am the wisdom of the wise, the glory “of the glorious. Whatever natures “are true, bright, and gloomy are from “me; I am not in them, but they in “me. By the delusion of these three “qualities the world is mocked, and “mistakes me who am unchangeable; “the divine delusion, however, the “Maya, is my delusion and hard to “escape, but those who follow me “escape it.” Here, then, such substantial unity receives the most striking expression, as well with reference to the immanence in, as to the transcendence of, the sensuously and individually present objects.

Similarly Krishna says of himself, (Lect. X), that he is in all the various diverse existences ever the most excellent:—“Among the stars I am the “radiant sun, the moon amid the con- “stellations; I am the book of hymns “in the sacred books, in the senses the “inner sense, Meru among the summits “of the mountains, among beasts the “lion; among letters I am the vowel A, “among the seasons, spring,” &c.

This enumeration of perfections, however, as well as the mere flux of forms, in which we are to recognise always one and the same thing, whatever wealth of fancy may appear displayed in it, remains exceedingly monotonous, and on the whole wearisome and inane.

2. This Oriental pantheism reached a higher and subjectively freer form under Mahometanism, especially that of the

Persians. Here there appears a peculiar relation, and mainly on the part of the poet.

a. The poet, namely, in longing to perceive the divine in everything, and in actually so perceiving it, surrenders to it also his own self, but apprehends even so the immanence of the divine in his own enlarged and emancipated inner; and so there arises in him that glad feeling, that free happiness, that luxurious blessedness, that is peculiar to the native of the East who has merged himself utterly in the eternal and absolute, with renunciation of every special particularity, and who knows and feels in all things the form and presence of the divine. Such an imbuing of oneself with the divine, such blissful, ecstatic life in God, borders on mysticism. In this reference we must praise above all Ielaleddin-Rumi, of whom we have the finest examples from Rückert, whose surprising power over expression enables him to play, like the Persians themselves, in the most artistic and freest fashion, with words and rhymes. The love to God,—with whom man in the most boundless devotion identifies himself, beholding Him now, the One, in every sphere, referring and reducing to Him everything and all things,—constitutes the central point which expands itself on all sides and into all regions in the widest manner.

b. If now, further, in the sublime proper, as it will speedily show itself, the most perfect objects and the richest shapes are merely an ornament of God, and serve to announce the state and grandeur of the One, being placed before us only to glorify Him, the Lord of all creatures; in pantheism, on the other hand, the immanence in them of the divine elevates natural and human existence themselves into a special and more independent splendour. The living presence of spirit in the things of nature and in the affairs of man animates and spiritualizes *them*, and gives rise to a peculiar relation between the soul of the poet and the objects he sings. Filled with this spiritual glory, the mind is calm, independent, free, great, and high,

and, in this affirmative identity with its own self, it imagines itself and lives itself into the souls of things in like calm unity, and coalesces with the objects of nature and with its beauty, with the loved one, with the goblet, in general, with all that is worthy of love and praise, in the happiest, blisssfullest inwardness. The Occidental romantic feeling of mind displays indeed a like living into oneself, but is, on the whole, especially in the North, unhappy, unfree, and full of longing; or it remains more subjectively shut in to its own self, and becomes thus self-seeking and sentimental. Such a dull depressed mood of mind is expressed especially in the national songs of barbarous people. The free happy soul is, on the other hand, peculiar to the Oriental nations, especially to the Mahometan Persians, who, open and joyous, give up their entire self as to God, so also to all that is worth prizing, and yet retain in this abandonment of self precisely the free substantiality which also characterises them in relation to the world around. It is thus we see in the glow of passion the most expansive bliss and parrhesie of feeling, through which, with all the inexhaustible wealth of splendid and brilliant imagery, there is heard always the accent of joy, beauty, and happiness. When the Oriental suffers and is unhappy, he takes this as the unalterable decree of fate, and remains secure in himself, without depression, sentimentality, or morose gloom. In Hafiz's poetry we find woe and lamentation enough about the loved one, the wine, &c.; but still he remains equally composed in sorrow as in joy. So it is he says once:—

“Grateful that the presence now
Of friends illumines,
Let burn the taper too in grief,
And be consoled.”

The taper teaches both to laugh and cry; brightly it laughs in the flame, though it melts at the same time into hot tears; its very destruction spreads the cheering light. This, too, is the universal character of this entire poetry.

The Persians, to mention a few more special forms, occupy themselves much with flowers and gems, especially with the rose and the nightingale. It is particularly customary with them to represent the nightingale as bridegroom of the rose. This personification of the rose's love of the nightingale occurs frequently in Hafiz. "In thankfulness, O Rose, that thou art sultana of beauty," he says, "deign not to be proud towards the love of the nightingale." He speaks even of the nightingale of his own soul. When we, however, speak in our poems of roses, nightingales, wine, it is in a quite other and more prosaic sense; the rose serves us for ornament ("crowned with roses," &c.), or we listen to the nightingale and sympathise, drink the wine and name it care-destroyer. But to the Persians the rose is no mere image or ornament, no symbol; it really appears to the poet as possessed of soul, as a loving bride, and his spirit is lost in the soul of the rose.

The latest Persian poems display even yet the same character of a brilliant pantheism. Herr von Hammer informs us of a poem that, with other presents of the Shah, was sent in 1819 to the Emperor Francis. It contains in 33,000 verses the deeds of the Shah, who rewarded the court-poet with his own name.

c. Goethe, too, has been captivated by this large care-free gaiety, in his riper years, and in contrast to the more troubled spirit of his early poems and their concentrated feeling: now an old man, penetrated by the breath of the Orient, he has turned himself, in poetic warmth of blood, full of immeasurable happiness, to this freedom of feeling, which even in its polemic loses not the finest unconcernedness. The songs of his *West-östlicher Divan* are neither merely playful nor insignificant social prettinesses, but spring from such a free, self-surrendering emotion. For such poems there were required a soul enlarged to the greatest breadth, self-centred in all storms, a depth and a youthfulness of feeling, and "a world of life-experience."

3. Pantheistic unity, now, accentuated in reference to the subject, that feels himself in this unity with God, and God as this presence in his subjective consciousness, yields *mysticism*, as in this more subjective form it has reached its development within the pale of Christianity. As example, I shall mention only Angelus Silesius, who, possessing the greatest boldness and depth of fancy and feeling, has expressed the substantial being of God in things, and the union of self with God and of God with human subjectivity, with a marvellously mystic power of description. The specially Oriental pantheism, again, brings rather into relief only the intuition of the one substance in all phenomena, and the devotion of the subject, who thereby attains the highest expansion of consciousness, as well as, through entire emancipation from the finite, the bliss of self-surrender to all that is best and most glorious.

b. THE SUBLIME IN ART.

But now the one substance, which is taken as the special import of the entire universe, is only then veritably explicit as *substance*, when, from its presence and actuality in the flux of nature, it has come back into itself as pure inwardness and substantial might, and so has acquired self-dependency as opposed to the finite. Only through this perception of God's essence as absolutely spiritual and formless, in contrast to the mundane and natural, can the spiritual wrest itself completely free from sense and nature, and tear itself loose from its existence in the finite. Conversely, nevertheless, the absolute substance remains *in relation* to the phenomenal world, from which it is reflected into itself. This relation acquires now the above-mentioned *negative* side, that the entire worldly sphere, namely—notwithstanding the abundance, power, and majesty of its forms—is now in reference to the one substance expressly determined as what is only negative in itself, what is *made* by God, subjected to His might, and ministrant to Him. The

world so, then, is certainly regarded as a revelation of God, and He Himself is the goodness—as concerns this created thing which in itself has no right to be or to refer itself to itself as on its own account—to let it go nevertheless its own way, and to give it place; the stability and consistence of the finite, however, is substanceless, and, opposed to God, the creature is impotent and evanescent; so that with the goodness of God there is at the same time manifested His righteousness, which makes actually appear, in this creature that is virtually negative, its own powerlessness, and thereby His substance as the sole might. This relation, when it is made dominant by art as the ground-relation both in matter and form, supplies the art-form of the sublime proper. Beauty of the ideal and sublimity must be clearly distinguished from each other. For in the ideal of beauty the inner penetrates and pervades the outer reality, of which it is the inner, in such wise, that both sides appear as adequate to each other, and even on this account as penetrating and pervading each other. In the sublime, again, the outer existence, in which substance is brought before the mind, is, as opposed to this substance, subordinated and set down; this very subordination and ancillarity being the only mode through which, by means of art, there can be realized the one God, who in Himself is formless, and expressible as to positive essence by nothing that is mundane and finite. The sublime presupposes the meaning, the import, the substance, in such self-dependency, that, as opposed to it, the outer body must appear as only in subjection, so far as the inner meaning is not present in it, but so transcends, surpasses, and goes beyond it, that just nothing but this transcending and surpassing enters into the representation.

In the symbol proper the form was the main point. It was such that it had an import or meaning, but yet was not in a position fully to express it. To the symbol again, as we may suppose it in the case of the sublime, and to all the unmeaning material it may bring

with it, there stands opposed now the *import* as such, in its clear intelligibility, and the work of art becomes now the *fusion* of the pure substantial being as import of all things. This substantial being, further, must be understood to explicate and exhibit the inadequacy of form and import (which existed in the symbol only *potentially*) as the import of God Himself, who, in the mundane, is transcendent over all mundane, and so rises to sublimity in the work of art here that has nothing to express but this absolutely manifest import. If we may call, then, the symbolical in general the sacred art, so far as it selects the divine for its object, it is the sublime which must be named the sacred art as such and exclusively, for it is to God alone it gives the honour.

The aim here is, on the whole, more limited than in the symbol proper, which, being but *striving* to the spiritual, exhibits a vast variety of transformations of the spiritual into forms of nature, and of the natural into assonances to spirit.

This form of the sublime we find in its primitive character, especially in the Jewish phantasy and its sacred poetry. For plastic art cannot appear here where there is no possibility of projecting any competent image of God, but only the poetry of pictorial conception which utters itself in words.

The more particular consideration of this stadium brings forward the following general points of view:—

1. This poetry has, for its most general matter, God as Lord of the subservient world; not as incarnated in the external, but as withdrawn from mundane things into solitary unity within Himself. What, in the symbolical proper, was yet bound together, divides here, consequently, into the two sides of God's abstract selfness, and the world's concrete existence.

- a. God Himself, as this pure selfness of the one substance, is without form within Himself, and, taken in this abstraction, is insusceptible of any closer realization to the imagination. What,

then, the phantasy can grasp here, is not the divine nature in its pure essence : God Himself forbids that He be exhibited by art in any adequate form. The only thing tangible that remains is the *relation* of God to the world He has created.

b. God is the Creator of the universe. This is the purest expression of sublimity itself. For the first time now all conceptions of *generation* and mere natural origin of things out of God disappear, and give place to the thought of *creation* through spiritual power and agency. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." This is adduced even by Longinus as an eminently striking example of the sublime. The Lord, the one substance, proceeds indeed to utterance of Himself ; but the mode of utterance is the purest : it is the bodiless, etherial utterance, the word, the utterance of thought as the ideal power, with whose command to exist, existence, in dumb obedience, immediately rose.

c. God passes not into the created world, however, as if into His reality, but remains withdrawn into Himself, without giving rise through this *over-against* to any fixed dualism. For what is produced is His *work*, that, opposed to Him, is without self-substantiality, and is there only as proof of *His* wisdom, goodness, and righteousness. The One is Lord over all, and has in the things of nature not properly His presence, but only powerless accidents that can allow the Essence itself only to shine in them, but not appear. This constitutes the sublime on the part of God.

2. But now, on the one hand, the one God being in this manner separated from the concrete world of things and placed independent by Himself, while the externally existent, on the other hand, is determined and subordinated as the finite, the new position arises as well to natural as to human existence that it can be a representation of the divine only by its *finitude* being made prominent.

a. For the first time now, then, nature and the human shape lie before

us *de-deified* and prosaic. The Greeks relate that, as the heroes of the Argonautic expedition sailed through the Straits of the Hellespont, the rocks, which had hitherto opened and shut, and clashed together like shears, suddenly stood fast for ever, rooted in the ground. A like solidification of the finite in its intelligible definiteness, as opposed to the Infinite Essence, we find in the sacred poetry of the sublime, while in the symbolical, on the contrary, nothing preserves its right place, but the finite turns into the divine, which again abandons itself for the finite. Let us leave, for example, the old Indian poems for the Old Testament, and we find ourselves at once on quite another soil, which, however strange and different from our own its conditions, events, actions, and characters may be, still readily allows us to become at home in it. From a world of tumult and confusion we come into relations and find figures before us which appear quite natural, and whose fixed patriarchal characters in their definiteness and truth stand familiarly beside us as perfectly intelligible.

b. For this mode of view, which can apprehend the natural course of things and give validity to the laws of nature, miracles receive now also, for the first time, their place. In the Indian way, everything is a miracle, and so nothing is any longer miraculous. Where, in fact, the intelligible connexion of things is perpetually interrupted, where all is torn and contorted from its place, there is no room for miracles. For the miraculous presupposes an intelligible sequence as well as the usual clear consciousness which only calls miracle an interruption at the *fiat* of supernatural power of this customary connexion. Any specially specific expression of sublimity such miracles are, however, not ; for the usual course of nature, equally with its interruption, follows only from the will of God and the submission of nature.

c. The special sublime, on the contrary, we must seek in this, that the entire created universe becomes mani-

festated as finite, limited, not self-maintaining and supporting, and can for this reason be regarded only as glorifying accessory for the praise of God.

3. In this acknowledgment of the nullity of things and in the exalting and extolling of God, it is that on this stadium the human individual seeks his own honour, his trust, and his satisfaction.

a. In this reference the Psalms supply us with classical examples of genuine sublimity, established as a model for all time; in which what man has before him in his religious conception of God is magnificently expressed with the mightiest uplifting of the soul. Nothing in the world durst pretend to independency, for all is and subsists only through the power of God, and for no other purpose than to minister to the glory of this power, as well as to declare its own substanceless nullity. As, therefore, we found in the phantasy of substantiality and its pantheism an infinite *expansion*, so we have to admire here the power of the *exaltation* of the soul which lets all go in order to announce the sole might of God. Especially, in this respect, is the 104th Psalm of majestic power: "Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain," &c. Light, heaven, clouds, the wings of the wind, are here nothing in and for themselves; they are only an outer garment, a chariot, a messenger for the service of God. Further then the wisdom of God is extolled, which has set all things in order; the springs which rise in the valleys, the waters which run among the hills, by which the birds of heaven sit and sing among the branches; the grass, the wine that maketh glad the heart of man, the cedars of Lebanon which the Lord hath planted; the sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, and that leviathan whom the Lord hath made to play therein. And what God has created, that He also preserves, but, "hidest Thou Thy face, they are troubled; Thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust." The 90th

Psalm, a prayer of Moses the man of God, more expressly declares the nothingness of man, as for example: "Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sheep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath are we troubled."

b. There is thus connected with the sublime on the part of man the feeling at the same time of his own finitude and insurmountable separation from God.

a. The idea of the *immortality*, therefore, does not originally come forward in this sphere, for that idea involves the presupposition that the individual self, the soul, the human spirit, is an absolute existence. In the sublime, only the One is regarded as imperishable, and all else as coming and going, but not as free and infinite within itself.

β. So man regards himself here as in his *worthlessness* before God; his rising up takes place in the fear of the Lord, in the trembling before His wrath; and we find depicted in a penetrating and moving manner the grief over his own nothingness, and in lamentation, and suffering, and sorrow, out of the depths of the breast, hear the crying of the soul to God.

γ. Should, on the other hand, the individual in his finitude maintain himself against God, then this wilful and intentional finitude is the *Bad*, that as evil and sin attaches only to nature and humanity, but in the One undivided substance can just as little have any place as pain and the negative in general.

c. Thirdly, nevertheless, man acquires within this nothingness a freer and more independent position. For, on the one hand, there arises for man from the substantial repose and stability of God, in reference to His will and the prescripts of His will, the *Law*; and on the other hand there lies at the same time in the exaltation that is present the complete clear *distinction* of the human from the divine, of the finite from the absolute, so that the judg-

ment concerning good and bad, and the decision for the one or the other, is transferred into the subject himself. The relation to the absolute, and the adequacy or inadequacy of man to this absolute, has, therefore, a side as well which falls to the province of the individual and his own action and conduct. Thereby, at the same time, this individual, in his right-doing and

obedience to the laws, finds an *affirmative* relation to God, and has in general to bring the external positive or negative condition of his existence,—well-being, enjoyment, satisfaction, or pain, unhappiness, oppression,—into connexion with his inner obedience or with his refractoriness to the law, and to accept the one or the other as benefit and reward, or as trial and punishment.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

SHUTTERS are barred ; the wintry wind without
Blusters and howls ; hear'st thou the trees about
Creak, and the sighing branches, and the panes
Dashed with the rattling rains ?
The cosier we two, darling, by this fire—
The green-clothed table midmost, spread with books ;
The household settled all to thy desire,
And we ourselves to interchange of looks :
Thou, crimson-bodiced, in thy cushioned chair,
Thy fingers toying with some feminine work ;
I on the sofa opposite thee, where,
Slipped at ease, and loose-gowned like a Turk,
I bask in presence of my golden girl,
Yet stint not to upwhirl—
So tolerant her care—
The short white puffs of smoke that snake the ruddy air.
How, seated so, my darling, we do chat
Of this and that—
Our doings through the day, and what
We have seen, and whom ; plans of the instant week ;
Whether our purse
Grows healthier or worse ;
This outlay, should we make or grudge it ;—
Topics on which to hear *thee* speak
Is better than any Budget !
Whence still we sweep
A wider deep—
All news of nations and of distant seas ;
How the great world goes round,
And who alive are noblest found
In every walk of men and all degrees.
Nor living only ! All the ages past,
The plains that shroud the innumerable dead,
Yield us high objects—shapes of acts that last,
And portraitures of many a laurelled head :
Poets of glorious song,
Kings that have greatly wrought,

Great popular wrestlers against tyrannous wrong,
And others, few, who have but greatly thought
How spirits should be moved ;—

Yet ever, to our seeming,
These blended groups among,
The white arms wildly gleaming,
And the red hearts hotly scheming,
Of unnamed women who have greatly loved.

In heaven or earth

Is nothing not appropriate to our hearth.

Ah ! in such colloquies how I came to know
The mind that mine had wedded, and to grow
Ever more amorous of *it*, the more
I knew its supple richness ! As, of yore,
Some gymnast, wrestling with a splendid Spartan girl,
The closer she did come and dare his press,
Must more and more have felt a giddiness
Flow from her touches, and such sensuous whirl
That either he must yield to her, and fall,
Assailed all round with hisses,
Or bear her bodily up, his lissome thrall,
And laugh, and run with her, and leap a wall,
And punish her with kisses :
So with us two—her mind, in its dear sex,
The utmost match of mine and innermost reflex.
I move, and she moves check : I thunder ; lo !
A flash back from her battery : if I say
Some sly thing meant for wit,
She catches it in air, and will remit
The message twirled in such a dexterous way
That *I* am hit.

But chief, through all, the ever-fresh surprise
That one so stoutly frank should be so subtly wise.
She is, I swear, the most downright
Of living little Saxons—out of sight
An honester than I—quilted most thick
Against all sophistry, or whine, or trick ;
Yet what superb agility
In every thoughtful gesture ! What facility
In apprehensions the most intricate !
What readiness, on any beckoning from me,
Either to speculate
Questions of deep debate,
Or to luxuriate
In any field of floweriest phantasy !
No boldest phrase,
Brave girl, could thee amaze.
Dared I my utmost, and would try to wing
The Empyrean round the world we know,
Then, through that blaze of radiance voyaging,
And in the billowings of its boundless glow
Almost forgetting thee, the dear last thing
Left i' the dark orb human—turning, I desiered
Thee, thee, my undaunted, winging to my side.

Or if, in converse mood,
 Abstractions were my temporary good,
 And, like some starved wretch in a night-dreared wood,
 I groped mid verbiage for some root of real,
 Even there thou would'st find me soon,
 And, like the silvering moon,
 Shed o'er the doleful search a tint ideal,
 Imparting it such mystic zest
 As if the pale-berried mistletoe were my quest.
 So wondering, dearest, all thy wealth of mind,
 With what ambitious fancies I could please
 Day-dreamy hours, of some large lot assigned
 To our conjunction yet by Heaven's decrees!
 Ah! in such dreams as these
 I can but clasp thy knees:
 Fit for Aspasia thou, could I be Pericles!

EATING AND DRINKING IN AMERICA:—A STROLL AMONG THE SALOONS OF NEW YORK.

BY STEPHEN BUCKLAND.

I WAS staying for the time at the St. Denis, one of the best of those known as family hotels in New York, but at which, unfortunately, there was no *table d'hôte*, and but an indifferently-served coffee-room. The resources of the establishment were confined, as regards the cuisine, to supplying the wants of the families residing permanently in the house. They were served in their own rooms at a high rate of charges. An unpretending single man who required simply a bedroom was obliged to accept such accommodation in the coffee-room as could be afforded without interfering with the more important requirements of the nobler guests above. I had resolved therefore, for the future, to seek my meals abroad, and thus acquire information at the same time that I escaped the eternal recurrence of badly-cooked chops and steaks every day for dinner. Accordingly, I rose one morning a little earlier than usual, and, after dressing, rang for my boots. They were brought by an Irish-American citizen, who tossed them unceremoniously on the floor, and was

leaving the room, when I remarked, very mildly, "Why they are not half cleaned;" and indeed they were not. The man looked quite aghast at my presumption, and in the height of his independence and equality with every one, replied, "Now, you see if I clean them again while you stop here;" in return for which I delivered the boot in my hand with much precision so close to his ear that he was glad to beat a retreat. I then repaired to my friend G.'s bedroom. He was to accompany me in my search for breakfast, dinner, &c., and to lead the way by reason of his great experience in saloon life.

"Come, G.," said I, "are you ready?"

"All ready except my boots," replied G., pulling out from under his bed a somewhat dirty pair of highlows.

"Ha!" said I, "they serve you worse even than they do me."

"Oh no!" said G., "I don't let them clean my boots at all."

"Why, you don't mean to go down town in dirty boots, I hope," I observed.

"No, Siree," replied G., producing

from his trunk a little flat tin box and a pair of brushes. I knew he was a bit of a dandy, and I thought on seeing these articles that he was carrying his exclusiveness to an extreme point by requiring the hotel porter to use a special set of brushes and blacking for his boots only ; but I was soon undeceived, for my friend G., taking a brush in each hand and scientifically moistening the blacking, in a short time produced a very workman-like polish on his boots, which put to shame the dulness of my own, and beat the Irish porter all to nothing. I then learned that nine-tenths of the gentlemen staying at the hotel, and indeed in many other places also, invariably performed this operation for themselves as a matter of course—boot-cleaning being regarded as an “extra” in the charges.

We now descended to the street and proceeded in the first place in search of breakfast. I was anxious to see and partake of the far-famed buckwheat cake, and G. had promised to conduct me to a saloon in which they were served to perfection ; “For,” he informed me, “there is no hotel or eating saloon in New York where you can get them properly made, except at this one rather mean-looking house.”

I have unfortunately forgotten the name of the street in which this house was situated, or I would certainly give the information for the benefit of future English visitors in that city who may desire to taste the genuine article. I can, however, tell how it is made, and I consider the few lines now immediately following, worth at least a plateful of cakes per line.

The American buckwheat cake is a speciality, and it surpasses everything of the kind that has ever been invented. Buckwheat in the grain is a dark, uninviting-looking article, and is much cheaper than ordinary wheat. The flour is mixed with a small quantity of rye-flour, and a little yeast is stirred in. The consistency is that of the material for ordinary pancakes. It is mixed overnight, and in the morning is ready for making up. When the visitor (myself

in the present instance) calls for cakes, a few minutes are necessary for cooking them. The batter is fried in a pan specially constructed for the purpose, and I soon receive a plate containing three steaming hot cakes, each about the size of the crown of my hat. Indeed they might have been cooked in a hat, like the juggler’s omelette, so perfectly circular are they in shape. On the table before me there is butter and a pitcher of golden syrup ; or, as the Yankees pronounce it, “surrup.” The true artistic process is to butter each cake first, and then pour the surrup over each and all. I then cut through the pile, and . . . My instructions are finished. I say no more ; only just try it.

Having disposed of one plateful, I was effectually prevented from pushing my investigations any further by experiment, for that meal at any rate. I had consequently an opportunity of looking about and observing any other varieties in the list of breakfast items. I noticed that very few of the visitors called for meat. Cakes of one sort or another are the staple at *this* house. For instance, there are wheat-cakes made and served in exactly the same manner as the buckwheat. There are also rice-cakes, which are simply made with boiled rice beaten to a paste, with a little flour and water, and cooked in the same way as the others. The charge for a plate of either kind is six cents, or threepence. Coffee is charged the same. There is no demand made for the supply of butter or syrup ; they are thrown in gratis. Thus a moderate man may obtain a first-rate breakfast for sixpence sterling.

I heard several persons order toast, and was surprised to observe that they received it in a form which was quite novel to me. It was served in a soup-plate, floating in hot milk, the surface of which was spotted with the butter originally spread on the toast. They call this milk toast. Many persons enjoy this immensely, but it is to my mind simply a good thing spoiled ; and I do not claim any credit for making it known. It seemed strange to see men fortifying themselves for the labours of

the day by "spooning" up this soft, pulpy-looking substance, fit in appearance only for infants. But what struck me as still more wonderful was to hear a great loose-jointed, powerful Yankee, who seated himself at the next table, call for a basin of bread and milk; and I found, on inquiry, and afterwards by observation, that this is a common practice. The people are very fond of it; that is to say, the Yankees, as distinguished from the Southerners and the Western Americans. I pondered on this fact at the time, endeavouring to settle in my mind what particular feature in the American character might be traced to this custom. I have always looked on the Americans as a people with very little "softness" about them. However, by means of carefully investigating the question, I came to the conclusion that they affect the milk on the *lucus a non* principle.

With the New Yorkers there is an obvious reason on the opposite construction. This reason is the origin of the milk itself. The food of the cow in New York dairies is the "swill" or waste liquor from the distilleries. It is a cheap and productive stimulant to the manufacture of milk. Every drop of milk in and round about this city has one common origin; viz. the whisky still. The connexion between this fact and the taste for milk-sop is obvious. There is another peculiarity in connexion with this subject which is worthy of notice. Owing to the cause just named, and for other reasons, there is great difficulty in procuring good milk in New York, and a practice exists of selling condensed milk. In any quantity of milk more than ninety per cent. is water. This is evaporated, and the residuum is incorporated with pounded sugar, forming a paste which much resembles Devonshire cream. A small teaspoonful is sufficient for a cup of tea or coffee. The manufacturers sell this compound principally in sealed cans, but they also deliver small quantities every morning and evening to such families as order it regularly. It is carried round in innumerable little

tin pails and cans, and the man who delivers it looks as if he were carrying miniature milk cans for use in dolls' houses. The people who consume this extract somehow persuade themselves that they really get pure milk, free, moreover, from any undue watering—but since the original fluid was the unwholesome and even poisonous "swill" milk, this product is nothing better than condensed abomination. The New York milk has been lately described,¹ and those who have had an acquaintance with the subject will agree that the peck of dirt which every person must eat during his life is not lightened by being partly swallowed in liquid form.

To return to the breakfast saloon. G. was a Southerner by birth, and consequently in his earlier years had been "raised" on bacon and Indian corn cake. He was still partial to the latter, but informed me there was but one place in New York where it could be had to perfection. This did not happen to be the saloon which we were then favouring with our presence—but I may mention that I afterwards visited this "oasis," and tested the truth of his statement that "corncake, traditionally supposed to have been Adam's food in the garden of Eden, is a delicacy fit for the gods." This ambrosial delicacy is made of the flour of Indian corn baked in large planes like gingerbread, and cut up into small blocks about two inches square. The consistency is rather spongy, and it reminds me both in point of flavour and colour of the famous Dublin saffron buns. I thought it extremely unpalatable; in fact I could scarcely swallow the first and only mouthful I ever tasted, and G. compassionately remarked that the taste for it was an acquired one.

I remember nothing else particularly noticeable in the breakfast saloon, except that every man made a point of drinking a large tumbler of iced water before leaving. I may observe, however, that there is one great recom-

¹ *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1867. Art. "American Dairies."

menation about these places which I should like to see prevailing in England. There is no fee for the waiter. This freedom from a troublesome tax is so suited to our feelings, that on my first visit to a refreshment room in London after returning from America, I was innocently fearful of offending the benevolent-featured waiter by the offer of a gratuity, and, of course, earned his thorough contempt.

Lest, however, I should, whilst abroad, be entirely deprived of the pleasing impression of paying a slight pecuniary tax after each meal, G. very kindly suggested that we should make the following arrangement. He was the mentor, the guide; I the novice to be initiated. I was therefore to pay for both on the occasion of each visit to a saloon; I should thus be free from any sense of dependence. I was naturally delighted with this proposal for more reasons than one. I agreed forthwith, and from that day forward during my wanderings in search of information this was our practice.

Without attempting to record a diary of my experiences, I will just give a short account of the results of our peregrinations.

Taking the subject of meals in the order in which they run, the next thing before us is luncheon. There are several drinking saloons in the city in which may be found a bar appropriated as a luncheon-bar. We have luncheon bars in London, but they differ very much from those of which I am speaking. I think the more favourably of these places with regard to the little pecuniary arrangement just mentioned. Any little ruffling of my equanimity consequent thereon, was soothed by the discovery that the lunches are free. That is to say, we there find cheese, biscuit, dried ham, herrings, and other light viands at our disposal, free of any charge; but we are expected to order something to drink. It might be thought that this liberality on the part of the proprietors would sometimes be abused by designing visitors. But these speculators take care to provide for

consumption only such provisions as are provocative of thirst, and they reap a rich harvest from their forethought. It is true that there are occasionally visitors who enter the saloon without a cent in their pockets, and with no idea of paying for anything, and that this sort of gentry pay much greater attention to the lunch than other visitors. But it generally happens that somebody takes compassion on them in their pitiable state of thirst after these labours, and they are treated to a "drink." As for the eatables, they are of such a character that there must be some place specially devoted to their preparation. The cheese is of the saltiest and most pungent; the herrings so intensely pickled that they seem to have had salt forced into them by hydraulic pressure, dried to an exceeding hardness, and innocent of any cooking. The ham and beef are similarly prepared and also eaten raw. A briny influence prevails throughout. There is no doubt that in the case of the proprietors of these places virtue is duly rewarded. Their generosity meets with its recompense.

The luncheon hour is generally from twelve to one: after which time the saloon lapses into a drinking saloon proper. I shall speak of *these* places by-and-by, as also of the oyster rooms, and continue for the present in the line of the eating department. Dining is our next topic, and a few words on the various resorts for achieving this desirable object in New York will be in order in this place.

In regard to people who are in a position to fare sumptuously, there is every facility for dining expensively. Turtle is much affected, and the shelled creature may be seen outside the door with the announceant chalked on his back that he will be served up on such a day in the shape of soup, and promising a rich treat by the words "I am very fat," as conspicuous as may be. Insult added to injury indeed! Edible birds' nests may also be indulged in by the gourmand, and canvas-back ducks and Mexican reed-birds are not scarce if

adjured by the sound of dollars chinking. But the hotels chiefly absorb the class of persons to whom the turtle's appeal is addressed, whereas we are just now concerned with the ordinary dining saloons, frequented by persons who may perhaps hope some day to become aldermen, but are as yet simply gentlemen of moderate means.

Descending then to the consideration of ordinary beef and mutton, we at once pronounce American meat to be inferior to English. There is not much attention paid to rearing fat cattle in the United States, and the ordinary beef is obtained from a poor ill-fed class of animal. The practice of employing oxen, and even cows, for agricultural purposes is common in many parts of the country; and, when the farmer has gained as much work from any one of his cattle as can possibly be got out of it, he sells it to the butcher. The latter feeds it sparingly for a short time, and then slaughters it for the market. Is it likely, then, that the beef should be good when the animal is killed only at the end of a life of hard labour? The mutton is not subjected to any such deteriorating process during the life of the sheep, and is therefore better in proportion. But it is very small, and the flavour is not remarkable. The ordinary charge is twelve cents, or sixpence for a plate, but including vegetables, bread and butter and pickles. I have, however, visited more than one very respectable saloon, where the charge was just half this amount, or threepence for meat, or poultry, and ditto for any kind of pudding.

The Americans are well aware of the superiority of English meat over their own, and on certain occasions this fact is prominently exemplified. It often happens that the stewards of the ocean steamers sell a few joints of English beef and mutton to the proprietors of the dining-rooms. This meat has been kept iced during the voyage, and is in prime condition. There are two, or at most three, at which one may reckon on tasting real Southdown and prime English sirloin on the day after the

arriving of the steamer. The proprietors arrange with the stewards for the monopoly of any English produce they may have to spare. They then advertise in the daily papers, "A leg of prime English mutton to-day; a round of real English beef; real English hare; stewed rabbit from England," and so forth. On these occasions the prices are advanced, and, as the supplies of the foreign dainties are very limited, and the diners very numerous, it is only the fortunate few who are early in the field whose palates are delighted with the genuine article. All the later comers must really eat American mutton or beef, and be content with fancying they enjoy what the proprietor pretends to give them. The hares and rabbits that are also occasionally served are considered a great treat; and, as these cannot very well be imitated in a country where none are to be found, there is no opposition or doubt as to their origin. Any observant person can tell the difference between the limbs and body of a rabbit and those of a cat, even though cooked in the form of a stew. So that one may feel tolerably comfortable on this point.

But, though the Americans do not eat cats, they do eat cat-fish. They are a hideous looking fish, with a large head, from which protrude several thorny-looking spikes. When skinned and properly cooked, they are good eating. The *fish* in this case is really like meat. Query. Hence the name? There are many other varieties of fish to be found in New York. The best are the bass and the shad. There are also blue fish and white fish, all very well in their way, but our English sole surpasses them all.

After dining, G. invariably proposed an adjournment "to have a drink." We therefore bend our course to Broadway, that we may be quite respectable, and that no one may mistake us for rowdies. Every hotel has its bar, and there are also drinking saloons *proper*. These places bear no resemblance to English public-houses or gin palaces, but are fitted up more like the French cafés. There are special houses for the sale of

malt liquor, the ordinary bars providing wine and spirits.

We enter a handsome saloon of moderate size, and, standing before the bar, call for brandy. A bottle and tumblers are pushed across to us, and we pour out as much or as little as we choose, for which we pay a dime or fivepence sterling. We may, if we like, nearly fill the tumblers at the same price. But, if we poured only a drop and released the bottle, and after drinking pour another drop, we pay twice. There is no *limited* quantity called for. The brandy is generally good. Indeed, the French brandy and champagne in the States are better than are usually imported into England.

I am obliged to confess that I visited these places somewhat frequently; but then, as G. remarked, I could thus observe and study American character.

The habit of frequenting drinking saloons is prevalent to an extraordinary degree amongst all classes in New York. If two gentlemen meet, either by appointment or accidentally, they must go and "take a drink." Persons in a similar station in life among ourselves at home would not think of entering a public house habitually, as is the case in America. And a man may do this half a dozen times during the morning as a matter of course. As a general rule, people do not linger in the bar-rooms; they drink off their "cocktail," or whatever it may be, and depart immediately. Many a man on entering a saloon will, if alone, call for drinks for every person already in the room, merely for the sake of drinking his glassful in company. The only men who spend any lengthened period of time in these places without leaving are such as depend on the lucky arrival of some such generous person as this to treat them, and they hang about here from morning till night. The number and variety of the "drinks" themselves is extraordinary. I should not have room for a list of them even if I could remember one half the strange titles. But there are the "cocktail," "smash," "sling," "julep," the "back straightener," the "corpse

reviver," "moral suasion," the "bottomless pit," and many others.

The Americans affect to despise the habit of sitting down and conversing over their glass, which is peculiar to Englishmen. They sneer at this custom as a vulgar waste of time on the part of John Bull. But, as G. kindly said, "I guess you Britishers are fond of boozing. We Americans drink our rum and kind of start at once. Now I'll wait for you at the bar as long as ever you like. Don't hurry for me; the liquor is good, and I don't mind keeping you company. Look about; you want to take stock of us; here's a good opportunity. I'll wait." Which he kindly did, and I paid for the drinks.

American wit is proverbial. Critics say that it is the only really genuine wit extant. I rather agree with Artemus Ward that the English have more wit than the Americans, and the latter more humour. Such as it is, however, you hear plenty of it in the saloons. I wish I had noted down a tenth part of the quaint sayings and stories I heard. Some of the speakers tell the coolest stories with an air of truth that would, of itself, deceive the most suspicious. Wine in, wit out. Out truly in the sense of being abroad. I will give you a specimen of the kind of humour generally indulged in by the more pretentious of the talkers. Some one present was remarking that the English racehorse, Eclipse, had run a mile a minute. "That's pretty tall running," said an American, "but it is less than the average of our common roadsters. I live out of town, and when I ride into business in the morning my shadow cannot keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me some minutes after my arrival. One morning my horse was restless; so I rode him several times as hard as I could round Union Square, just to kind of take the Old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time, I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

Here is one of a different kind, and

more indicative of wit than humour. I heard it told by a person who described himself as a principal actor in the scene. He was a Canadian, and told the story in a laughable manner, which I wish I could preserve in my version.

This gentleman and a number of others were trying feats of strength and activity on the bank of a river a few yards in width. Amongst the number was a Yankee, a raw, green-looking Down Easter. For a genuine Down East Yankee *looks* as simple and innocent as a young pigeon. He affected however to despise the efforts of the Canadians, and laughed at their feats of strength. "Down our way," he said, "we kin whip all creation for strength. Yew think yew are some punkins. Our boys down to hum could beat yew all to sticks." The Canadians pretended to be much amused at his boasting, and at last asked him what he could do. "Wal," said he, "I'll bet yew fifty dollars I'll throw any one of you right slick over this water." "Ha, ha!" laughed the others. "I kin do it, I'll bet," replied the Yankee. "Come on, then," said one of them; "we'll stake the money." This was done, and the man who had made the bet offered himself for the venture. "Will you take your coat off?" asked the Yankee. "Oh no," laughed the other; "your fifty dollars will buy me a new one if you *should* spoil it." The weather, it should be noted, was very cold. The Yankee then quietly lifted up the victim, and with little effort threw him a little way into the water. The other scrambled out, puffing and blowing, and shivering with cold, and as soon as he could speak claimed the stakes. "Oh," drawled the Yankee, "I didn't say I'd do it the *first* time, but I *kin* do it; I know I kin." The Canadian, being loth to lose his money, thought he would have one more try for it; so he let him try again. This time he was thrown a little further in, and of course finely ducked again. The Yankee then said, "I didn't say I'd do it the *second* time, but I *kin* do it; I know I kin." The other did not relish the idea of being

ducked a dozen or two of times before winning his bet, and accordingly gave in amidst the shrieks of laughter of his friends, who were, of course, delighted at having enjoyed the scene, especially as he was wet through and half frozen into the bargain.

The region of story-telling is so attractive that I cannot leave it without giving one more specimen of eccentricity in the thoughts and ideas of so many American speakers, although it has nothing to do with the saloons. It relates, however, to a subject which is too often found in very close proximity to them. Two preachers were on the same platform. One of them, who was preaching, happened to say, "When Abraham built the ark—" The other, who was behind him, ventured to correct his blunder, by saying, "Abraham wasn't there." But the speaker pushed on, and only took occasion shortly to repeat still more decidedly, "I say, when Abraham built the ark—" "And I say," cried the other, "Abraham warn't there." The preacher was not to be put down in this way, and, addressing the people, exclaimed with great emphasis, "I say Abraham *was* thar, or *tharabouts*."

As the city of New York contains many Britishers, it has kindly provided for the indulgence of their contemptible weakness of not wishing to choke themselves in their haste to swallow their liquor. There are one or two saloons modelled somewhat after the fashion of an English public-house, with a parlour, where stolid Englishmen may smoke and drink after the fashion prevailing in London. In these favoured precincts the presiding genius is thoroughly British, and presents in his appearance a decided contrast to the smart, active, and dapper-looking gentleman who condescends to play at conjuring with wine and spirits for the delectation of Americans in the drinking saloons. Those who have seen the astonishing dexterity of some of these barkeepers in mixing the various drinks patronised in America, and also in Australia, will agree that it equals the best examples of sleight-of-

hand produced by the wizards. The performer has, for apparatus, spirits, bitters, wine, mint, strawberries, oranges, lemons, ice in little blocks, sugar, &c., besides tumblers and mysterious metal goblets exactly like conjuring-cups. On the receipt of an order, he whisks down a tumbler, shoots a few blocks of ice into it, adds a slice of lemon, powders it with sugar, distils some drops of bitters, pours in the spirits of wine, qualifies with water, then tilts the whole into one of the goblets, and keeping the tumbler reversed in the mouth of it, shakes the contents well together; then, taking a fresh cup in the right hand, and holding the first in the left, both arms extended above his head a good three feet apart, sends the liquor flying from one cup to the other without spilling a drop, and with such rapidity, that he is crowned with a flashing arch of fluid, which seems to unite the goblets together as if the whole was a fixture. The conjuring is completed by his pouring the now amalgamated ingredients into a fresh tumbler, and crowning the whole with a sprig of mint or a strawberry. The fee is twopence-halfpenny, and the trick itself is worth double the money to see it. These gentlemen have no slight opinion of themselves, and feel on entirely equal terms with merchants or any persons in a good position in society. They are generally associated with the proprietor in the business, and they dress as if they were intended as walking advertisements for a tailor.

The Germans are very numerous in New York. They are said to represent the commercial, and the Irish the political interest. A German without beer is an anomaly. Consequently there is special provision for their wants in the shape of saloons, bearing the mystic word "Lager." This Lager Bier is brewed and consumed in quantities sufficient to float a navy. Indeed, before the supply from the Croton Aqueduct was poured into the city, all the pumps and springs were run dry by the thirsty efforts of the stolid Germans. Two dozen tumblers is no great feat for one of them to achieve.

Their object seems to be to assimilate their figure to that of the beer-barrel. Which they succeed in doing "to admiration."

I came to the knowledge of these and other places by dint of persevering visits under G.'s guidance. He filled his post of guide and instructor faithfully, and never allowed me to miss anything in the refreshment line that he considered estimable. "Because, you see, by eating and drinking at every saloon we come to, you will not fail to impress your memory. By the way, you haven't tasted our oysters yet. I'm very fond of oysters myself. And I'll take you to the very head-quarters." Of course I agreed, though I don't care for oysters, which G. had doubtless forgotten, though I had often told him so. However, we set off one morning on our way to Fulton market, where I was told the best oysters were to be found. This market has many curious features, a review of which may prove interesting. It is situated in the lower part of the city, which also is the oldest portion, and is devoted exclusively to business. This was formerly the old Dutch town, and the style in which it is built is very different from that of the more modern additions.

On our way down town G. pointed to a store, on the outside of which was a very dirty-looking, battered iron safe conspicuously placed in the doorway. I could not see anything very interesting about it, but, on looking closer, observed the following lines on a paper attached to it, "This safe was exposed for "thirty-six hours to the action of the "tremendous fire which burned down "the premises of Messrs. Gourman, "the great pastrycooks. The proprietor "happened, when the fire broke out, to "have in his hand a dish containing "a fine roast chicken, and, in his hurry, "he thrust the dish into the safe with "his books and papers. The safe itself "was red hot for many hours; yet such "are its antiphlogistic properties that, "on opening it when cool, the chicken "was discovered literally frozen into a "mass of icy matter!" This was the

advertiser's way of publishing the wonderful power of resisting fire inherent in his safes.

When we reached our destination, G. being anxious to acquire an appetite for the oysters, we perambulated the market, which I found so interesting that I cannot do better than briefly recount some of its most remarkable features.

Fulton market is built in the form of a square, and is covered in throughout with glass. It forms a complete little town itself, and contains within its wooden walls stores of almost every kind of necessaries. The chief entrance is not through gates, but by a species of arcade or passage, which is, in fact, a continuation of the street foot-pavement, and therefore always open. Two of these arcades run at right angles to each other, bounding the body of the market on two sides; and the various passages into the central portion branch off from them. Business goes on here without cessation (except on Sundays) all the year round; and crowds of people, of almost every nation on the globe, pass and repass from morning till night.

There are separate compartments for the sale of meat, fish, poultry and vegetables; rows of fruit stores with the tempting products of the southern soil hanging in groves from the roof, and covering the counters in endless profusion. Poultry was, at the time of my visit, sold at sixpence a pound; geese, turkeys, and ducks the same. Wild ducks were cheap and plentiful; bunches of squirrels were hung up, being much esteemed. In the vegetable department are found every kind of pumpkin, melons, squashes, and egg plants. The latter, when sliced and fried, taste much like an oyster, and require the digestive powers of an ostrich in the consumer. Tomatoes are here, as everywhere else in the city, sold in great quantities. This is a very favourite vegetable (or fruit) in America. They are eaten either raw or cooked. Many persons, as I saw with some astonishment, ate them as they would a peach or an apple, but they are much more palatable when dressed.

The best plan is to scald them, and, after peeling, simmer in a stewpan with butter and pepper. They are so juicy that they require no water when thus cooked, and they form a rich and delicious soup, which it is difficult to believe is not made from meat. Sweet potatoes are abundant and as cheap as *ordinary* potatoes. As regards fruit, the New Yorkers have a great advantage over us in the luscious supplies of their Southern States. But they grow some very superior kinds of fruit in the North. They export large quantities of very fine apples to this country. Their peaches are abundant and very fine. A good basketful may be had in Fulton market for a shilling sterling. Strawberries are here found in profusion, but the cultivators take very little pains in rearing them. They grow them in a field, and plough between the rows to clean them, never manuring, and growing from year to year a small dwarfy kind of berry, which will not, of course, compare with our beautiful varieties. The Americans are very fond of fruit, and invariably have it served for *supper*, as they call a six o'clock tea. So much so that blackberries in all their native wildness are sold at the same price as strawberries and raspberries.

I noticed at every fruit-store lumps of dark-brown matter of the colour of dark bees'-wax, and found, on inquiry, that it was maple-sugar. The farmers cultivate the sugar "mapple," as they call it, and draw the juice every year from the tree, from which they derive considerable profits.

Besides the stores already mentioned, there are in Fulton market dry goods stores, shoe-shops, toy-shops, hardware-stores, stationers' shops, and ice-houses. There are drinking saloons, lager saloons, and, most numerous of all, coffee-shops. The saloons are frequented more or less at all hours of the day; but the coffee-shops are visited periodically by hungry and thirsty customers engaged at work on the numerous ships and the piers at which they lie. These places of refreshment are more like summer-houses than anything else, and the proprietors in

some cases endeavour to make them attractive by placing a few tubs containing evergreens on each side of the very short approach to the doorway. I acquired information in regard to them from solitary personal experience.

Their refreshments consist of tea, coffee, and pies—nothing else. Pies are a great institution in Fulton market. The number annually consumed at the various coffee-shops here is known only to the fortunate manufacturers. On my first visit to one of the summer-houses I innocently asked for a roll of bread and butter ; but a person who cannot eat American pie should satisfy his appetite before coming *here*, for this delicacy takes the place of every kind of eatable usually sold in similar refreshment-rooms. Piles upon piles of flat round pies, of apple, pumpkin, rhubarb, or cranberry, form a series of columns of pale, sickly-looking pastry. Like the pillars of a ruined temple, they stand in solemn array, a monument to the extraordinary digestive capacity of the American stomach. These famous pies are, in fact, merely flat spheres of flabby paste, with a plaister of some kind of jam covering the centre of the upper surface. They are sometimes served hot, but their normal condition is one of cold, leaden clamminess. About the middle of the day *cartloads* of them arrive at the market, and they are distributed among the various coffee-shops. At the usual working-man's dinner-hour these places are filled to overflowing by hungry pie-seekers, who come to enjoy their dinner. A cup of tea or coffee, and as many quarters of pie as they can afford or have appetite for, constitute the repast. The rule is, that no man shall occupy a seat unless he is actually engaged in devouring pie. My self-devotion and ardour in the pursuit of knowledge will thus be apparent to all. Space is valuable in the pie season, and there are pies waiting to be eaten, and persons ready and willing to eat them. Therefore every customer must move off when he can stow away no more of the precious cargo. I had thus but a limited time for observation. One

attempt damped and quenched my own zeal. I observed, however, from a distance, though in much inward discomfort, and marvelled exceedingly at the wonderful disappearance of the columns, as crowd after crowd of diners passed in and out of the coffee-shops. When all comers are satisfied, the keeper of the summer-house has an opportunity of selecting and eating for his own dinner the choicest pie left. But he does no such thing : he knows better. His own private dinner arrives from a neighbouring dining-room ; and he may reflect while he enjoys it that he has paid less for the meat and etceteras before him than any of his customers has done for the tasteless mess he has swallowed. One of these heartless dealers showed me with an air of triumph, mingled with sarcastic pity for the weakness of his dupes, a splendid wedding-cake given to him by his wholesale pieman as an acknowledgment of his custom.

That quarter of the market for which we were specially bound, viz. the oyster-passage, is quite as remarkable as the coffee-shop avenue. It runs at right angles with it, and consists of a number of little rooms devoted exclusively to the consumption of what fantastic writers call "the delicious bivalve." Oysters are universally eaten in New York ; they even divide the palm with pies. They certainly deserve the praise accorded to them, though most of them might be thought too nearly the size of the pies to be agreeable to the lover of the little Whitstable native.

A somewhat peculiar story is told in reference to this particular ; and, if the reader will pardon the vulgarity of it, it is worth repeating for its *suggestive* qualities.

A Frenchman went into one of the oyster saloons for a dozen of oysters ; he preferred the large ones, and swallowed eleven, somewhat smaller than a cheese-plate, with much relish. As the barkeeper handed him the twelfth, his eyes glistened at its magnificent proportions, for it far exceeded the largest of those already disposed of. "*Bon,*

bon, c'est magnifique!" said he rapturously; and, making a prodigious effort, he succeeded in getting it down. The barkeeper watched him anxiously, and, seeing his success, exclaimed, "Wal, I guess you are the smartest feller I've seen this long while. Why, I've had thirteen persons here who tried to swallow that there oyster, and every one of them was obliged to give it up as a bad job!" The Frenchman's feelings may be imagined.

In this department they have solely a stove placed opposite the door of each room, so that, as the visitor passes along the avenue, he has on one side a number of glowing furnaces, where oysters and clams are being broiled, roasted, stewed, fried, &c. and he will also encounter a most abominable odour arising from the heaps of shells awaiting the arrival of the dust-cart, which does not come too often. The atmosphere generally for a long distance in every direction has a flavour of burnt and discarded oyster-shells, which invariably settled or unsettled my appetite. I have also the greater horror of the name of pies owing to this fact; for the coffee-shops were thoroughly saturated with these ambrosial breezes. The oyster-rooms are liberally patronised, and are frequented by all classes, but especially by the wealthy. For certainly they know how to cook oysters at these places. They have numberless methods of dressing them; and, if they were a little cleaner in their cooking, their dishes would tempt one who, like myself, might not care much to eat them. However, G.'s partiality for oysters was uncontrollable by trifles, and I had time to look about me while he enjoyed himself. He was so slow to recall me that, as I thought of the many dozens I should have to pay for, I am sorry to say I almost wished that he might find every twelfth oyster as well recommended as that which I have referred to above.

A little further on is a department occupied by tobacco-stalls. There is scarcely an American citizen who does not chew, and these stores drive a roaring trade in tempting-looking little packets,

shining in their bright silvery covers, like cakes of chocolate. They contain, however, a preparation much more powerful. The practice of tobacco-chewing, so prevalent in the States, is one principal cause of the pallor which characterises every face one meets. It acts powerfully on the brain, being far more injurious than smoking, and its influence is such that a man once habituated to its use will find his whole system disorganised if he attempts to throw off the habit suddenly. This unpleasant custom exhibits itself everywhere, leading to the necessity of having spittoons placed even in churches, which are thus shown to be almost on a par with public-houses. The smokers in America, except the Germans, use cigars instead of pipes; but, numerous as they are, it would be an advantage to the public if smoking superseded chewing. Like the man in the story who threatened to avail himself of the spittoon if it were not removed, the Americans trouble themselves very little about the carpets of a friend's house, or the floors and marble pavements of their hotel rooms.

The market drinking-saloons are never empty. The ships lying close by supply a constant stream of customers, and nearly all who visit the market for business or pleasure are sure to find themselves in front of a tempting-looking bar before quitting the premises. There is one saloon whose approaches are so artfully constructed that the passenger walks into the doorway with perfect innocence, under the impression that he is following the continuation of the main pathway. And, even though I had such a perfect guide as G., we actually made this mistake, and did not recover ourselves till we found we had each partaken of an excellent brandy "cocktail."

There are many other things worthy of examination by the curious in Fulton market, but want of space forbids any further details. I will merely add that, whereas it has been said a man may enter the establishment of Moses and Son in a state of nature, and may emerge therefrom clothed from head to foot,

with an umbrella in his hand and an ornamental toothpick in his mouth, a person might enter the bounds of this market, not only in the same predicament, but hungry and thirsty into the bargain, and he might not only clothe himself, breakfast, lunch (free), and dine (off pie if he chose), but might also indulge in an oyster supper, chew the strongest tobacco, drink unlimited "smashes," "slings," &c., and might finally secure a night's lodging *gratis* in the police-station conveniently at hand.

G. and I, however, preferred returning for the present to our hotel, being as much fatigued as I fear the reader will be, by dwelling so long on the subject of eating and drinking. In connexion with the topic, by the way, I have not spoken of the boarding-houses. One or two remarks may suffice. The account given in "Martin Chuzzlewit" of the violent haste with which every boarder rushed headlong to the table is not by any means an extravagant exaggeration. It is quite certain that if you do not take your place immediately on the ringing of the bell, you come off uncommonly short in respect of anything you can eat, both at dinner and other meals. They seem to have no idea of hot plates, and hot joints are served on stone-cold dishes—one reason, perhaps, for the haste of the boarders. Pickled cucumbers prevail in abundance; up and down the table the

saucers stand, and the taste is something between ancient shoe-leather and stale seaweed.

Tea is a somewhat substantial meal with the Americans, who generally eschew supper. If they take anything before bedtime, it is probably cream and cakes, or fruit. They are very fond of sweet things; and the ladies especially crowd the "candystores," which are not less numerous than the dentists—*with which business they are intimately connected.*

I shall here close my remarks on this branch of American social life. The reader will, doubtless, by this time, be in a condition of repletion, or else weary of dwelling on delicacies in imagination only. For my own part, I cannot pursue the subject any further, being already worked up to a pitch of aggravation which can only be calmed down either by an immediate supply of some of the most enticing articles, or by leaving the subject altogether. The latter being the easiest course to pursue, I must follow it, and therefore take leave of the New York saloons and markets. I will merely observe that, finding it too much of a good thing to continue paying double for every meal I took, I was compelled to get rid of my particular friend G. by one evening lending him twenty dollars—since which time I have never seen him.

BROTHER PRINCE.

BY W. BOYD DAWKINS, M.A., F.R.S.

THE study of history shows us that the first element of success in the foundation of a new creed is unbounded self-reliance in its founder. If a man cannot believe in himself, neither will others believe in him. Had Mahomet not been fully convinced of his own divine mission, his followers would not now constitute the largest body of believers in one creed

in the world. Had Confucius, instead of handing down his traditionary faith in the gods very much as he received it, remodelled it entirely, and made it a basis for his wonderfully complicated moral and social system, his creed would have been more widely spread and more deeply stamped. He had no definite belief in God or in a future state, and

therefore his rules for the regulation of society, which are the work of a master mind, lack the religious element that would have enormously increased their weight. Or again, if we take the most remarkable movement of modern times, that of the Mormons, had Brigham Young, the founder of the present phase of Mormonism, felt the slightest distrust in himself, could he have induced his followers to leave their pleasant homes at Nauvoo with all that they contained, and fare forth into an unknown land fifteen hundred miles away, along a route infested by hostile Indians, wolves, and bears.

The process by which a thorough belief in self is acquired is remarkably exemplified in the life of Brother Prince, the founder of the Princites, a sect of which scarcely anything is known, except the name, beyond the borders of Somersetshire, and of which, even in that county, the knowledge is rather legendary than historical, although they possess a Bible of their own, and number highly educated men in their ranks. Step by step, in their founder's diary, sermons, and "The Voices," which represent our Bible, the changes in his opinions can be traced, from the time when he was a poor student at Lampeter, given up to prayer-meetings and the visitation of the sick, down to the time when he announced himself as the Sanctifier of the Flesh. It is very rarely that an opportunity is presented of mental analysis such as this, in which religious enthusiasm or mania can be traced directly to the operation of certain principles, acting upon a mind weakened by bodily suffering, and can be proved not to have been assumed for the purposes of knavery or folly, as is generally believed in similar cases. The history of the growth of his opinions falls naturally into three distinct periods: first, that extending from his youth up to the time of his declaring himself possessed of the Holy Ghost at Lampeter; secondly, that during which he declared himself to be the incarnation of the Holy Ghost, and the founder of a new and more advanced worship of God;

and lastly, that reaching from the time when he formally proclaimed to his followers the commencement of the reign of the flesh upon earth, down to the present day.

Brother Prince spent his boyhood in Bath, at a time when men's minds were stirred in a remarkable manner about religion, and when the reaction against the Tractarian movement, caused by Tract XC. was at its height. In Bath, as in most cities and large towns, it manifested itself in a sort of revival, in continuous prayer-meetings and religious exercises without formularies, intended as a protest against the importance attached by the Tractarians to forms and Church services. He was thus thrown into an atmosphere of religious enthusiasm. Weak in frame, and therefore unable to share the healthy sports of other boys, but possessed of a strong imagination, he was just the sort of boy on whom religious exercises must have had the maximum of effect. He became entirely given up to the movement going on around him, and he resolved to study, so far as his broken health would allow, with a view to taking holy orders. We are first introduced to his inner life in his private journal. At the time he began it, in 1836, he was so deeply impressed with the efficacy of prayer, that on all occasions he prayed for direct intervention, even in the most ordinary matters of daily life. Thus he writes:—"August 5. After tea went on board the *Wyvern* to sleep—dreadful toothache; prayed to God to remove it, which He did, and I forgot to thank Him for it." His age at this time was about seventeen or eighteen. In the spring of the same year he had a severe illness, and nearly bled to death after a dangerous operation; in spite, however, of ill-health he adhered to his intention of being ordained, and resolved to go to Durham University in the next year. But he altered his plans, and entered Lampeter College in the winter of 1836. This change, brought about as he thought by Divine interposition, was the great crisis of his life. St. David's, Lampeter, shared to a very remarkable degree in

the great revival of religion without formularies. A number of the young men had banded themselves together to pray and preach and mutually edify one another, under the name of the Lampeter Brethren. To a disregard of the ceremonial of the Church of England they united a firm belief in the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination, and a conviction of God's direct interference in ordinary human affairs. For this school of thought he was eminently fitted by his previous training in Bath, and accordingly he joined the Brethren, and soon became, to quote the words of one of them, "unusually blessed in the edification of saints and the conversion of sinners, and eminently a man of self-denial." The year 1837 he spent, so far as his health would allow him, in prayer and visiting the sick, and some little reading for the examinations. There is no entry in his journal for that year which an enthusiastic young Calvinist might not have written. A visit he paid to a poor girl who was dying shows the nature of his ministrations. "*May 10.*—I continued very dull in spirit all the evening, and was so in prayer, until I began to pray for this poor girl, when suddenly it seemed almost as if the heavens were opened, the *Spirit* descended upon me with such tremendous power. I could not have stopped from praying for her soul, and the consciousness that it *was the Spirit* and not myself praying, and the encouragement thereby to continue in prayer, the conviction of God's power and willingness to save her, and of the glory that would accrue to Christ in her salvation—combined to call forth a fervour that amounted to groanings that cannot be uttered." This was written after an attack of scarlet fever, in April, and is the first evidence of his belief that he was possessed of the Holy Ghost; during the following month, however, the idea became rooted in his mind. "*June 4.*—I felt sure it was indeed His work to prepare me for the office (ministry), that His Spirit was granted me in a special way for that purpose. . . . I

"found grace to yield up, freely and unconditionally, to the care and guidance of the Spirit, not only my heart and will, but my intentions, desires, thoughts, and undertakings; in fact, *every* faculty, both of body and soul, without any reserve." A more explicit statement than this of a conviction in his own predestination could hardly have been made. In 1838 he showed a still further progress in his views: he resolved not only to perform the will of God in the minutest affairs of life, but also to do nothing without a previous manifestation of it. If he were about to take a walk on a wet day, he would not carry an umbrella without first praying to God for guidance. He would not leave Lampeter until he had been divinely directed. His theory of Divine guidance now led him to act contrary to, and then to ignore altogether, the dictates of common sense, and at last he was led to believe that all he said and did, and all he omitted to say and do, was by the express direction of the Holy Ghost. This phase of his belief is singularly illustrated by the following entry for June 17th, 1838, which is also remarkable in itself for the light it throws on the internal economy of Lampeter College. "During the past week I have been engaged in studying Euclid. Yesterday I was examined for the prize, which God gave me. In this circumstance there is an evident manifestation of the Divine faithfulness, and a testimony to my own conscience that I really was following the leading of God's Spirit and accomplishing His will when I refrained from studying the classics more than would barely enable me to go through the daily lecture. During the course of the term I have often wondered exceedingly how I should be able to pass the required examination at the close of it, and particularly how I should accomplish that one preparatory to entering the Divinity Class at the commencement of next term. Carnal reason and common sense often persuaded me to read more, but the

"Spirit constantly forbade me, and made me leave it wholly to God to bring me through every difficulty. This I was enabled to do, though there appeared every probability of my being confounded" (*i.e.* plucked), if not disgraced. I felt clearly that I *could not* pass without some interposition on the part of God, but I had no conception *how* He would interfere. About three weeks ago the College petitioned for a remission of the approaching examination on the score of the Queen's coronation: their petition was granted. Thus unexpectedly did I escape that one. But the most difficult and important still remained. Last Monday it was announced that the Euclid prize was to be contended for on Saturday. The Lord allowed me to go in and so helped me that I accomplished it with ease, and in consequence of this, as I was already a scholar, I am now exempt from any further examination, and enter the Divinity Class at once." His devotion clearly by this time had got the better of his reading, and he was drifting fast away from the belief of the Lampeter Brethren. During the next year his opinions show a still further development, for not only does he say and do everything under the dictation of the Holy Ghost, but he believes that he has power to interfere with the ordinary operations of nature. "April 12, 1839.—By the help of God I have overcome an east wind. For three or four weeks a strong east wind has been blowing; and, as this wind exerts quite a pestilential influence on my body, and has so often been the means of bringing me so very low, when it began this time my *flesh* trembled. God, however, gave me faith to believe it should not injure me; nor did it, though I have been exposed to it daily. Yesterday, however, my faith failed, and, the wind being strong and the sun very hot, I expected to be laid up, when, lo! the wind shifted to the north. I have no doubt that God gave me special *faith* for the occasion; and when the

faith was no longer needed, He took it from me. Neither do I doubt that I through *faith* subdued the east wind to the glory of God." It was a year of intense activity for him, spent in visiting the sick, preaching, and continual prayer. In the autumn of that year, unfortunately for psychologists, he ended his diary. "October 28.—I have had no permission from God to write in my journal since I have made the last entry." This marks the end of the first stage of the growth of his opinions. Up to this time he was merely an ultra-Calvinist, who applied the theory of predestination and possession to the workings of every-day life.

From that time up to 1842 he remained in Lampeter, working with the Brethren—having entered into holy orders, and having married a young lady in Lampeter who shortly after died. In 1843 he became persuaded that he was the Holy Ghost personified; that the Holy Ghost suffered and died in him; and lastly, that this suffering and death obtained for the Brethren a ministerial spirit, not the Holy Ghost, but "My Spirit," or a modification of it. Consequently he refused to allow the Brethren to exercise their private judgment when it clashed with his own views, which he considered to be the dictates of the Holy Ghost,—a proceeding which naturally led to frequent quarrels. He also entered into a controversy with his brother-in-law who had been giving him good advice. "I remain," he writes, "in the unity of the Father and the Son, *One* whom it is evident you know not." And later, that he will have no outward communion of fellowship with him, "until you have first acknowledged me as the Holy Ghost manifested in measure in the flesh." Then, again, finding that his arguments were unavailing, he tried to gain him over by a kind of spiritual bribery. "October 15, 1844.—Brother Rees has received the ministerial spirit procured for him by the suffering and death of the Holy Ghost; nothing therefore

"hinders you from at once entering with Brother Prince into the consciousness of a risen life in the Holy Ghost, in order to our both being speedily absorbed in Him." Brother Prince by this time clearly thought he could share his divinity with another. He ended the correspondence by sending Mr. Rees an anonymous letter on black-edged paper, in which he called him Judas, and blotted his name out of the Book of Life. He also turned the ballad of the "Miller's Lovely Daughter" into a hymn of the spiritual death of Mr. Rees, which he entitled "The Apostate Brother." The result of this open declaration of his views led of course to a schism among the Lampeter Brethren, over whom he had such influence that four, who were by this time clergymen of the Church of England, became his followers. This schism marks the end of the second stage of his opinions, in which he had grown from an enthusiastic Calvinism into a belief that he was the Incarnation of the Holy Ghost.

We are now come to the time when Brother Prince openly declared himself to the world. A little while before he had caused the schism in the Lampeter Brethren, he had taken the cure of Adullam Chapel in Brighton, where he became a popular preacher, and wrote a book of sermons which were the admiration of the Evangelical party. Among the ladies who flocked to hear him, in that Elysium of popular preachers, were four daughters of a wealthy clergyman at Ipswich, who had been brought up in the same religious school of thought. One of these he married. The strangeness of his views compelled him to leave Brighton in 1844-5, and he obtained a second curacy at Charlinch, a little village five miles from Bridgewater, where he did many things contrary to the doctrines of the Church of England; such as administering the Sacrament to little children, and the like. Here, also, he became popular, and had a considerable following among the country-folk. His doctrines and practice now attracted the attention

of his bishop, and he was compelled to give up his curacy. Some of his Brighton admirers had already followed him into Somersetshire, and among them his three sisters-in-law. These he induced to surrender their fortunes into his care, and with this money and his wife's he bought an estate in Charlinch, and built the Agapémone, or the "Abode of Love." While this was being built, he hired a loft in Bridgewater, and preached his Gospel to the world. "At these meetings," says a writer in the *Bridgewater Times* for 1850, "numbers were induced to remain the greater portion of the night, and urged to renounce all their friends and relatives who would not cast in their lot with the Princites; and young girls were detained from their homes to imbibe the depraved and demoralizing doctrines, urged with all the strenuousness that religious infatuation and cunning could bring to the aid of their teachers." He published, also, the first of his series of pamphlets, or "Voices," in which he explains his mission to the world. He viewed Christianity as effete and dead; it had done its work and served its purpose in the wisdom of God, but was now to be superseded by his doctrine, just as it supplanted Judaism. Christ was the incarnation of the Son of God; Prince was the incarnation of the living quickened Spirit. "The Holy Ghost fulfilled the Gospel in Brother Prince by being and doing in him fully all that he was sent by the Father and the Son to be and to do, so that He left not anything undone in Brother Prince of all that it was in Him, as the Spirit of the dispensation, to perform. He did first testify to him of Jesus; secondly, He created him anew; thirdly, He sanctified him. He did all this, and He was all this fully in Brother Prince, and so fulfilled the Gospel in him. He took him entirely out of self, so that he was quite dead in self and alive only in God. As God when He first begun His work of grace in Brother Prince found him quite empty of God and quite full of himself, so, when He

"had finished His work of grace in him, He left him quite empty of self and quite full of God. Being now dead in himself and alive only in God, he had no knowledge or consciousness of self, and so no knowledge of good or evil." Thus clearly he expresses his divinity, and abrogates social and moral obligations. By this time they numbered altogether about 160, of whom five were clergymen, and of whom one had been curate at Charlinch. Most of them were persons of property, which they handed over to Prince on their entering the Agapémone, and this money was invested in his own name in the Funds. Nearly all of them lived in the Agapémone, having all things in common, while others cultivated the estate, and therefore stood in some sort of relation to the outer world. In some cases, where the husband became a disciple, the wife refused to enter the Agapémone, and consequently several lawsuits arose. In one brought by a Princite clergyman, named Thomas, against his wife, to acquire possession of his child, Lord Bruce refused to allow it to be entrusted to his care, saying that he would as soon consign it to a camp of gipsies as to the Agapémone, and the court held it a duty to save it from the pollution of the parent's teaching.

At this stage of his career, Brother Prince always appeared to the Gentiles in almost royal state. He rode in a handsome carriage-and-four, with postillions, and was always preceded by a horseman, and followed by two others in white liveries and a couple of blood-hounds; and in this style he was in the habit of going to preach in the villages of the neighbourhood. This display, of course, excited the anger of the unbelieving rustics, who, on one occasion, attacked the carriage in the neighbourhood of Wells, smashed it to pieces, and would probably have killed Brother Prince if he had not been rescued by the farmers who were the instigators of the attack. Warned by this, he relaxed his endeavours to catch disciples, and at last gave them over altogether. In the law courts of Somersetshire his

followers could not always obtain that even-handed justice which is supposed to be the birthright of every Englishman. A wealthy farmer had entered the Agapémone, and his wife and two daughters had fled over to France rather than join him. The brother-in-law bought in some of his sister's furniture at the sale, and, being insulted by one of the Princites, he knocked him down. This was the signal for an attack on the Princites, who were all soundly thrashed and would have been pitched into the river Parratt had not the aggressor interfered. The matter was brought before the Petty Sessions at Taunton, where the verdict for the injured man was damages one farthing, without costs. From that time to this, the saying, "You can knock down four Princites for a penny," is current in the county.

Brother Prince also spent a great deal of his time travelling on the Continent, in great style. Whenever he was at the Agapémone, however, there was a flag hoisted, with a lamb upon it, and the motto, "Behold the Lamb of God!" which was known in the neighbourhood to be his emblem. In his absence Brother Thomas was his vicegerent. The disciples had very little intercourse with the outer world, but were remarkable for the elegance of their carriages, and the high breed of their horses. Many were probably induced to join them by this display; but few of the poorer classes were admitted, and those for the most part girls. There is no direct evidence to show the nature of the moral and social system within the Agapémone. There was no observance of our Sunday, except it was by games of hockey and football, which became so notorious that the place frequently was mobbed on that day. Once the players became so enraged that they sallied out on the mob with their hockey-sticks, and were in consequence convicted before the magistrates for assault.

We now come to the third and last stage in the progress of Brother Prince's opinions. Hitherto his mission had been purely spiritual; now it was to be carnal. All other dispensations had been spi-

ritual, and ignored the flesh; he now took upon himself to sanctify and save the flesh. The argument in the "Voice" published in the year 1856 took this form. "The first indispensable for the "creation of a new earth was a spiritual "body for the Holy Ghost, that is to "say, Brother Prince; the second, the "dissolution of the old earth, the latter "because God was going to make Him- "self known to flesh." The Gospel was spiritual, and therefore could not deal with men as flesh; the dissolution of the old earth was the superseding of Christianity by Brother Prince's doctrines. "Jesus Christ now proceeds to "create a new earth in this wise: a "mighty angel clothed with a cloud, "and with one foot on the sea and the "other on the land, gave a little book "to Brother Prince, who ate it, that he "might make it known by living it." A short time before he had thus been sent to sanctify the flesh, he had met with a girl who struck his fancy. He took her with him into the chapel at the Agapémone, and called his followers together, that he might announce to them the inauguration of the reign of the flesh in the following words:—"As "Jesus Christ called a people out of the "world and made them one in spirit, "so He, the Holy Ghost, would now "make them one flesh. He would do "this, not by telling or explaining to "flesh what his mind was towards it, "but by living it out through his own "spirit. Agreeably thereto, He, the "Holy Ghost, took flesh, a woman" (i.e. the girl in question); "he did this "through Brother Prince, as flesh, yet "not Brother Prince as natural flesh. "Thus the Holy Ghost took flesh, in "the presence of those whom he had "called as flesh. Out of this one lump "of clay, dust of the ground, living "earth, flesh, He, the great Potter, took "one piece" (the girl) "according to His "sovereign will and pleasure, to make "it new. He took flesh, a woman, in "their presence, and told them that it "was His intention to keep this flesh "with Him continually, by day and by "night, and to make it one with Him,

"even as a man is one flesh with his "wife." In this report of the speech, printed by himself in the fourth "Voice," the capitals are his own, and imply his divinity. He then proceeded to give prestige to the girl whom he had thus deliberately chosen. "He will thence- "forth only acknowledge as his people "those who know and acknowledge "him in the flesh he had taken." It would seem also that he anticipated some ill-feeling to arise among the disciples on account of the girl: "He did "not care what others said or thought, "and he took the flesh in his own sove- "reign will." He seems also to have taken the girl herself by surprise, and to have altogether ignored her feelings in the matter. "He did not even consult, "or in any way make known his inten- "tion to the flesh He took" (the girl); "in taking of it He left it no choice of "its own; He took it in free grace—"flesh that knew not God, and was "ignorant of Him (Prince); He took it "in love, not because it loved Him, for "it did not, but because it pleased Him "to set His love upon it; and though "He took it in absolute power and "authority, without consulting its plea- "sure, or even giving it a choice, yet "He took it in love, for, having taken "it, the manner of His life with it was "such as flesh could not but know and "appreciate as love. He saw no evil "in it, and in fact He loved it, and che- "rished it as His own flesh. He took "it openly with Him wherever He "went, not being ashamed of it, and "made its life happy and agreeable by "affording it the enjoyment of every "simple and innocent gratification." Perhaps such a naïve confession of love, and of the steps taken to woo and win, has never before been made in public.

From the time of this inauguration of the reign of flesh dates the decline of the sect. Some of them, and especially the women, grew tired of the mode of life at the Agapémone, and made their escape. One who got over the high walls is reported to have been hunted with bloodhounds. Here, as in Utah, the women were watched with

the utmost jealousy, and allowed to have no communication whatever with the outer world. Whenever they went out they were attended by an escort of male disciples, and were under as careful a surveillance as the inmates of a gaol or lunatic asylum. Quarrels also took place about the women, and about money. One of the apostate brethren brought an action against Brother Prince for the recovery of his property, which was decided in his favour. One also of Prince's sisters-in-law died in the Agapémone, and her family compelled Brother Prince to disgorge her money. By these losses the Princites were shorn of a great part of their splendour, and from that time down to the present have been gradually becoming poorer and fewer in numbers. The Gentile world also has been strictly excluded from their precincts.

Before the collapse of their fortunes, the writer of this essay got special leave to take a party of ladies over their establishment, in 1860. We drove from Bridgewater, the Nauvoo of their faith, through five miles of deeply-sunken lanes to Charlinch, and when we got to the brow of the last hill we had a bird's-eye view of the Agapémone. It was surrounded on every side by walls from twelve to fifteen feet high, which enclosed about five acres. Within stood a building somewhat resembling a college-chapel, and two clusters of cottages. Over the gateway was a tower with a flag-staff, which bears Brother Prince's emblem when he is at home. As he was absent there was then no flag hoisted. It occupies one of the loveliest spots in the south of England, where Coleridge delighted to wander when he was living in the village of Stowey, close by. On the one hand, you looked down a narrow valley, over the trees and the wheat-fields, far away into the British Channel, and over that you could see the hazy outline of Wales. On the other hand rose the Quantock Hills, black with fir-woods here, purple with heather there, or golden with gorse, and furrowed by deep-wooded coombes; while far away to the east was the field of

Sedgemoor, the high tower of Western Zoyland, and over that again Glastonbury Mount, twenty miles away, and St. Michael's Tower, on which the last abbot was hung. This was the situation they had chosen for their Abode of Love. We drove up to the oaken doors, which are folding, with a little one for foot-passengers, just like those at Oxford. We presented our letter of introduction: in a few minutes a guide was sent out, and we were admitted within the walls. We found ourselves in a most beautiful flower-garden, with two groups of cottages and the chapel lying in it. The greensward was most exquisitely kept, and the flowers were rare and costly. The roses were trained over the cottages, and covered not only the wall, but the very roof, up to the tops of the chimneys, with their blossoms. Everything was most carefully tended; there was not a single spray of verberna without its peg, nor a single dead or unhealthy leaf to be seen, nor a single weed on the gravel-walks. We were next taken into the hothouses, where the flowers, and especially the orchids, were remarkably fine, and of the newest and best varieties. Of these our guide allowed the ladies to take what they liked. We then went into the large conservatory, which was full of exotic shrubs and flowers, arranged according to their tints, so that there was a perfect harmony of colours. Cages of singing-birds hung from orange-trees; underneath them were couches, and an open piano showed that music was sometimes added to the other charms of sense.

We were then conducted into their chapel. It was a building about seventy feet long, by thirty wide, lying east and west, just as our churches do. The western half was raised about a foot above the level of the other, and evidently, from its rich decoration, corresponded with our chancel. It was, however, altogether devoid of religious furniture, according to our ideas. It was covered with a rich blue Turkey carpet, on which were blue velvet arm-chairs, couches, and settees, such as one might expect to find in a drawing-room;

while mirrors in three niches occupied the whole of the west end, and reflected the beauties of the marble statue and two vases that stood before them. In front, and occupying very much the position of the altar, was a large billiard-table, made out of the wreck of the *Royal George*. In the lower and eastern half, furnished less sumptuously, and therefore intended probably for an inferior order, were the musical instruments: an elaborately-carved harp, a grand piano with the most costly inlaid work, and an euterpean. The latter is an instrument made on the same plan as a musical box, but it stands from eight to nine feet high, is about five feet wide, and has the effect of a full orchestra. It was one of three in the Great Exhibition of 1851. On our guide asking us what music we should like to hear, we chose "Guillaume Tell." He inserted a cylinder, touched a spring, and the overture was played to perfection. The place where the flageolet begins, and the other instruments gradually join in, was most admirably rendered. We then chose a march in "Gustav;" the cylinder was changed, and that also was played. It was impossible to guess at the capacity of the instrument, but the number of cylinders must be very great, because we chose the two pieces hap-hazard, and rather from a wish to test it than from any other motive. The impression left upon our minds by the interior of the chapel was, that music entered very largely into their ceremonial; and this is confirmed by the fact of one of the Princite farmers, who did not live in the Agapémone, riding thither every Sunday with a large brass instrument slung round his back. Possibly also billiards may have some religious significance among them. The only books we observed were a Bible, Dr. Kitto's "Biblical Dictionary," and Wordsworth's "Pictorial Greece." The windows were filled with stained glass. The building clearly was intended for a highly sensuous worship. We were not allowed to go into the stables, which are reported to correspond with the rest of the establishment, nor were

we allowed to cross the thresholds of any of the cottages. We were also jealously excluded from all intercourse with the inmates, the only two people we saw being our guide and a little girl, who was hastily snatched from the window from which she was gazing at us. Our guide preceded us into the hothouses, conservatory, and chapel, and warned the disciples to get out of our way, which was readily done, as every place possessed two doors at the very least; in the conservatory, indeed, as we entered at one door, we saw the skirts of a dress vanishing through another. Our guide was by no means communicative, and was careful to tell us nothing about their mode of life. The only sentiment he uttered when we thanked him, on leaving, for his courtesy was, "that we should exercise towards them the same feelings of brotherly charity as he had shown to us." He wore the brown cap with a peak that is the only distinctive dress of the male Princites, and was closely shaven, for whiskers and moustaches are proscribed in the Agapémone as rigorously as the tonsure is enforced in a monastery.

We felt indeed, when we again stood outside the massive doors, that we had been in a new world, among people utterly cut off from ourselves. The Agapémone is their New Jerusalem, in which they wait until all things should be put under their feet, and they begin their heavenly career. In the meanwhile, however, our social and moral laws are asserted to be worn-out rags, in which Christianity was clad before Prince put an end to that dispensation, and proclaimed the sanctification of the flesh. Everything that can charm the senses is sedulously cared for: beautiful gardens, hot-houses, conservatories, equipages for the eye, carefully selected music for the ear, games of various kinds—hockey, cricket, football, and billiards; most probably also by this time croquet has invaded their lawns, just as it has the most strictly guarded grass-plots in Oxford. The household work necessary for the well-being of the community is

performed in turn, and is just sufficient to give a keener zest to the enjoyment of pleasure. Outside the walls the estate is cultivated by trustworthy brethren, and is managed better than any other farm in Somersetshire. It supplies most of their wants. Young Gentiles are employed on it, who receive board, lodging, and education in return for their work, but no wages; and these afterwards make the very best domestic servants. The writer indeed can testify to the ability and sobriety of one who was brought up as coachman and gardener, and who afterwards left them. In most points indeed the Princeites resemble the American Free Lovers, who are as remarkable for their good farming as their luxury.

From the year 1860 down to the present day, in consequence of several defections and lawsuits, they have been compelled to diminish their expenditure. From a carriage and four horses, they have been reduced to a pair, and the bloodhounds and outriders have disappeared. By the end of the present century they will probably become extinct, and the only record of their ever having existed will be their building at Charlinch, and their fragmentary literature in the British Museum. Perhaps also the legends now floating about the county concerning them, which have been carefully excluded from these pages, may still linger in a more mythical form. Their numbers are steadily decreasing, and for the last four years they have not made a single convert. The end, therefore, cannot be very far off.

In this history of the Princeites, the ordinary view taken by society of Brother Prince is by no means borne out. His whole career is perfectly consistent with the principles from which he

started, and illustrates the great weakness of the school of thought to which he at first belonged. As a half-educated young man, he acquired a firm belief in the doctrine of predestination; next he grew into the conviction that he was the chosen vessel of God; then that he was visited by the Holy Ghost; then that the Holy Ghost was incarnate in him. At this stage he separated himself from the Calvinists, and announced himself the founder of a new dispensation. His next step was the inference that, because he was God incarnate, therefore he was ignorant of right and wrong; and lastly he announced himself as the sanctifier of the flesh. In all this there is a kind of logical sequence. Given the premisses, a belief that a man is predestinated, operating on a mind weakened by ill-health and on a strong imagination, the rest follows. The weakness of his body must have reacted on his mind. A fresh burst of religious enthusiasm follows every attack of illness recorded in his journal, but for that reason we are hardly entitled to consider him insane, unless we agree with Dr. Forbes Winslow, and view a large percentage of our fellow-men as lunatics. In a word, our estimate of his character is that he is a weak visionary, and stands out from the crowd of enthusiasts satirized by Burns, by his pursuing his principles a few steps farther. His doctrines can by no means be compared with the ravings of Swedenborg nor with the mania of Joanna Southcote and Mrs. Thwaites; nor can he be classed with Joe Smith, the ignorant founder of Mormonism. The logical development of his views separates him from all the other visionaries who have ever founded a sect.

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER LXXV.

GERTRUDE IS CALLED TO A STRANGE
SICK-BED.

It was some days after this strange scene that Gertrude was lying quietly on the sofa in Lady Charlotte's drawing-room on a Sunday evening; reading extracts with Neil from an album lent to him by Mrs. Cregan.

"Mother, darling," the boy said with a smile, "this is just the book for you. Here's a whole batch of things about the Poor.

"Treatment of the Poor in Work-houses; Improvidence of the Poor; Texts recommending the Poor to our loving Care; Debts of the Poor, and Payment by instalments; Amusements of the Poor. Oh, I say, I like that,—*amusements of the poor!* Do they go to plays and pantomimes, I wonder? Oh, no,—here it is,—it's all about walks and fresh air, and opening of gardens and so forth. Here, here's rather an interesting bit; I'll read it to you, darling mother; you lie still. Is your shawl over your feet? Not too heavy? Good. Now then, here goes. It is somebody writing about opening the Botanical Garden in Edinburgh on Sundays, and he says:—

"I think that when the educated undertake, even "on principle," to curtail the innocent pleasures of the uneducated, they should consider whether the deprivation is the same to the two classes. I affirm that it is *not* the same. The educated man, the scholar, has perpetual gardens in his memory, in his books, in association of cultivated ideas. The uneducated or half-educated man depends on the positive, on the visual, for enjoyment; and in a still more intense

measure do the poor require the positive and visual. An educated scholar may pass a Sunday in his study easily, in meditation and prayer. A poor mechanic *cannot*. The other is richer than he. Not only richer in the fact that he has a warmer house, more adorned apartments, the power of ordering some vehicle if the weather be downpouring when he wishes to shift the scene,—but richer in *ideas*. The educated man condemns the uneducated man to a certain number of blank hours when he deprives him of outward associations. Set a child to meditate. A child *cannot* meditate, nor bear the oppression of unoccupied time beyond a very brief period. Neither can the poor man. His holiday is as necessary to his soul as a meal to his body. His hungry spirit lives on simple things. Your educated mind feeds on complex things, which he cannot obtain. Like the sick man,

"The common air, the earth, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

"It may be a fit occupation for *you* to sit through the day without such refreshment. You see the wonders of God in thought. Let him see them where God set them for His simpler creatures. The flowers that bud and die, holding a sermon in their very hearts,—the grass that withereth away like a man's life,—is the contemplation of such things a sinful pleasure, because to him a more intense and rare enjoyment than to you? When he beholds with wonder the pitcher-plant,—emblem of the fountain in an arid desert,—can you make *him* consider it a common thing, as it is to you who have seen it and read of it a hundred times? Or will seeing that wonder of God on his one leisure day make him less pious, less inclined to

reuse on the works of God, the Creator, in such spare moments as he has?

"I repeat it, the educated and uneducated do not meet on even terms, in these denials of recreation.

"That which is pleasure to you, to them is nought—a strain of thought that only perplexes. You cannot fill the weak vessel with that spiritual wine; it would break and burst. God made religion simple; a thing for babes and sucklings; to comfort the dying cottager; to be a hope to the ignorant beggar. Man makes religion complex; and spins cobwebs of his own thin laws round the broad and manifest law of God. Those who take Scripture texts for warrant against innocent Sabbath recreation, are like those who take Scripture texts to prove that they know the set term and duration of this mortal globe. As, in the very book from whence prophecies are culled to prove at what date our world shall be destroyed, we are expressly told that God keeps that secret even from the angels,—so in the very book Sabbatarians quote, they are expressly told that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

"For those who would argue on the wretched narrow ground of mere task-work; who say, "Oh! we can't have gardens opened where watchers and gatekeepers must be employed," there is an answer so easy that it is a wonder so much dispute can be maintained on such a sandy foundation.

"Parks, gardens, lodges,—houses with gatekeepers, gardeners, porters, and servants,—are in constant occupation all over Great Britain on the Sabbath-day. If the poor man may not have his walk in the Botanical Garden because a gatekeeper must let him in,—why should a fine lady's coachman drive her to church, or for an airing? Why should any servant in any house be troubled with any common duty? Why should not the whole machinery of life stand still till Monday morning? If the answer be, "These other things are necessary; the poor man or mechanic's walks in these gardens are not,"—I say, neither are the things of which I made

mention, necessary; they are harmless, they are habitual, but they are *not* necessary. Some are positive luxuries; all bear an exact analogy to the recreation for which the occupying of a few gatekeepers is required.

"In the city of Edinburgh, where so fierce a denunciation against harmless Sabbath recreation is for ever going on; group after group of filthy drunken creatures lie lounging in the public way, to the scandal and dread of the passers-by,—even on and about flights of steps leading to chapels where their most eloquent and earnest preachers rivet the attention of more decent hearers.

"Such groups are never seen on continental Sabbaths; not even in Paris, that most dissolute of cities; and in the country towns and villages of foreign lands such scenes are positively unknown.

"These stricter Sabbath rules, and the vehement battle of sects as to how to keep God's day holy, do not make Scotland a moral country. Drunken in a greater measure than other countries,—fierce in crime,—she can scarcely point to the evidence of her training, as proof of the success of her theories; and, peradventure, it would be a blessed change there if, in lieu of Sabbatarian discussion, there was such Sabbath recreation as might lead the mind of man neither to sensual pleasure nor to burning disputation, but to those scenes which lift him

"From nature up to nature's God."

"Well, now, I think that is all very true," observed Neil, as he paused to take breath. "Don't you think it is true, darling mother?"

"Yes, I do, Neil. I think it true and just, and I heartily wish it would become the universal opinion!"

"Ah! yes, but are there such pig-headed people in the world? People whose understandings really seem to be turned upside down. Lady Clochnaben, mother, is an upside down woman. She is always wrong, and always thinks she is right. It is a pity we can't pack a few moderate sensible

thoughts on the top of her mind, and then ticket her 'this side uppermost.' But she will never be converted."

Neil paused a moment, and then added, with a slight degree of hesitation:—

"I think a woman should be very kind and gentle. I don't know what would become of the poor at Clochnaben and Torrieburn if it were not for Effie and Mrs. Ross Heaton. They can't give much money, you know, but Effie reads, and Mrs. Ross Heaton makes capital broth for them, and altogether they are very good to them. And, mother, do you know I overheard Mrs. Cregan speaking of *you* yesterday to Lorimer Boyd, when he called after arriving in London from Vienna. She said she thought you looked ill; but you were still busy, and she believed a special blessing from God would rest on your head, because of your unwearied goodness to the poor."

A slight flush tinged Gertrude's cheek and brow.

"My boy, Mrs. Cregan is a very generous warm-hearted woman; and she says many kind things of me and others."

"But don't you believe it, mother? Don't you believe in the special blessing? I do. They thought I was not attending, but I heard her. Those were her very words. I do think, when your dear name is mentioned, I sprout a couple of extra ears; I seem to have four instead of two. I can hear all down a long dinner-table if they speak of you. And I feel so proud of you, mother; I know you so good, so far beyond all other women. I feel I could thank God every day for making me your son and my father's."

A moan escaped the pale lips he bent to kiss; and that wild appeal—"Oh! my Neil!" which Lady Charlotte had complained was spoken "in a tone that made one's heart ache," and was "so unreasonable, and so unlike dear Gertie," once more puzzled and pained the sensitive lad by her side.

He was silent for a minute or two. He asked for no explanation; but

bent anew over his book. A smile played presently round his full young mouth. "Oh, mother, here is such a quaint little bit. I must read it to you. Listen now. I don't know what it is about, except that it is still something respecting the poor. It is quoted from some very old pamphlet called the 'Petition of the Poor Starving Debtor,' printed in 1691, and advising that we should subscribe to pay the debts of the poor. And it says, 'Such charity is an act of great piety towards Almighty God; who requireth it of us. For He hath left the poor as His pupils, or wards, and the rich as His stewards, or guardians, to provide for them. It is one of those great tributes that He justly requires from the rest of mankind, which, because they cannot pay to Him, He hath scattered the Poor amongst them to be His substitutes and receivers.'

"And here's a little bit against pride; a curious little bit; saying, 'That in Charles the First's time, noblemen and gentlemen thought it a very good provision for their younger sons, to bind them apprentice to rich merchants.'

"Well, I can't say I should like to be taking an inventory of bales of silk and sacks of coffee instead of shooting and fishing at Glenrossie. I think if I had lived in that mercantile day I should have taken my cat, like Whittington, and gone to seek my fortune."

"It was the cat that went; Whittington stayed in London," said Gertrude, smiling; "so you would have had to be patient and industrious before you even came to be Lord Mayor; which seems to have been then considered what the present population of Paris deem it now: the greatest dignity in the world."

"Well, I trust I should have attained it; and Effie and I would have come to visit you in long crimson and blue robes as represented in the story books. Poor Effie! I hope a letter will come to-morrow. Cousin Kenneth was scarcely so well when she last wrote."

Gertrude sighed, and leaned back on her pillow. Thought, which is lightning

quick, once more took her through those days in the Villa Mandòrlo, and the more fatal scenes at Glenrossie, and so floated her soul away to her lost Douglas ; and his health ; and the singing of that unknown,—whose voice “was one of the sweetest he had ever heard.”

Neil, too, sat musing. His boyish spirit was out far away over the hills, in the moonlight, bidding weary little Cousin Effie a sorrowful good-bye.

So there was deep silence in that luxurious room, where the clear boyish voice with its earnest intonation had been lately reading those extracts respecting the poor. Silence deep and unbroken.

All of a sudden the door was hurriedly opened, and Lady Charlotte, with an open note in her hand, and an expression of anxiety and perplexity on her weak little face, came in exclaiming—“Now I do hope and insist, Gertie, that you spare yourself, and don't go !”

“Don't go where, little mother ?”

“It is a letter from that widow, the mother of Jamie Carmichael who used to be at Torrieburn, you know, that poor Mr. Heaton was so good to——”

“Yes, dear mother : she has had to struggle for a livelihood lately. I have seen a good deal of her. She is doing better. Jamie's apprenticed ; and she takes in lodgers in an humble way.”

“That's just it, Gertie, that's just what's so ungrateful. I mean after you have helped her, and put her in a way of having lodgers, to send for you in this sort of way to see one of them ! Why should you see a lodger ? I want you to rest, and take care of yourself, and she sends urgently requesting you to see lodgers ! Pray don't see a lodger. Let her send for the doctor. That's much better.”

“Let me see her note, dear mother,” said Gertrude, with a smile, half weary and half compassionate. “If any one is ill, I ought to go—it is in my district.”

“District ! Now, my own darling Gertie, *are* you a clergyman ? Besides, a lodger does not belong to *any* district ; and you see she says he is

strangely ill ; well, is not that more the doctor's business than yours ? If he's *strangely ill*, you may not know what to do, or what is the matter with him, a bit better than she does ; and it may be something catching. And it's a man. I wouldn't mind so much if it were a woman ; but really, after the Isle of Wight—though to be sure there are not so many smugglers in London, only I think—oh, Gertie, *don't go* !” exclaimed Lady Charlotte, getting quite entangled in the network of her own rapid sentences, and suddenly breaking off, “Don't, *pray* don't !”

But Gertrude had risen from her sofa, and stood folding the note in her fingers, and looking very grave and resolute. She stooped and kissed her mother's cheek tenderly, and said, “Do not be over-anxious for me, my mother. If it were God's will that I should suffer for doing His work, I should not escape by neglecting it. I solemnly promised—(and I am only one of many who visit in the same way)—that I would come, when called, to the sick or dying. The person lodging with Betty Carmichael appears to be dying, and dying very miserably and uncomfortably ; he has told her he has not a friend in the world. I must go to him. When the doctor comes I shall return. Do not fear for me more to-day than any other day.”

“You look more weary to-day—worse than ever,” said poor Lady Charlotte, with half a sob.

“I was a good deal agitated talking over matters with Lorimer Boyd, you know ; I had not seen him for a very long time. But I have been lying down, and am quite rested and strong again. Neil has been reading to me.”

“Ah ! I am sure *he* doesn't think you ought to risk your health in the way you do !”

The boy looked eagerly up from his book, as if he had not caught the drift of the reference made to him. His mother smiled.

“Neil, on the contrary, has got a beautiful creed from Mrs. Cregan, that a special blessing rests on me during these visits.”

Neil started to his feet, and threw his eager arms round her.

"I *do* believe it; I do believe God keeps special blessings for those who are like you. You always seem to me like one of the beautiful pale saints in pictures, and what you think right to do, seems to me the only right. God bless your visit and you, dear mother. May I come?"

"No, my Neil; but I will not be long away."

Not long? It seemed to Lady Charlotte an interminable visit; and her prophecy of evil was apparently fulfilled to the letter, when a hurried pencilled note came from her daughter, saying that the person she had visited was said to have a bad sort of fever, and she thought best, for Neil's sake, not to return home at all, till the medical man had made out what ailed him.

More, Gertrude did not tell that weak but loving mother. For what there was to tell besides, would have driven her half-distracted with pain and terror!

When Lady Ross reached the obscure lodging where Betty Carmichael earned her scanty livelihood, she found the poor old Scotchwoman in a panic scarcely to be described. She led her,—thanking her at every step,—up the little creaking staircase into the small clean room. There, stretched on a bed, panting, with swollen features, his head so closely shaved as to be entirely bald, and a long auburn wig, dank and soaked with water, on the pillow by him,—lay 'the lodger' whom she had been called to see. He had fallen in the river, Mrs. Carmichael said, and all his things were wet; and she had not known he wore a wig till it slipped off; and she had left it there, not daring to touch anything: afraid of the man.

"Do you feel very ill? Do you wish any one sent for, who would know you? Have you no friends with whom I can communicate? Medical assistance will be here directly."

So spoke the sweet grave voice; and the sweet serious eyes waited to see the wretched being turn and answer, if indeed he was sensible.

In a moment he turned with a struggle, grasping the bed-clothes with his hand; sat upright in bed, and looked wildly in Gertrude's face.

His aspect was inconceivably horrible. A sort of purple pallor overspread his skin; his bald head gave yet darker expression to his great lustrous eyes; his mouth was swollen and half open; he had the expression of one who strives with a frightful dream. She had seen him before; but where?

Gertrude gazed, wondering; she endeavoured to command herself, but nature was too strong; she suddenly gave a wild shriek, and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't leave me! don't abandon me! have pity!" gasped the man, clutching now at her dress. "Something ails me more than common—some horrible stroke of death. Don't leave me, and I'll make you bless the hour—don't!"

Gertrude slowly uncovered her face.

"Fear nothing from me," she said; "I will neither leave you, nor betray you. I know you. You are JAMES FRERE!"

A groan was the only answer; but there was a look of wild appeal in his eyes, such as the hunted stag at bay gives when the dogs have fastened their fangs in his side.

"I won't leave you till the doctor comes," repeated Gertrude; "and I will return early to-morrow."

"I may not be here to-morrow; stay by me now. I have something to tell you before death chokes my life out."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

HUNTED DOWN AT LAST!

THAT eventful Sunday evening happened to be one (among many such) which the Dowager Clochnaben devoted to contradicting her son Lorimer. She had not had a favourable opportunity of contradicting him for a considerable period. He had been away at Vienna; and it is difficult to carry on arguments by letter if your correspondent obstinately omits all answer to the topics in dispute.

A Clochnaben "dictum" that "Heaven

would probably visit the capital of Austria with fiery vials of wrath" on account of Strauss's waltzes being performed by military bands in the gardens there "on the Lord's-day," had always been passed over by him in his replies *sub silentio*, to her very great indignation, and she now recovered her opportunity for its discussion.

The occasion seemed certainly hard upon Lorimer, as the match which lit the gunpowder of her stored-away and slumbering wrath was a *cadeau* offered by himself; an almanac enamelled and encrusted with turquoise and garnets, in that style of Viennese workmanship in which the sinful admirers of Strauss and of military music so greatly excel.

"Humph!" said the Dowager, as she grimly planted the almanac on the chimney-piece, "I see they mark the Sunday (in their absurd foreign lingo) in the list of days, just as if they keep it."

"Well, they do keep it, in their own way."

"Yes, so you told me, and a pretty way too; banging drums, and playing on fifes, and trombones, and ophicleides in the ears of all passers-by, and encouraging folk that ought to be hearing something very different to dawdle up and down listening to their heathen clatter."

"My dear mother, I'm sure I wish, if it could be more agreeable to you, that they played on shawms and trumpets and timbrels—whatever timbrels may be."

"That's right, Lorimer, make a simple jest of it! Little *you* care for the desecration of the Lord's-day. I believe you actually prefer your wicked continental Sabbaths to the decent Sabbaths of Scotland, which you were taught to reverence as long as I nurtured you in the way of the Lord."

"Well, I confess I feel very much weaned from that nurture, my dear mother. And, having seen Sabbaths now in Lisbon, Paris, Vienna, Florence, Naples, Marseilles, Milan, and a number of other towns, I must say, for their wicked inhabitants, that in no single instance, either among a rough mercan-

tile or a luxurious and idle aristocracy, have I ever witnessed anything approaching, in the remotest degree, to the indecent desecration undergone by that memorial day in your paradise of Sabbatarians, my native Scotland."

"Those that won't look certainly can't be expected to *see*," retorted the Dowager, with a sniff of indignation; "and it's my belief you'd say you saw nothing wrong if a fair or a cattle-show were held on the Sabbath-day, and a ball given in the evening."

"You are mistaken, my dear mother. But I am not about to enter into 'the vexed Bermoothes' of that whirlpool of argument as to how much, or how little, relaxation and recreation are permissible on Sundays. The Dervishes of the East believe they best pay respect to their Deity by the monotonous exercise of twirling round on one toe, or hanging on by their elbows to a suspended staff, like flying foxes and sleeping bats, or by the yet more passive service of letting their nails grow to a portentous length; and the Dervishes of the North may have their own notions of the extent of monotony agreeable to the Great Creator of infinite variety; to the God who sends millions on millions of men hourly into the world, and no two men so alike in understanding, aspect, voice, or bearing, but that their fellow-creatures shall know them apart, and acknowledge a distinction and difference between them. I merely persist that the 'continental Sabbath,' as you call it, is much more decently and inoffensively kept than the Scottish Sabbath."

"The Scottish Sabbath is much obliged to you, I'm sure!"

"Well, you know, my dear mother, you yourself complain of the drunkenness, the vice, the pleasure-orgies, that go on even in your own neighbourhood there. Now I recommend you to make a little continental tour; and in the leisurely hours you may spend in a Viennese or Italian promenade, consider these alternative propositions. Either the Scotch are so innately and incorrigibly corrupt that no amount of teaching and preaching can bring them to

spend their time decently on that particular day, or there is something radically wrong in the coercive rules you would lay down for their spending it. I am of the latter opinion."

"Of course you are. We should spend our time in listening to drums and fiddles and chattering balderdash, instead of going to church, I suppose?"

"No; but, in my opinion, it is the lack of any innocent and wholesome occupation or recreation that gives over the clay tenement which holds a soul to the devil. 'He findeth it swept and garnished,' and steps nimbly in, with the minor devils of sensuality and drunkenness at his heels. The continental Sabbath is a day of prayer at intervals, from the early sunrise of matins to the taper-lit evening mass. But it is also a day of recreation; a day of enjoyment in the open air; a day when men and women are not expected to shut eyes and ears to all but a nasal monotone of appeal or thanksgiving for blessings apparently granted entirely in vain. And now let us have no more of this, for I must go out, and leave you and the Austrian almanac to settle the matter between you. I promised to call on Lady Charlotte Skifton."

"And that Sabbath saint, Lady Ross, I presume?"

"And on Lady Ross," answered Lorimer, in his sternest tone.

"Well, then, you'll find neither," retorted the Dowager, with a certain degree of triumph, "for I've just had a note from Lady Charlotte, and she'll be here directly,—ready to whimper, I suppose, as usual—with the boy Neil, who says you promised him a dog on your return. As to his mother, she has wisely gone to see some beggar in a fever, and daren't come back till she's consulted a doctor about infection. I suppose you think that a fit employment for the Sabbath-day?"

"Yes, I do; a very fit employment. 'Whether is it better to do good or to do evil on the Sabbath-day?'—I lay no claim to originality in that last sentence," and a "grim smile" curled round Lorimer Boyd's mouth.

"Oh! of course *you* approve. When people lose their characters, it's a fine flourish to set up going about doing good."

Lorimer's small stock of patience vanished in exasperation.

"If," said he, bitterly, "she had joined that peculiar regiment of effete pleasure-seekers who deem themselves enrolled as God's own dandies, with the Rhodopes, Messalinas, and Lesbias who are the *vivandières* of their religious camp, and who, as soon as enlisted, think themselves better able to teach and preach than all the regular clergy of Great Britain,—you might say so, mother. But, so far as I have known, Gertrude Ross has done good without seeking the reward of human approval; without setting herself up as judge or instructress; or copying those wonderful Christian professors who are so struck and amazed at their own late conversion that they must needs pass it round like the bottle after dinner, ignorant, or incredulous, of the patent fact, that long before they ever read a line of Scripture, the persons they appeal to were already walking with God to the best of their ability."

"You needn't be so violent," sneered his mother. "We all know you can't endure a word that doesn't worship Lady Ross."

"I can't endure hypocrisy, wherever I find it, either in man or woman. I hate to see persons who are unfit to teach, teaching. I hate to see men who have led base lives *kotooed* to, and listened to, perhaps publicly thanked, when they ought to be degraded and forgotten; I hate to watch the vain struggle of the innocent to be justified; or the successful effort of the deceiver to be set on high. I consider such reversal of God's clear justice to be the true translation of 'taking His name in vain.' I hate——" But what more Lorimer meant to denounce—while his mother angrily watched his fierce, intellectual countenance, ready with a keenly-sharpened answer, as soon as his voice should pause—cannot be known; for at this juncture in came Lady Charlotte,

"ready to whimper," as prophesied by her scornful relative, and Neil, who threw back his eager head in Lorimer's warm embrace, and said laughingly,—

"I'm come with Mamma Charlotte out of avarice and self-interest. Where's my dog?"

"Here," said Lorimer, with a smile so sweet and kindly that it scarcely seemed the face of the same man who had just been speaking. "Here! and a smart little fellow he is, with your name as owner already engraved on his collar. You must train him to English, for he is only used to German: and don't begin by delivering him over to some groom to clip his ears and tail, as if, among other improvements of the works of creation, God didn't know how to make a terrier. And now where is your dear mother?"

Neil lifted his rosy mouth from the passionate kiss of welcome he was imprinting on the terrier's forehead, and said, "She's gone to see a poor man who is ill."

"But where is the poor man?"

"At—here's the address," and Neil dived into his pocket, and pulled out with sundry other small articles a somewhat battered little memorandum-book, which he presented to Lorimer with one hand, still caressing the dog with the other.

Lorimer took his hat.

"Where are you going now?" said Lady Clochnaben. "Lady Ross is not returned."

"I'm going to break the Lord's-day by looking after that beggar," said her son, as he closed the door and disappeared.

A thrill of something as like alarm and concern as her nature permitted ran through the iron bosom of the grim Dowager. She had been listening to Lady Charlotte's querulous terrors during the presentation of the dog to his young master, and felt the truth of her "whimpering" cousin's observation that "It *must* be something very particularly dreadful, or Gertie would not stay the night away from home."

"Run after him," she said to Neil,—

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"but no; it is of no use asking him to stay for *my* behest. Fair faces are the devil's best tools. And your daughter's one of them," added she, turning suddenly and with exceeding fierceness to poor Lady Charlotte; whose whimpering thereupon broke into sobs.

While they argued, Lorimer stalked forth, and, taking the first cab he could meet with, drove rapidly to the obscure lodgings of the old Scotchwoman.

Many and many a year afterwards he still saw vividly, as he saw it then, the scene which presented itself to his eyes.

There was more light in the small room than ever had lit the humble apartment before, each of the hurried visitors having merely set down the candle furnished to them. The doctor was there, and Gertrude, and that Creole wife, unknown by sight to Lorimer, the terrified old Scotchwoman, and the "neighbour" who had done the office of a servant in attending to the household, and who, now following Lorimer with another light, had left that and the room door alike open.

That he had come during the last gasp of a horrible death-scene, was Lorimer's instant impression. Gertrude was kneeling by the blind-looking, purple-bloated object, stretched panting on the bed. The Creole was standing near her, weeping, her face hid in her hands. The doctor and those others present, all gazing with fixed and yet shrinking scrutiny on the dying man; the light falling full upon him and them, though flickering, torch-like, in the draught of air from the staircase.

As Lorimer moved with an exclamation of painful anxiety towards Gertrude, another group appeared at the gaping doorway.

AILIE was there, with two policemen!

Her little hands were lifted and clenched in front of her slender person, like two little claws ready to pounce. There was no more escape for James Frere. The thirst of vengeance could now be quenched by a long satisfying

draught. He was hunted down at last!

She stood for a moment as if scarcely understanding the reality of what was passing; those little feline hands still suspended in their odd attitude of seizure, with her eyes glitteringly fixed on the Creole.

"Take him!" at last she said, in a sharp, short whisper. "Take him!" and she turned her head to the men behind her.

Lorimer Boyd, roused by the words and the movement, looked up, looked towards her, while the group round the bed remained absorbed in the agony before them.

"Wretched woman," said he, "the man is *dead* whom you have trapped and taken!"

DEAD!

James Frere had escaped her after all.

As Ailie turned and fled, with a hoarse cry, from the death-chamber, Gertrude rose slowly to her feet, and looked round as in a trance. A wild, unnatural, ecstatic smile was on her face. It changed a little; a certain degree of consciousness was in it, as she espied Lorimer.

She moved towards him with an effort, like one who walks in sleep.

"Look!" she said, in an odd whisper, as strange as her countenance, "look!" and she held up a roll of battered and crushed papers, gravel-stained and torn.

The picture of Gertrude standing thus, in the wavering light that beat to and fro, as if it had something of the triumph of life in it, never left Lorimer's memory, nor the strange effect of the same flickering and moving radiance passing over the deathly stillness of the bed, over the dark-shadowed eyes of the dead man—his bald discoloured shaven skull, and his thin knuckles clenched outside the sheets, with their deep-indented scar more visible than ever on that white background.

He seized Gertrude's hands with a trembling grasp. "Come away; oh! come away from this place," he said.

"You should all go—go immediately," said the doctor, as he gently and pityingly touched the sobbing Creole's shoulder. "This man has died of the worst species of typhus; the 'black fever' of the books. Leave the window wide open, and go, all of you, go! It is the strangest case I ever assisted at."

In a minute or two more, all was hushed and darkened there; and the corpse of James Frere was left alone.

Lorimer led Gertrude forth. She neither wept, nor fainted, nor trembled,—but once, when in his agony of anxiety he pressed her hands tightly in his own, she murmured—"Oh! I hope I shall not wake, and find it all a dream!"

Then, by degrees, the state of stupefaction seemed to melt away; she looked round at the room in the hotel where he was staying, into which he had brought her—thanked him—said "it was right not to take her to Neil,"—and in the effort to conclude the sentence, "It would be such bad news for Douglas if our boy were ill,"—the dark clouds of oppressive thought clashed together, and a shower of tears at once relieved and exhausted her!

Lorimer never spoke. He sat silently by, his arms folded tight across his broad chest, as if in resolute effort to avoid any ill-judged impulse to console or check that convulsive fit of weeping.

She was the first to speak. She stretched her hand across, and laid it gently on his arm.

"I have got *THAT LETTER!*" she said, with white trembling lips. "I have recovered the letters they stole from me, to persuade Douglas I was false." Then she told him all; as she herself had learnt it from the wretched being whose strange and erring life had just ended. He had admitted every particular that Lorimer had already heard respecting his career to be true. He claimed to be Clochnaben's son when a young man carrying on a most dissipated career at college. Not that he had ever seen him as a child, or knew it till his mother's death, who had then assured him of it, and put

into his hands Clochnaben's letters in those early days, full of protestations of everlasting attachment, and proving that her sole means of subsistence was an income received from her seducer. Unaware of the sort of man with whom he had to deal, and not yet experienced in the world, he had rashly brought these letters and proofs to Clochnaben himself, with an appeal for support and fatherly protection. Clochnaben gave him fair words and specious promises, affected to be much touched at perusing his own old love-letters,—got them into his possession by giving Frere a sum of money in exchange; and from the hour he had so deprived him of all means of corroborating the scandal,—as he termed it,—of his connexion with Frere's mother, utterly denied that any such intimacy had ever existed; and declared it was the invention of the young adventurer, whose career he nevertheless at first attempted to arrange, by getting him foreign mercantile employment, and so getting rid of him.

It was years since he had received assistance from Richard Clochnaben, when he presented himself with the false and specious tale Gertrude might remember, at Clochnaben Castle. He had then escaped from gaol instead of a Roman Catholic seminary. Nothing was true except his privations, which had been very real. He brought with him two or three letters supposed to have been found among his mother's things *after* the major portion of the correspondence had been bought by Clochnaben. The latter instantly taxed him with the forgery; pointed out that he had not been at that time in England, or at any place from which they were dated, and declared that on the smallest further attempt to establish such relations between him and Frere, he would himself deliver him up to justice, “and see him swing with satisfaction.” That notwithstanding this declaration, and the rage he had shown at the odd accident of invitations to supersede Heaton, which had made Frere an inmate under the same roof, he had supplied him with

a sum of money to facilitate his escape at the time the detective had come to Glenrossie, taking a dreadful oath never to repeat such assistance if he dared to return to Great Britain.

He had never since received one farthing of help, and had continued to “live by his wits,” having drained every sixpence he could from the infatuated Alice Ross.

“Hunted down at last” by that unexpected avenger, he had sought in vain an obscure asylum in disguise of a travelling artist. Afraid of the police, who came suddenly upon him in a tavern while consulting with one of his former felon companions, whom they were seeking, he had made one of his narrowest escapes by threading unusual streets and bye-lanes, and coming out at last on a narrow canal that ran by the Regent's Park. There he hastily hailed a barge that was slowly making its way past him, and giving a couple of shillings to the man in charge, asked for a passage, saying that he had been walking all the morning, and was footsore and fatigued. He lay down under shelter of some tarpaulin, and felt nearly suffocated by the strange and disagreeable odour of the cargo in the barge. He sat up and looked into the water, which appeared to him dazzling with beautiful colours; he became perfectly giddy and insensible, and, on attempting to stand up, lost his balance, and fell over the unprotected ledge of the barge into the canal. He was assisted out, put into a cab, and was quite sensible enough, after the immersion, to give his address, and not sorry to have an excuse in his landlady's eyes for remaining in bed and in hiding. The dreadful smell, however, haunted him, and he was unable to eat anything either that day or the next. His eyes then became affected; small bladders of blood seemed to fill and weigh down the lids, and within a very brief period from the sending for Lady Ross, whom he recognised, he became blind, and the eyes presented a most dreadful appearance—bloodshot, blank, and staring. He told Gertrude he was certain he was dying

from the inhalation of poisonous vapours on the barge; that his blindness was a judgment on him; confessed all, and referred her for a portfolio of papers to the Creole, whose address he gave. She had listened at first incredulously to Gertrude's story, and seemed to think it some new attempt to entrap him, but at length proposed to accompany Lady Ross, carrying the portfolio with her. From the mass of papers, drawings, plans which he had feared to take when he fled from the vicinity of Manchester Square, he gave a packet, in which was the letter to Kenneth in the condition in which it had been formerly found. He said that more than once lately he had considered whether he would not propose to *sell* it to Lorimer Boyd, or to Lady Ross herself, but was deterred by the fear of being given into custody; and that he was still casting about who he could employ to transact that business, when he was stricken by his strange malady. By the time his broken confession was over, and the doctor's examination made, he was insensible and dying, his body covered with suffused spots, his eyes a blank, jelly-like mass.

The doctor had been of opinion that he died, as he had said, from inhaling poison, and that the poison was refuse matter from some gasworks on the banks of the canal.

He did not anticipate any fatal effects to those who had assisted the man in his horrible illness, as it arose from such peculiar causes; but they should be careful for some days.

And so ended Gertrude's agitated narration, and at the close she lifted her weary, hopeful, lovely eyes to Lorimer, questioning both by words and looks how to get all this disclosed to Sir Douglas.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

INVALIDED HOME.

THEN Lorimer had to make an avowal on his part, of being in possession of news painfully interesting to Gertrude. Sir Douglas was ill: very ill: any very

sudden agitation might be fatal to him: he was in fact invalided home; and Lorimer had already resolved to go out to him, and had written to try and secure the services of Giuseppe, as an excellent sick nurse and attendant, and who on his return might be of use to Kenneth, of whose bodily condition late accounts had been unfavourable. Gertrude must put her patient trust in God as hitherto, and believe, as Lorimer believed, that she would receive her reward, even in this world, for all the faithful uncomplaining tenderness with which she had borne her hard lot as respected her husband.

So Lorimer departed: and, after her few days' anxious quarantine, Gertrude dwelt once more with her mother and her beloved Neil, and waited news from the Crimea.

Is it forgotten? Is it faded to a sad dream, except with those who actually took part in it, that war waged with disaster as much as with the armed foe? That war in which, to the eternal glory of English courage, the heroism and endurance were proved equal to the heroism of action; and boys, and men, and aged warriors alike showed their willingness not only to die fighting for their country, but to die miserably, tediously, obscurely, for their country, —without either murmur or appeal. When beardless boys taken from luxurious homes, served in the trenches and camped in wreaths of snow, and bore the awful change with eager gallantry; till mothers made childless knew when the tidings reached them, that those they had so fondly cradled and so tenderly reared had perished, *killed*, —but not *conquered*, —by the hardships of that war.

Are the names *but* names now, of strange far-away places known to us only by maps and sketches, where the best blood of England reddened the streams, or sank in the alien earth? Are they vanished like the thirst that was quenched in the Bulganac river, after that burning and weary march, prelude to the war of the morrow: when men stood gazing on the rugged and pre-

cipitous heights that crowned its banks, and on the roots of willows mowed down in a bitter harvest to prevent shelter or concealment of a foe, while three hundred yards of fire blazed in the distance from the quiet village of Bouliohi?

Is Alma but a vague melodious sound? where fording that unknown river, and marching straight into batteries held to be impregnable, we drove out the five-and-forty thousand men before the sun marked three hours of time for the struggle? Do men shudder still at the tale of ever-memorable Balaklava, when circled by a blaze of artillery, front, flank, and rear, the gallant horsemen rode to death at the word of a mistaken command, and left two-thirds of their number on the ground? The dull November mists of morning, in our safe English homes, never bring to musing fancy the fogs of that miserable anxious dawn at Inkermann, when those who had worked in the trenches all night were suddenly called forth from their comfortless rest in tents and on the bare ground, to charge against that overwhelming and barbaric foe, who mutilated the dead to avenge the bravery of the living?

Are our dreaming ears never haunted on safe home-pillows, by floating watchwords through the night, of the brief sad sentences spoken by dying lips, whose farewells were given so far away? "Forward, 23d!" shouted one young voice. "Stand firm, for the honour of England and the credit of the Rifles. Firm, my men!" cried another. "Come on, 63d," says their leader. "I will fight to the last!" is panted from the breast of the overpowered swordsman called upon to surrender. "I do not move till the battle is won!" exclaims the crippled hero who lay bleeding before Sebastopol amongst guns still directed by him against the enemy.

Do we think, as our daily post comes happily in, or as we ourselves carelessly sit down at our writing-tables for an uneventful correspondence, of that charnel-house at Varna, and all the "last messages" written by deputy for poor

soldiers at Scutari, and on board the swarming troopships, and in the miserable hospitals denuded of stores or fit appliance for the wounded. Do the stray scattered sentences return recorded, among a thousand others; when one writes, "Praying my mother will not feel the misfortune of my death too much;" and another, "Write to my father, he will break this to my wife;" and some still wrote the triumphant date, "Written on the field we have taken from the enemy!"

And are we mourning yet for other deaths? The deaths of those who came back to native land, and pleasant homes, whose faces were once more dwelt on by loving, tender eyes, whose hands were once more clasped by loving hands, but who were so worn and shaken by the past tempest of that wintry war, that, like nipped trees, they stood for a little while, and then succumbed and fell? Those who have not survived to wear the laurel in future wars, but who rest under the "cypress and yew!"—sorrowful trees of their own green land—soldiers who died in our time of peace, when "the bitterness of death" seemed ended, and have left a blank in many a home that never shall be filled.

Do we ever see, as we cross, on a sunny day, from the gardens opposite Queen Victoria's palace and the Horse Guards, a vision of the crowded Park on that thrilling day when such of her wounded heroes as had returned, passing before her in their lines,—receiving a medal and a word—for the life that was risked, and the health or the limb for ever lost, and loyally saluting, amid the cheers of the crowd, the Ruler of the country in whose service they had bled?

Events follow events in this busy world of ours, as wave follows wave on the wide and restless sea,—too happy if they do not pass like those waves, leaving only, here and there, a narrow heap of weed thrown up on the shore, where the landmarks of history stand.

How much is remembered, and how much forgotten; how many are rewarded, and how many suffered to float

away into oblivion and neglect,—is best known to those who should receive—and those who could bestow—the prizes that glitter in the eyes of the lovers of glory ; and the approval which should be the recompense of those who would fight and suffer, if only for duty and conscience' sake.

Sir Douglas was not among those who could claim reward for action. He had served his country well in many a past campaign, but the dreary days had come to him, as to many another gallant heart, when he was compelled to own that the body could no longer obey the soul's behest any more than the soldier, bleeding, fainting to death on the battle-field, can rise to the sound of the bugle-call and march with his comrades to victory.

In bed, or in a blanket on the ground in his tent ; on board a crowded steamer borne to an hotel at Pera ; looking forward at one time only to a grave at Scutari ; rallying a little, and struggling so far with sickness as again to engage with the enemy, only again to be disabled, not by wounds, but by sickness ; depressed, worn out, exhausted, and miserable at the helplessness consequent on this condition, he had at last to surrender to the force of circumstances, and confess himself a dying invalid.

His letter to Lorimer was the letter of a broken-hearted man ; and he proved his consciousness of that fact by the closing words of his letter : "I am not the only officer of command here who am dying, not of the privations of the camp, or the wounds received in battle, but of a broken heart."

And Lorimer knew that only the extreme of fading and failing weakness would have wrung that sentence from his friend and comrade, dear to him from boyhood till the present hour.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

PEACE IN GLENROSSIE.

THE summer days wore on. Sir Douglas had embarked, and was on his way home ! So much at least was known to Gertrude's restless heart. That

strange and dreadful life, so busy round him, of alternate wet and cold and heat ; of toil to procure water or proper food ; of roads impassable, and insufficient clothing ; of wounds and cholera and exhaustion ; of trenches and pickets ; of overloaded troopships, and miserable moving of dying men on mules and rough contrivances of planks ; decimated companies, and needless sacrifice by neglect and mismanagement of lives that might have been spared—all that was over ! But the mortification of inaction, and the private sorrow of heart : these things remained, ever present with him ; and at first his state of debility was such, that the faithful friend who had joined and now accompanied him daily expected the bitter task of writing home to say that "all was ended," and that the gallant spirit had passed away from all earthly struggles to the long peace of death.

A better fate was in store for him. As they neared England, his health improved ; and when at length Lorimer Boyd announced their landing at Folkestone, he was also able to add that he hoped, before leaving that port, to break to him all that had occurred since the day that Gertrude had been called to Frere's strange and dreadful sick-bed, and in obeying that call had indeed gained the "special blessing" which her young son believed would descend on her head !

Once again he wrote from the hotel at Folkestone. Sir Douglas had such an access of despondency on finding himself once more in that saddened England which he had quitted under such grievous circumstances, that he had been confined to his room with low fever. Lorimer owned that at last he risked the shock of a more abrupt communication than he had originally intended, "lest our Douglas should die, and never know the truth on this side the grave !"

All had now been told him ; the papers given by Gertrude were in his possession, and had been read and re-read with many a bitter groan of vehement self-reproach. He sought no excuse in the chain of circumstances

that had led him to deem her false, whose truth had been so clearly proved : though he spoke sorrowfully of the constant concealment of facts which, clearly explained and understood, would have seemed harmless and innocent as they were in reality. He spoke also of the suffering he had endured at times from flashes of torturing doubt, repelled with all the strength of his heart but recurring at wretched intervals, as on the day when he heard Kenneth so passionately speaking with Gertrude in the morning room, and found her agitated beyond what a common sympathy in his supposed domestic troubles could reasonably justify. And lastly, he revealed to Lorimer—with injunctions never while he lived to breathe that secret to mortal ear—the events of that fearful morning when Kenneth, delirious from drunken excess, had attempted his uncle's life, accompanying that murderous assault with the wild speech:—“Part from her yourself ; part from her for ever ! And be sure if *I* do not marry your widow, no other man shall !”

The narrow escape from death which the unsteadiness of the drunkard's aim had then permitted ; the pain and misery of mind Sir Douglas had undergone, sitting with his bandaged hand throbbing with pain, listening to the treacherous tale of Alice Ross, and reading, as he thought—as any one would have thought—the certain, incontrovertible proofs that Gertrude was on the eve of a sinful yielding to the passion so wildly and daringly expressed for her, not only to herself, but to her husband ; the pining for her, the haunting of all memories of her, in spite of these convictions ; the yearning for death on the battle-field, and the slow, ignoble, sickly, wasting away of life that came instead ; the agony of perplexity caused by Neil's innocent, boyish letters about his mother, and Kenneth, and his young cousin Effie ; the longing he had had to countermand his own strict and solemn injunctions to Lorimer, and entreat for news of Gertrude, of home, of the treasures he had lost and abjured in vain ;—all this did Sir Douglas acknowledge with an

outpouring of the heart that left no thought unknown to the faithful friend who now soothed, and nursed, and consoled him with assurances of the patient love and lingering hope that had upborne his innocent wife through all the bitter misunderstanding that had parted them.

“I knew this happier day would come,” Lorimer wrote to her. “I was a true prophet of good ; and I think in the depths of your heart you also looked for it sooner or later. Now let me beseech you to try and be as calm and well as possible, and expect Douglas back at Glenrossie with what haste I can permit him to make, being, as I am at present, a combination of sick-nurse and commander-in-chief.

“You must expect to see him altered, dear Gertrude ; he is *very much* altered : very much more deserving of that title of ‘Old Sir Douglas,’ which it once so surprised you he should have obtained. But happiness is a great restorer, and I trust you have both many, many years of such happiness in store.—Yours ever, LORIMER.”

The very sentence thus worded to reassure Gertrude filled her with that trembling anxiety which comes to those who love, like an extra sense.

If he should yet be taken from her ! If he should die before he could reach Glenrossie ! If she herself should fail, and faint, and perish before she could once more be folded in his embrace ! Before she could speak words of love, and welcome, and pity, and see him stand on his own threshold-stone, by the side of her Neil, as on that fatal morning when she looked back at them from the carriage window as she left for Edinburgh, not knowing that look was to be her last ! If, after all, they never should meet again on earth, after all her hopes and her triumphant justification !

Feverish was the life that Gertrude led during these days of helpless expectation. All the care of her which poor Lady Charlotte attempted to take seemed utterly in vain. Eating, sleeping, sitting still for more than a few minutes at a time, were all alike impossible. Yet she obeyed Lorimer's

counsel. He had adjured her not to attempt to join them, even should Sir Douglas be delayed on the road by any relaxing or variation in health,—at all events not to come unless sent for. In the tranquillity of his own home, let the broken soldier recover the agitation which must naturally follow such a meeting as they looked forward to.

She obeyed. She was patient. The day at length dawned, which should give its sunset light to their re-union. She read again and again the sweet brief line in her husband's own handwriting, "My Gertrude, I am coming home to be forgiven."

"*Forgiven!* Oh, love! oh, husband! oh, Douglas!" Scarcely could she refrain from such audible exclamations as broke the miserable meditations of her sleepless nights, when in her former grief she thought of him afar off, soothed by the songs of some stranger's voice.

The day wore on; the sound of wheels rapidly approaching was heard in the avenue. Louder and nearer it came; louder and nearer still; till it suddenly ceased, and the master of Glenrossie Castle stood once more at the portal of his forsaken home.

"My wife!" was all Sir Douglas said. Lorimer Boyd had stepped aside as they left the carriage, and caught young Neil to his breast. The aged butler stood trembling and tearful as his master leaned a moment for support on his arm, and passed feebly in, while Gertrude, with a mixture of tenderness, suffering, and triumph in her face, such as beams from the countenance of the wife in Millais's unequalled picture of the "Release," folded her arms round the stately form whose head bowed low as if unworthy her embrace, and sobbed aloud for very excess of joy.

Nothing could part them more! Nothing but death: the long weary grief was over: the lesson of patience ended. There was peace at last in Glenrossie!

What would my readers have more? The rest of my tale is briefly told, or may be briefly guessed. The sorrowful approach of Kenneth the day after his uncle's arrival; humbling himself to

the dust before the kindly pitying generous eyes that filled with tears as he bade him welcome. The triumph of Lady Charlotte, and the frolic of her curl, as she boasted of the justice done at last to her Gertie by the impetuous Sir Douglas, "who, however superior he might be thought by strangers, had owned himself entirely in the wrong." The iron spite of the Dowager Clochnaben, who resolutely crushed the tender little woman's joy; assuring her that the world merely saw the yielding of a "silly auld carle" in Sir Douglas's misplaced indulgence, "after all that had happened, you know;" and that as to Kenneth, "folk might call it penitence if they pleased, but she called it softening of the brain." The wondering gladness of Maggie, when the light broke in upon her that her slender Effie would one day hold her place at "the Castle" as the bride of young Neil, and so melt Torrieburn and Glenrossie into one glad home. And last, not least, the rest of heart that came to Lorimer, lonely though many of his days might be; looking back to the long, long friendship which had ever found him leal and true; from the boyish days at Eton, till the passions and anxieties of early years were looked back to like a dream, and he sat by the winter fire and discussed the hopes and fears of a new generation at Glenrossie, with "Old Sir Douglas."

Ailie had disappeared. There was indeed a rumour sent abroad in the narrow circles of Torrieburn and Glenrossie, that far North, in one of the bye-streets of the ancient city of Aberdeen, a spare and slender female lived, who answered her description; and whose occupation it was to prepare and execute cushions, and nets, and mats in soft coloured chenilles. Soft chenille that lightly covered the sharp wires beneath; so that when worn, and old, and broken, the faded trifle, ragged, and crooked, and witch-like, tore the inexperienced hand that lifted and fain would bend it back into shape. These, in their first soft freshness, she brought to the various hotels where visitors and sportsmen "put up," on

their tour far North: and they were sold as the work of 'a decent bodie who had seen better days.' Furtively, in the dim foggy autumn evenings, that lady made her rounds; scudding swiftly,—creeping softly,—gazing warily,—avoiding all greeting or recognition, gliding round the dark corners from the better streets to her forlorn garret in a grim and grey stone house, five stories high, with little solid windows black with age. She had told the sharp slatternly landlady, she "could not pay a heavy rent," and she "liked a high room:" she had been "used *all her life* to a very lofty room, though small."

The high stone staircase, greasy with filth, seemed indeed no fatigue to that spare figure. Swiftly she passed upward; so swiftly that the long ends of the shabby light boa she wore round her throat, waved in the air as if it had life: and only sometimes, if she heard voices, or saw some unusual glimmering light on the flats beneath her own as she ascended, she would pause, and peer with half-closed gleaming eyes, and swiftly vanish out of sight if she heard a door open or a footfall on the echoing stair.

Never was her own door open: never but by one rare chance, when she had gone out more hurriedly than usual with her chenille-work, because a Royal Princess was passing through the city of Aberdeen.

On that one rare occasion, a little meagre girl, tempted by curiosity, and the vista through the grim portal of those glossy, soft, bright-coloured materials, with their shining wire foundations glancing in the light,—stole in and stood by the table, absorbed in a mystery of admiration and contemplation. She never intruded again. That spare grim lady softly returned; gripped her suddenly by her bony little shoulders, and shook and "worreted" her as a cat might shake a mouse. She dared not beat her. The "neighbour" whose child she was might have hauled the cat-like lady to a police-office. She "only shook her." Shook her because she believed she was trying to learn how

to make those wire baskets and sheathe their claw-like feet in velvet chenille. But that shaking checked all curiosity, for a long time to come, in the little bony victim,—causing her to sit stunned and stupefied on the topmost step of the stone staircase, though in close vicinity to the awful door; unable to recover from her giddiness sufficiently to take refuge in the flat below where she dwelt, in happy squalor, with her bony little sisters and brothers.

Ah! how different was the lone garret in that stony house from the bright morning-room at Glenrossie!

There once more, in the glowing light of reconciled love, and the glorious autumn sunshine, sat Sir Douglas and his happy wife, talking of the past and future, with voices full of gladness and eyes serene with peace.

Only now and then, with a sigh of fond regret, Sir Douglas would lament the "two years and more of life wasted in distrust." And Gertrude, with her low voice full of all the music of tenderness, would answer that self-reproachful speech with its counterpart: "I ought to have told you all at first; I ought to have told you!" and echo back his sigh.

Once only she saw her vile and treacherous sister-in-law again. Once Sir Douglas and she were on their way to some pleasant visit near Inverness, and, during their halt in Aberdeen, they had taken a stroll in the outskirts of the town, near the sea.

There, in the grey evening, a spare figure stood, that waved its hands a moment as in some aching despair, and disappeared in the distance.

"What is it, Gertrude?" said Sir Douglas, as he drew her arm closer within his own.

"I thought I saw Ailie!" she answered quickly, and clung to that dear protecting arm. "I thought I saw Ailie looking out over the sea!"

Was it Ailie, indeed? and was she thinking of the awful day when the smuggler was murdered, or the day she hunted Frere down at last, or the love-day, on the hills at Glenrossie?

SURVEYING IN ELDORADO.

A MERE youth fresh from school to the north of Tweed, the narrator of the following story had gone out, it appears, to San Francisco, to avail himself of "a great opening" secured by anxious friends. Ere long, as in many similar cases, sudden bankruptcy all at once expanded this opening to an unbounded opportunity of pushing his own fortune, whether by preference of the busy Pandemonium at hand, or of the eager Inferno in the distance of the Sacramento river. It was on the spur of a wild desire to escape that the lad made his choice. Thinking the mines a surer resource, he managed with no slight degree of juvenile readiness to find his way thither, and join a partnership in trying luck at the "placers." Hopes of decided success in this mode were closed by a sharp attack of fever and ague, which sent him back to town with proceeds insufficient for medicine or doctors. Here he was laid up in hospital till an incursion of cholera scared all convalescents out, and, half-recovered, he once more betook himself to his object. Business was always open in what went by the name of "the loafing and chancing line." There was a successful decorator of street-signs who for a time liberally employed him to hold up paint-pots; disagreeing with whom about the spelling of a Scotchman's name, he did a good stroke of work for the *Alta California* paper when its stock of printing-sheets failed under a press of news, by gathering and pasting together all sorts of scraps and shreds that could be used for the purpose. He subsequently acted for a brief period as assistant to a negro posting placards, and, on a misunderstanding between them, even joined "another ducky" in whitewashing. Leaving the whole coloured connexion thenceforward, he refused a Chinaman's offer of

"commission on all washings brought in." A good situation which he obtained as "extra third cook" at a principal boarding-house, was at last leading to some degree of over-confidence. But, reaching one day above the stove-range for some plates, the poor fellow slipped, and burnt himself badly on the hot metal; consequently had to "lay by" for a time on little means save his credit, a thing of no wide margin with San Franciscans. There was added such slight aid as could be afforded by the friendly concern of a previous acquaintance, who casually fell in with and recognised him at this crisis—a young man named Lettsom, from the north of England, till then more forlorn than himself, as he only "did the clerking for an Irish" man at a crockery-store, having originally come out to manage the foreign "correspondence of a large house, but chiefly for the benefit of the climate." From the consequent intimacy proceeded the occurrence resulting so unexpectedly to both, and which we shall let our adventurer tell in his own words.

Lettsom was all at once paid off on a day's notice, contrary to agreement, as an old Frenchman offered his services cheaper. Poor Fred was quite down on his luck every way, as he had just been stirring me up again to get clear of the country along with him, as he meant at once to do, if ever a man did. Meanwhile, I was getting well again, and had obtained a good vacancy at a first-class restaurant, though only to start with bottle-washing; when one morning he came in, called me aside, almost out of breath with the news, and said he had been on board the *Golconda*, one of the Panama steamers in harbour, and found out accidentally there were berths open for cabin-waiters on the return-trip. I had not the least notion he would have

thought of such a thing, though eternally hanging about the outward-bound craft at spare hours ; and, for my own part, I did not just like it. The fact was, we might easily have shipped before the mast, if necessary, to work our passage round the Horn ; which I would still have preferred myself, after having seen it on our voyage out. However, he told me the wages offered him were thirty dollars for the trip, or agreement by the week if preferred, and the purser had evidently inclined to fix with him, but he had hurried back for me. As to my proposing the full voyage round, it would have been of no use, as besides his looking hardly the build for sea-work—he was six feet high, and had got the name of “The Clipper” from being rather sharp-built about the shoulders—Cape Horn was not the latitude for a sort of cough he had got, owing to the sand-winds, as he always said. Moreover, in regard to myself, notwithstanding my work was light and pay good, I began to feel the stooping over hot steam bring back the ague, which was no trifle. Accordingly, I at once set myself to rights and went along with him to the wharf.

The moment we stepped into the saloons I saw how the land lay. Berths open, sure enough, there were ; but, from the pantry to the cook-range, steward included, all the rest were coloured gentlemen. It was a thing, after the experience I had had, that it did not enter my head for a moment to try ; still I advised Lettsom on no account to hang back for me, and, as it was plainly a notion with the purser to have a sprinkling of whites for the trip, Lettsom might very likely have had a berth if he had closed with it smartly. The purser, however, appeared to act surgeon as well, and, having a second look at him, spoke about the heavy work at times with passengers ; as if doubting his health, which always was a sore point with Lettsom. He got hot, and in the end his chance was swamped by a lot of candidates, most of them New York blacks, with white neckcloths and silver watchchains. We came away in

no mood to talk, but scarce had we stepped ashore when a young man came across the wharf to us, in a lofty kind of way, with a roll of flag-bunting under his arm, a quadrant in his hand, and a United States’ eagle on his hat-ribbon, looking rather out of temper at our appearance. He immediately asked if we were not the two fresh hands engaged in town by Mr. Higley for Judge Tracy’s surveying party under Government over the Contra Costa ; if so, we ought to know that Uncle Sam was not to be trifled with. The survey had to wait till we came, he said, and we ought to have met him at the first ferry-boat, as Mr. Higley appointed.

My friend only stared at the Government man, who spoke a little like a New York Dutchman, and, for all his importance, looked somewhat of a softish character. On the other hand I thought it as well to fence off with a question or two in our turn. His name was Steinberg, and he was chief axeman to the party ; Mr. Higley was the compassman or under-surveyor, and was still in town on other business, at the Parker House Hotel. It appeared the new hands were engaged to carry chain, the former pair having cut off on some mining speculation, with advances of pay which they had drawn. When the truth came out, the axeman got into better humour, and seemed to be sorry we were not the men, who had been described to him in a way to cause the mistake. His opinion was that they had very likely “got on a burst” with their friends, counting on the afternoon steamer, but might chance to turn up too late after all. At the same time, stout active young hands accustomed to the country were rather at a premium, and Steinberg thought I could not do better than walk up and see Mr. Higley, saying he had sent me. He mentioned that the pay for chainmen was \$80 per month, all found besides, and the survey would last half a year at least ; the terms, on the other hand, being that no advances could be asked, and that all arrears were forfeited if you left before date without permission. After that,

if you chose, you might take it out in picked land.

I accordingly lost no time in following Lettsom, who had shown no disposition to wait. He did not at first exactly take up my notion, but soon saw that, if the post could only be got, it did not bind us, and was in other respects the very thing to his mind. We made no delay in finding Mr. Higley, and, though a much sharper hand to deal with than the axeman, he was a good deal roused at the idea of his men not joining; at first evidently taking it for a dodge on our part. Taking out a gold watch like a chronometer, he saw there was not much time to look after them, and asked what we could do, what we knew, and whether we thought of taking out land-claims ourselves, as there must be some security this time. Lettsom had been spokesman up to that point, and, one of his fancies always being to avoid anything like an American accent, he was often supposed to speak broken English. Luckily, the surveyor did not seem to understand him when he began saying something about Euclid, logarithms, and so on, all of which, down to trigonometry and mensuration, he had told me was learnt at Durham schools. On this I pushed forward with a few words more to the point, stating several of the different jobs I had been about, the mines included, not forgetting the passage round the Horn. I did not say what side of the Atlantic I had sailed from, for the truth was, I had often of late been set down for States-bred, from somewhere down south; at the same time I took occasion to excuse my friend on the ground that he had come out as a British subject, and been but a short time in the States. The surveyor had given me a more satisfied look or two, and at last, eyeing us both over his shoulder, took out his cigar, and owned he had taken my friend for a Pole. He put up his legs again with the remark that he was too busy with some gentlemen about charts and town-plans to say more, but, as he had no time to hunt up the loafers in question, we might look down to the afternoon

ferry-boat and see if they kept muster. He rather calculated they would try it, and perhaps find themselves a darned way out of their reckoning.

We first settled what little matters were required to clear our feet; and, not having much to carry, I took care to get it lodged handy at a tavern. On the quays, where we waited and hung about, every two people we saw I kept thinking were the chainmen turning up, and the time seemed never to run out. At last we saw Steinberg, then Mr. Higley, coming down with a Chinese porter, and the boat began to get up steam; whereupon we went round to report ourselves. The missing men had not shown face as yet; indeed the surveyor said he was only in want of a city officer to take them if they did. The upshot was, that he told us, if we were ready to leave there and then on the month's trial, we might come aboard at once and sign the articles on the way over. No further ceremony was made on our part, but the steamer had not dropped her gang-board when I noticed a fellow with a bundle come tearing along to catch her. He stopped to look about for some one, and on his way in he seemed at a loss for the half-dollar; so, as no credit was given, he had to turn back for the time, being somewhat in a lousy state at any rate. The compass-man and Steinberg had gone in to liquor with some acquaintance at the steward's bar, and Lettsom was on the other side; accordingly I never felt sure that this was one of the missing hands. At all events he stood bewildered enough, and one could not help keeping shy of him as he stared after us against the sun, always keeping his hand over his eyes, and looking about for some one. He could not have been much older than I was myself, and was about my size. Then all at once a fellow without a hat came running to join him, who was taller, and might have been like my partner; only it was in the distance, with several more people following, who seemed to kick up some shindy or other—most likely their boarding-house folks. Curiously enough, long after,

when alone in my own shanty, I used to dream of those two, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, but never in company; a kind of nightmare it was, very unpleasant.

We had scarce got all safely closed with Mr. Higley before we reached the Contra Costa shore; where another half-hour brought us snug into camp, on some fine open country among savannah and scrub, about half-way from the old mission of San Antonio to the new township of Oakland. Judge Tracy himself was absent. He had ridden over to see a Spaniard, a friend of his, that had met with an accident from a squatter on the Señor's *ranch*; for one great point in the survey was to settle various troubles between old Spanish titles and new claims. The rest of the party consisted of the second axeman, a lump of a Pike County lad, from Missouri, called Billy Rufus, with some other name he never could get mentioned; Tobin, the teamster, belonging to New Orleans, who thought some pumpkins of himself on that account, but otherwise about the easiest-tempered fellow ever raised in the States, and very decently inclined; also our cook-boy, Andrew, a little Malay, as lively as a cricket, and a perfect devil to rattle the bones, and sing and dance, beating niggers hollow at it, as well as a great dab at the queerest possible stews, always good. Steinberg had only to be out of hearing, when we found to our relief that Tracy had merely got the name of Judge through having acted in some lynch cases at the mines, and was understood to have first come out from Philadelphia on a speculation in clocks, which proved a failure. As for the compass-man, Mr. Higley, he was a much closer man, but thought by some to have even a greater amount of science. The truth was that, with the exception of the two head men, one would have thought the survey had managed to collect the softest-minded set of characters on that side of the Isthmus. Not one in our tent, except myself, had so much as seen placer-mud washed, or knew dry scales under a vein from copper-specks.

Next morning "smart" was the word. The first thing was some one in boots and spurs going round the tent in a desperately active state, kicking it up and stamping to some chorus of a song, which was often enough heard afterwards if the surveyor began work in a good mood—

"Rouse out, ye hell cats, and come to revellee,
Don't ye hear the adjutant on the balconee?"

Old Tobin said it was our Boss, the Judge, and in very fine spirits too. The compass-man, who had a share of his bell-tent, joined him directly, and his riding-horse was looked after. Everything was then set a-going to fall to work in earnest.

Our first trials were over old ground, tolerably level, and most of it well bounded with creeks, watercourses, or known tracks, where the Spanish Government had not marked it plain already. It turned out that the Judge's Spanish friend, Señor Villarez, was dead, leaving a widow in very good circumstances; and, if her title proved correct to the whole land in question, she would be among the richest proprietors on the Contra Costa. But would her title prove correct? There was a difficulty with the squatter, who had shot her husband; and there were more than one settler and speculator in new town-lots who had gone to some expense on their claims, and would lose the whole unless they compounded pretty smartly, supposing survey to agree with the Spanish titles. At that time there was a more regular government forming in the state, many delegates to the new Convention being Spanish; and Monterey was to be the place for it to sit in. Accordingly, Judge Tracy was much looked to in this matter of the widow's title, as it would bear on others in dispute, while there was no danger of his wanting backers whichever way his report should lean.

For days together we did nothing but go over the old lines, rooting for what was left of the original measure-posts, with a little crowd of Oakland people after us, mixed with a mounted Spaniard

or two, and an occasional old Digger Indian in raw-hide waistbands. Toward the end, our chief, the Judge, was considerably annoyed by the wild Spanish cattle, which ran along at the flags, and would often make a grand charge at a red shirt he wore over his clothes. He had an attorney from San Francisco to deal with besides, who acted on the above-mentioned squatter's part—a man I knew by sight already, and somehow always had a fear of—named Lawyer Peabody, six feet and a half high, with immense big feet and a hook-nose. He rode about considerably on his client's business. The Judge, however, it must said, held up wonderfully throughout; no one could have said which way it was to go. The idea was none the less taken up among us that it would show in the long-run for American rights. At length, to our no small surprise, things turned out quite the contrary. Orders came back from town that soon finished Lawyer Peabody's visits. He rode off the last time as black as thunder. The squatter, too, after swearing no end of vengeance, had to make tracks rather far to carry it out. We were shifting camp ourselves by this time, and went off to measure new ground among the redwood ranges.

This was a different matter altogether. The country lay well for stock, with fine rolling land for ordinary sections, and plenty of back-room through scrub to the hills or redwood gullies; occasionally a natural clearing, handy to water, for new town-lots; all of it to be laid off and accounted for. The Judge, when present—as he now frequently chanced not to be—took the transit instrument; Mr. Higley with the compass then fixed what is called a bearing object, which he showed us through the glass, after working various screws to suit; but, whatever he knew himself, he must have learnt it very practically indeed, as he never could explain it clearly, and went into a rage if so required. I being fore-chainman, my duty was to take line in hand and make right over everything for the mark, with the counting-pins at my

belt; Fred was hind-man, so that the charge lay on his shoulders to keep straight, giving me various directions, right, left, steady, and so on, till we were fairly in line to plant the second pin at the proper distance. He then cried "Stick!" and "Stuck" was the answer; leaving the pin to be taken up when he reached it, by which time a third had been stuck ahead, and so on, till all were used on a bee-line. This made "one out," when we each pulled a string out of the first hole in our tally-straps, and passed the word along; all the pins but one being then returned to the fore-chain, who again set off as before. As soon as eight holes were out in this manner, it made half a mile; whereupon both of us sung out for all hands to hear, "Eight out." At this the axemen dug a hole for a post; a piece of charcoal had to be dropped below all, from a bag carried by the fore-chain; the soil was then filled in, a mound made, and the post, with Government marks, driven down on it. If any question rose afterwards, this made sure against disputes; as, even though posts got rubbed out, or the mounds grown over, or washed off, the bit of charcoal would last. As to *our* taste for the work, Lettson's main complaint was its giving one's mind no occupation, so as to leave his thoughts always free; it was plain he kept up solely by counting the days to the month's end, and the pay that became due. For my part, it was rather the opposite way. It gave me considerable trouble to keep the marks in view, count the pins, recollect the different distances, and remember to bring charcoal, or calculate how much we might need. In most respects it was by no means an unpleasant sort of life. Moreover, it was agreeing with both of us particularly well as to health, for the dregs of the ague had quite left me, and Lettson's cough was altogether gone.

Rough ground was not the worst for us two, after all. Our turn soon came to take it somewhat easier, when, from doing a stretch of perhaps nine miles a day, it was considered good if we did three, over rocks, cracks, and chapparal as thick as heather, but six times the

height, among the spurs of the hills from San Mateo. Instead of the axemen sauntering on to meet us, with a mule to carry their posts, both of them now had a precious tough time of it, cutting our way through, or perhaps having to throw a bridge over some gully, when a big tree stood convenient to fall across; we meanwhile lighting a pipe as we waited, and looking at them like lords. Mr. Higley would be picking his way round to the next station, with the Malay to carry his articles, whilst the Judge rode a circuit for the spot; old Tobin being left to shift camp as he best might. It took some days to do the last four or five miles, and at the end there were parts that had to be marked by computation.

The month's trial for us chainmen now ran out, at a time when it would have been very inconvenient to fill our places, more particularly as, the farther we got from Oakland, where some kind of a land committee met together, the oftener had Judge Tracy to make visits thereabouts, and the longer was he absent. This appeared to unsettle him considerably, so that more was left on Mr. Higley's shoulders. Still, it was understood to be for the purpose of having their Government contract changed to a regular fixed appointment under the new State, and accordingly our compass-man seemed no way ill pleased in the matter. He had the whole charge on such occasions, and soon found it was no use giving the compass to his pet hand, Steinberg. He had to fall back on Fred Lettsom, who had really more in his headpiece than the whole of us taken by the slump, and so had just then begun to prove important. Higley would doubtless have liked him none the better, evidently keeping a sharp eye on him to this time through the Dutchman, as aught in the shape of book-learning went specially against the grain with our under-surveyor. No sooner, however, did he begin to make light of our old Boss himself, meaning to trip up his heels, as was afterwards proved, than it of course mattered less if Fred got into the Judge's good graces. They were all

taken, consequently, a back at finding that my friend decided to leave at our term, and that I must needs hold with him. Nothing was said to us direct; but, the surveyor himself being absent, Steinberg came to me the last afternoon, which was a Sunday, with word from Mr. Higley, that this part of the survey must be finished within six months from commencement. Of course, what pay was due we could draw as we thought fit, with the usual advances besides: he even went the length of a hint that the new arrangements might alter everything, and all the changes be in different hands. Although far from liking the Dutchman's go-between ways, I at once said it was my own inclination to stay on, and I would have a talk over it with Lettsom. This I lost no time in doing. I told him I was quite ready to drop the employment, as he had done on my account in the steamer. I asked him plump, however, what was the use of our getting home just then, with our passage-money made, to land no better than a couple of beggars; whereas, six months or a year after, we might leave San Francisco with at least a thousand dollars each (some 200%), still working our passage free, if we chose. This struck him forcibly, for he stood looking hard at me for a moment or two, and then, having nothing to answer, turned off in some evident annoyance, walking out of sight among the bush. I did not see him to speak to till next day. He then told me I was no doubt right, and he had made up his mind to stop.

It was really our surveyor's interest to push ahead. On joining us, he often fell to in high spirits, setting everything astir, and going at it with the best. At other times, if he had been too free in refreshing on the way, his temper was a caution. He had been a very good-looking man, which he still was bent on keeping up when on his expeditions. He had a first-rate trunk in his tent, and a dressing-case, whereby he could manage to tog himself out almost beyond knowledge ere riding off; then again he would get back to his old

oilskins and glazed hat for work. It was noticed that he seldom inclined to leave us as the weather grew wet, the tracks in fact getting bad for long rides; though old Tobin's belief was that he used a hair-dye, and, if he had gone on a sudden into company during the rainy season, might have been taken for a Huron in war-paint. Sometimes, after shifting his clothes, nevertheless, he would leave Mr. Higley to make up the day's work with Steinberg, whom he had no fancy for, and would come in to our fire with a guitar he kept by him, and get the Malay to sing all sorts of words to what he called Spanish airs. His main weakness seemed to lie in the Spanish quarter. He said he was Spanish himself by the mother's side, and, so far as his voice went at helping Andrew, which was worse than nothing, we made out his favourite strains to concern ladies. Situated as we were, where even a Digger Indian squaw became pleasant to see, the wonder was how the Judge managed to keep in mind that such creatures existed. Not but that an occasional sample turned up of what stood for them. At times, when we got a bit of private survey to do by the way—for which payment was made accordingly—our party was usually boarded by the people on the ground, and supplied with the best fare in their power. There was one family that had a sister with them, and another man was of the Mormonite creed, and had contrived to get two wives to his own share, but so unsatisfactory that he owned he had come to the wrong location altogether. He had no family after all, and one was always running off on a burst to get liquor, unluckily always coming back again; as to the other, she kept close enough by the stove, but had got wrong somehow about her head, and if she took a spite to any one, as she often did to strangers, was apt to show it.

At one place a couple of days' work was done for a Colonel Rigg, living with his two sons in a shanty. The place was not over twelve feet square, almost filled up with the stove and bunks, from one of which bunks our Boss

hung out his feet, our host sticking his into another. He had a large map of the United States hung up, with two or three excellent-looking rifles, and a sort of helmet which I took at that time for a yeomanry or cavalry one; though afterwards, on seeing the New York firemen, I knew it must have belonged to that department. He had, it appeared, taken a great hand in getting up the celebrated Vigilance Committee; for which a piece of plate had been presented to him, as he said, though parted with on account of expenses in stocking his land. However, he remarked, with a wise nod, it might possibly not be the last article of the sort in his family, as he heard things were looking very bad again in town, and he could swear the same himself in regard to the settlements. He had taken out 160 acres of what he understood was Government land, with water-power for a lumber saw-mill he was erecting, and plenty of back-run for sheep; and now he had got it measured all square, he was very much pleased, and meant to hold it against all the rancheros and haciendistas in the country. He thought the Spaniards had "too much say" in the country, and were playing into each other's hands. However, he was going up to town shortly, upon a different piece of business, and, when he went into the Plaza of San Francisco, he remarked, it was about equal to vigilance, for Lynch was the word, the fire-bell rang, the mayor and a lot of lawyers would slope at once, only they could fix it no how. He had already given us a shrewd notion of what his other business consisted in. It referred to his getting married for the first time since his arrival in California. The other "party" seemed to have no end of offers, and no wonder, being in San Francisco, engaged in some department at the Franklin House. He was getting very impatient, and showed us her miniature done by a Chinaman. Most likely from the latter circumstance, it had rather the look of a washerwoman ready for church, caught poring into her own teacup.

Shortly after this, the fixed appoint-

ment was got that had been in question; settling the surveyorship, it appeared, under the local State, instead of Congress. This, we were told, was the only difference; so that in other respects we stood as before. Pretty sharp orders had evidently come at the same time. If any proof had been wanting as to the stir at head-quarters, it came in the shape of a fresh hand they sent out from San Francisco, recommended by the Board for handiness at draught and calculating work; whether to help the Judge or Mr. Higley neither seemed sure. The main impression was that he was meant for a check in general, if not some kind of a spy. His name was Viner. He was a middle-aged man, who looked as if he had come through a good deal and could see round corners, but he said he only wanted to make himself useful. Having a particularly good waterproof cloak, not to mention a stock of fresh Government blankets, he was not long in being posted, without much ceremony, by Mr. Higley. After proving no hand with an axe, he got my own original department; I being regularly promoted to carry tail-end in Lettson's place, while Lettson assisted the observations, each with a rise of pay. Things then went on in the right groove. I understood both points by that time sufficiently to keep Viner going ahead, though the soft state of the ground was often against us. The axemen had enough to do without filling up quagmires or damming water-runs, and it was no use stopping to argue about it. At first he would want to empty one of his boots, but they soon saved him the trouble. Mine had caved in long before, and what he went over I had to cross too. The rest used to grin at us as we jumped along in this style, putting down the pins like fellows planting out swamp-ree; while for my part I took it well out in shaking chain at him to drive him along, till he really was a caution to loafers, with his hair tucked behind his ears, his stove-pipe hat tight down, and his tail-coat flying from under his waterproof, and a desperate look ahead like a down-easter on his first trail. How-

ever, it might have been better for some of us if Viner had got his choice, and he was soon the means of throwing the whole party into a very awkward fix.

Among the few points he was now answerable for, he had to carry the bag full of charcoal as before stated, ready to drop into the post-holes. The charcoal was easy enough provided every morning from the camp-fire; but, owing to over-caution how he loaded himself, he often ran short before sun-down, or, forgetting it altogether, had to hurry back for a supply. Between the two, it was thought he occasionally served the turn by help of any mud or old roots that looked suitable; at which most of us would have winked if it saved time, as the mounds were not likely to be opened in our day. Nevertheless, one afternoon, at the closing of a section, Mr. Higley came up to the last angle-post, which had just been finished to all appearance correct,—notches, numbers, and all. Whether he was in any temper from words with the Judge, who followed at his ease down a gully adjoining, or whether they had both wanted some plan of getting to the bottom of Viner, it struck the compass-man he would have the post rooted up again, and the earth shovelled out. This the axemen were at once set to do; we meanwhile resting, in prospect of a sweet turn-up. Nothing whatever had been found when, all at once, after digging deep enough to have buried the man, Rufus dropped his tool, then went butting his head down and elawing like a terrier at a fox-earth. Steinberg at the same time jumped up with a hat full of stuff, and held out a handful to Mr. Higley. Our compass-man no sooner had looked than he dropped his instrument-case with something liker a fair oath than usual, and sang out for water. He called by name to me, as I was the only one present but himself that had been at the mines. Sure enough there were surface-specks among it, and even a scale or two here and there in the rest, as if a real gold-vein might possibly run into the watercourse near by. Moreover, as we looked round, the whole place had the

very look of a likely gulche, with rough ribs in it, coming down on loose sand, and plenty of white stones in the stream, which we knew to be quartz; added to which, it was Government ground, away from any known placers, so as easily to be kept snug for a while. In a moment the word was passed; before you knew where you were, Mr. Higley himself was washing the dirt in his hat, Viner running with the drink-can, Fred and I fisting along the stuff, while the others were digging out in a way to have made a pretty hole ere long. Gold there was beyond doubt, though it was still questionable if it were more than the colour of it, as they say. Once or twice Mr. Higley looked to me in a meaning style, till, after trying the dregs fairly, he jumped up, pitched it all out, said it was no use, and referred to me, as I had tried the same notion before, to back his words. His eye showed he had made up his mind; besides which, he made a sign that turned my eye up the gully. Where the surveyor had managed to get across stream, and stood hallooing to us, apparently to lose no time in crossing too. We had almost forgotten Judge Tracy, but he seemed less to notice what was up than to be anxious about our gaining camp. For all this the men kept on working—Viner among the keenest; even Fred Lettsom with a raised look I had never seen before in him, and the rest as dogged as mules. The compass-man's six-shooter was in his hand. I had mine in my belt as usual, and I took it out as he nudged me. He ordered the axemen to shovel all in again and put the post in rightly; the first man besides that stirred Government ground in the next half-minute, or interfered further with survey, he would shoot him dead that instant. This settled matters quick enough. Every one saw it was safer to stick to Uncle Sam; and without further satisfaction the post was set square again, and we crossed for camp, which was shifted soon after.

During the latter portion of this time, the tents were set down in a spot that would have been exceedingly pleasant, save for the wet season. It was towards

the head of the bay, in the direction of San Mateo, the most beautiful part of the whole Contra Costa. A creek ran within a few yards of us, abounding in spotted trout, and another fish, like mullet, occasionally salmon of the largest size; everywhere round were quail and such-like game—not to speak of the small native deer of the country, and the chance of starting an elk—both being plentiful on the other side, near the hills. On a Sunday, of course, we were at liberty to do as we chose, and, so far as Mr. Higley was concerned, no hindrance lay against fishing, shooting, or the use of the mules to visit any settlement within reach. Old Tobin, however, was a very religious character; and, after shaving smooth himself, and going in to do the same for the Judge, he regularly came out to hold forth a little to whosoever would hear him, making always sure of poor Andrew at the stove. The Judge used commonly to hold off, and what the teamster said was mostly too stale for the rest. One of these Sundays, I recollect, it was less showery outside than usual, and, as Lettsom and I followed the others, there could scarce have been cheerier weather to see. The running creek was before us—with every now and then the sound of a shot, that spoke well for dinner-time;—in fact, the scenery looked like park-land in the Highlands—as it often does in California—save that there was no danger of keepers. Over from the other bank you could smell the wet redwood hills in the sun, like whole mountains of larch and spruce, but far sweeter; and the trees stood out like cedars, as it struck me at the time. Fred was seemingly quite in the spirit of it; but all at once a gloomy turn came over him. He flung aside his rod, throwing himself down with some remark I could not make out,—except that it turned on my own fancy regarding the redwoods. Both our fathers happened to be of the clerical profession, a thing that had doubtless helped to draw us together; the main difference being that in his case it was the Church of England. His father was still alive at the vicarage, in the county of Durham.

How his thoughts had taken this turn I did not know ; at any rate he spoke about having almost forgotten what a Sunday meant. He said that the morning service was just then begun in Edgeside church, so that he could follow the very words. After that we spent a great part of the day in talking about old matters. He had two letters and a daguerreotype likeness of his sister, which served to eke it out ; this last being a thing that he had often shown me, as he always carried it about with him. A particularly pleasant face it showed, with a lively expression, but not what is called beautiful. I asked Lettsom if he still wanted to break through the surveying engagement, as I had no mind but to stick by him. He said "no;" he meant to hold through with it. The sum due to us at finishing was certainly not to be thrown away on a whim.

On our way down through Oakland again, we took the new team-track for convenience, which led right through the town. We found it wonderfully increased in size and business ; in addition to which there was an extra stir at this time, as delegates to the new Convention were being chosen all over the country, and this was the morning of the day fixed for Oakland elections. We had thus an opportunity of seeing some of it as we passed. The Judge had gone off on what he called committee business, and the wagon and team were ahead of us, Tobin and the Malay pushing through before much notice was taken. But Mr. Higley got down to talk with some acquaintances, among whom it struck us we saw no less a gentleman than Lawyer Peabody from San Francisco city, looking busier than ever before. They had got out of sight when, as we came along the main street, a cry was raised of "Uncle Sam's men." Immediately there appeared about a score of rowdies, who had been cracking cowhide whips and war-whooping round, and now joined hands across to bring us up. Lettsom and I were on the two Spanish pack-mules, with which we first tried to charge through, then to cut round by a corner. But it would not do. We were

pulled off at once, the crowd being nevertheless in high spirits, and everybody pleased to see us. The polling had just begun in a tent opposite ; at one side was a liquor-booth with the American State flags flying, an open barrel of cigars at the door, and everywhere at hand all sorts of placards, streamers, and signs, for about a dozen candidates that were out. What was wanted of course was our votes ; and, as it did not interfere with survey, and the hour chanced to suit, no one ever dreamt of a difficulty except Fred Lettsom, who stood glooming at them all. It was drink and cigars free afterwards, at county expense ; Mr. Higley had voted already, we found, and, as to Steinberg and the others, they made no bones of it, but were ready to go in without delay. For my part, as I was told we had got to do it, I only asked if there was any compulsion regarding different candidates ; and it seemed to be thought not, only we must vote for four out of the number. Not belonging to Oakland, the fact was we did not know who they were ; at the same time every one was doing his best to inform us, telling us who stood for the Free-Place Ticket, the Foreign Exclusion Movement, or the Oakland Plank Road Principle. I happened to look up at the biggest show-bill, where I saw no less a name staring than that of Joshua L. Peabody of San Francisco for the Constitutional Democratic principle. My mind was made up that moment. "Anyhow," I said to Steinberg, "Whig or Tory, I don't vote for J. L. Peabody ;" and it was a mere toss-up for the four names I pitched upon. The rest somehow took up the notion. The word of the day inclined to be, "Anyhow, I don't vote for Peabody ;" so that by the end of the poll, at all events, he stood near the foot of all, losing the dealership altogether by a long chalk. This was, of course, a fresh grudge against Survey. On going out, however, there was enough to think of with Lettsom, for he had stood like a stock in his place, till no end of a disturbance was being caused. He refused even to give

a reason for not voting. "Is it not enough to say," persisted he, absurdly enough, "that I do not wish it?" "That don't git you off, stranger, nohow you can fix it," cries one party; "Gov'ment-employed, an' throwin' contempt on free institutions hereaway," sings out another; "Some Free-soil notion, I guess?" said others; some asking if he stood for Separation, Filibustering, or even Salt Lake ideas—if so, only to out with them and vote for it. No time was to be lost, if he was not to be lynched in the end, or tarred and feathered at the least; accordingly I got among the busiest and explained how things stood. Being from the old country, and never having had time as yet to take out his free papers, the truth was he had no title to vote; which, I went so far as to say quietly, he was ashamed to own. This set matters right at once. "How? D'you tell? Oh darn it, that alters," said most of them; and the only trouble afterwards was to get away without too much liquoring.

We now worked to the foot of the bay, opposite the harbour of San Francisco, and the Golden Gate itself; where some hundreds of square miles had to be laid out on fresh ground. This was heavy business, the weather getting worse than before, and the low-lying land occasionally taking us in to the knees from the chain. During the measurements in this quarter, two or three rather ticklish chances were run by the party. These I shall pass over, though they were bad enough at the time, to come to what now lies most fixedly in my memory.

Our Judge seemed to take matters easier, and to intend keeping with us till the end, when one day Higley himself called attention to our want of proper stores, proposing of his own accord that Tracy should go to Oakland at once, suitably both with his private business and this as well. He seemed rather anxious about it, undertaking that no delay should occur to the work; and the Judge, being apparently in the best of tempers, made no opposition, but had his nag and saddle-bags,

and left us at work, taking the direct track for Oakland. He was not long gone when the week's measurements were finished; and, as the next lay on the other side of the hills, we had either to lie by till he came back, or strike tents to a distance where it might cost trouble to find us, unless he had the plans by heart. This last, Mr. Higley said, was not the case; besides, he had been in too great a hurry to leave clear orders; accordingly, we had better knock off for the time. Not a little to our surprise, however, we found that Mr. Higley was going to make a trip too, and spend the Sunday in San Francisco. Stranger still, before dusk, when he was just setting out afoot in the direction of San Antonio to borrow a horse he spoke of on that track, the camp had a flying visit from Lawyer Peabody and a companion, who proved to be his old client, Ikey Dunrimmons, the trapper and squatter. Old Tobin thought, from the time they stayed in the surveyor's tent, they were looking up his private papers. He overheard the lawyer say, if Spanish bribery could be proved, Tracy might as well run up the tree; also, that he certainly had not gone this time to Oakland, as they had followed his trail. In fact, the squatter had seen him that afternoon near Colonel Rigg's location, with the colonel and his two sons. He appeared to be making for the back-runs and mines; and, as the lawyer evidently had something against him, and talked loud about a fresh Vigilance Committee then forming, their notion was that he had absquatulated altogether. The upshot was that the squatter went off in chase. Mr. Higley then came and gave us our orders for another week. Steinberg had full charge, and we were to shift camp inland, over the creek of Panchita. Mr. Higley and Lawyer Peabody went off together by the first starlight.

Next working-day we started, with signs of great improvement in the weather, though over tracks in the worst condition, and soon upon none whatever. Still we pushed forward by dint of some pains with the team—all

four being in the traces—while Lettson and I, being free from special charge of the two troublesome Spanish mules, which usually fell on us, had more private talk than of late. The sun shone out, the swamps and runs were considerably fallen, and, what with circumventing them, or pulling right through to our middle in water, it was managed till we came to the Panchita, not many miles from the station in view. This was a very ugly stream indeed, where Tobin at once proposed camping for the day, as it was hill-fed and there was no way of striking higher; whereas it was likely to fall ere another morning, if no portage were hit upon. Steinberg, however, had the lead. He said he had his orders, and the surveyor must know where to find us; then the sky looked like coming on again by night. Accordingly we took to one of Higley's contrivances for crossing; which lay in taking off the wagon-bed, fresh caulking it, loading carefully, and getting it over by trips, with the help of ready-made coars. This was done several times, till everything was across save the mules and spare hands in charge of them. It had then got too late to move farther; so the tent was pitched on a snug spot on the other bank, where Tobin and little Andrew had things to rights in a twinkling, with a good fire close in sight. The two American wheelers had to be swum over behind the float, one a time, which they did quietly; but, while we were busy at this, it was found the Spanish pair had broken their tethers and strayed. The axeman Rufus and myself at once started after them, and succeeded as usual with some trouble. It was by that time not only sun-down, but raining so as scarce to let us two, who had been left on the one side, see the fire on the other. Steinberg now hailed us, to say that the float leaked, but if we looked sharp about it we could easily swim the Spanish mules over, unless we could wait till the float was fixed properly again. It was a nice mess—not a shanty within many miles, the rain thickening, and the water looking uglier than ever as it went past, full of twigs and turf. Billy Rufus had often

bragged about managing all sorts of cattle, though the fact was that none of the mules would ever take to him; though, in regard to swimming, Lettson excepted, he was the only one of the party safe to try it; and, as I decidedly objected to remaining till the moon rose, he concluded at last to risk the thing. The fellow was shrewd enough to lay hold of Sancho, the bell-mule, a Mexican-bred beast; I could have got it to do anything I wished, and it was always like a pony under Lettson, who had kindly ways with animals. The Missouri lad headed off boldly, with me in his wake; but no sooner did he lose bottom in the middle than, at a start he made on the halter, and a flourish of his legs the wrong way up, the cunning old mule dived right under him, and swam upstream to the other bank, leaving Rufus to flounder down and wade out all safe for camp. Of course, little Pepita at once followed suit, fairly capsizeing me and turning straight back; but luckily with the tether in my hold, so as to draw me out half choked, with a sprig of willow sticking almost down my throat. I was now the only one of the party left on the wrong side. They had roused up the camp-fire, and came out with lighted brands opposite me, waving and hailing to know if I was safe. I went forward, and sang out not to trouble themselves further, as there were trees enough for shelter, and, if they could only chuck over a tinder-box, with something or other to eat, I could wait till as long as required. The little Malay was in the habit of using a Spanish *riata* (or lasso), and I said he could surely give me a catch of it, to pass a line over. At that I heard men speaking together, but nothing was done, and they went out of sight again; which I thought rather cool. Still, knowing the moon would soon be up, when they could not help doing something, I was not long in raising a fire, Indian fashion, where the pitch-pot had been, and lit a pipe, and made the best of it. By this time it got so quiet, the drops could be heard on the creek, with the current working through the

rank tulé-beds alongside. Nothing else stirred, until I caught a sound coming out cautiously to the streak betwixt the two lights, where the stream ran blackest. Getting up, there sure enough I discerned a mule's head steering to the current, with some one's face beyond its ears. Whoever it was, he had a coil of raw hide in hand, and some heavier line stretched back towards the other bank, evidently intended to make fast, and no doubt run a sling over. I held my breath, to avoid startling the mule, till he should sing out; but, whether he flung the line at sight of me waiting, whether it got hampered about Sancho's flank, or something in the water struck his legs, I never knew. Suddenly the beast gave a plunge, and shied uppermost in the stream; then I saw nothing but an arm thrown up with a desperate cry. It seemed to last till my brain reeled, as I ran down and came yelling back to rouse the camp. Some one ashore on the other side was hallooing like a fool, shaking the chain in the water, and asking if he was to haul taut to the tree. It was that useless block-head, Viner. I only hoped to God the other had been little Andrew, ill as we might spare the poor heathen; but there was nothing beside me to tell, except the mule on the bank, shaking itself dry like a dog and snorting, with its big eyes all of a stare. One half of the *riata* hung loose from the horn of the Spanish saddle, the other half bearing up the slack of our survey-chain, that led back across as the creature stood still. The rest were all astir, driving hither and thither to no better end. Then certainty came upon me that it was Lettsom who had run the risk on my account, and was gone. It was the truth. They had left him to manage it, with the help of Viner, while the supper was getting ready, and they were dozing round the fire.

His body was found in the morning, several miles down, grounded among the tulé-beds, by a Spaniard, who thought he must belong to our party. It was carried on to the surveying-ground, where, neither Mr. Higley nor the Judge appearing for some days, nothing was

done during that time, so that I had more leisure than desirable to think over it. It was double hard, not only to know how he met his death, but how he dwelt to the last on our going home, while I had inclined the other way. He was about twenty-three years of age and belonged to the neighbourhood of Durham—some place called Edgeside, where his father was vicar. As he had told me this among other things, I knew where to get a letter sent, along with his pay, and the few little matters he had left, of which I took charge till Mr. Higley should arrive. These mainly consisted of two or three letters and his sister's likeness.

To our no small surprise, as before, it was Judge Tracy who now joined us, and there was no word whatever of Mr. Higley, till the Judge mentioned, in a passing way, that he had fallen in with him in town, and he would not be long in joining, but had got a little hurt in the disturbances there. The old Boss no sooner heard about poor Lettsom than he showed more feeling than some gave him credit for. He offered to write the letter himself, which would be forwarded all safe, along with the property and money due, to the British agent in San Francisco. Everything was now in better order there, he informed me. The governor of the jail had been put inside for trial, several other leading men along with him; two or three most infernally swindling principals of firms, gaming-house decoys, and Sydney ducks, as well as a certain banker from Philadelphia, had been strung up; while other gentlemen had only been acute enough to join a stampede for the mines. Colonel Rigg and his two sons had been called into town on a sudden; it had occurred to the surveyor, on hearing this, that he might as well join them, and they had had the start of Lawyer Peabody and Mr. Higley in carrying out the Vigilance Committee, which they were equally bent upon.

All we had to do was to see about a decent burial for poor Lettsom. For want of a better place, this was done at the starting-angle of our new measurements,

where the first post would stand. The country rose at this spot—several fine maples and dog-woods growing above on hard, broken ground, and not likely to be stirred when thesections were cleared; and there was a small water-run below. The surveyor belonged to the Episcopal Church himself; accordingly, he had thought of repeating some of the proper service on the occasion. But little of it came to his mind,—and, after standing a bit, the axemen were left to fill up and fix the post, a larger one than ordinary, with Lettsom's initials cut below the Government marks. We then looked through the instrument, took the bearings, lifted chain, and went right up hill, sticking the pins as usual and calling out the marks, till the place was left behind. After squaring back upon it some days subsequent, I never chanced to be in that part of the Contra Costa again.

Meanwhile Mr. Higley rejoined, and we went on briskly with survey. The weather was coming back to heat, with nothing to interrupt us further till our agreement closed, save the ordinary shiftings of camp. As to the difference between the Judge and Mr. Higley, and the Judge's chances of being called to account for his proceedings, it turned out that, whenever the new local Government was in order at San Francisco, the Judge had offered to stand any examination required. The truth was, if any one had a charge against him, it was lost with the old Land Committee, who were thoroughly dried up and cleared out; while, at the same time, every fault must bear equally against Mr. Higley, who ought to have understood the survey. The upshot was, that Judge Tracy, instead of being brought to any trial, was greatly thought of and praised. However, to their astonishment apparently, at least to Higley's, he said he intended retiring on a land-claim himself, and taking to agriculture in his latter days. In other words, he resigned the post, so far as regarded any new measurements, only consenting to finish the present plans.

On the day of our being paid off, accordingly, the Judge wrote out our

orders, and told us he was going. His horse stood ready outside the tent, to go into town—in the neighbourhood of which we then were. However, he wished that all who meant to spend the day in San Francisco would meet him at the Parker House, and liquor before parting. Mr. Higley had now got the head berth, and seemed to count upon most of us re-engaging. But Steinberg and Viner were the only hands who did so. The new surveyor was in his tent when we left, in fact, and did not think fit to look out of it. We lost no time in getting back to see a little life once more, but did not fail to take advantage of the old Boss's invitation. We found him at the Parker as appointed, where some friends were then with him. He came out immediately, however, behind the bar, followed by some of the others, among whom was Colonel Rigg himself. We were most kindly welcomed, each of them standing cocktails round, which were of course returned. Early as it was in the day, both the Judge and Colonel were in most uncommon high spirits, and dressed so smartly that Tracy might have been taken for a different man altogether. He said he was pressed for time, remarking, with a sort of snigger, that he had an engagement to keep sharp by noon, at the Mission Dolores, out of town, in connexion with his farming prospects. The Colonel at that point broke out with a laugh, half horse, half alligator, while the rest kept nudging him; whereupon the truth soon came out. They were both going off to the old Spanish chapel to be regularly married, by the *padres* there; and the astonishment of all hands may be conceived when we heard that the Judge had succeeded in fixing matters with the Señora Villarez, of the Hacienda Real, widow to the Spanish ranchero whose ground we had first surveyed, after the dispute with Ikey Dunrimmons, the squatter who shot him. As we had all something to do with the bride's good luck, whereby she proved one of the wealthiest proprietors in Oakland county, it was not difficult to see how cautiously our worthy Boss

had managed. Not one of us but admired it more, the longer we thought of it; meanwhile, after a last mint-julep on the head of it, at his expense, we wished them luck and went off. I afterwards heard that the Judge's hacienda got much built upon. He went into Convention at the next election, on the Spanish interest, and, having some right to a title from his mother's side, was none the less thought of, often holding the floor against Peabody, who got in likewise, but was said to fight shy of him.

Thus conclude our adventurer's expe-

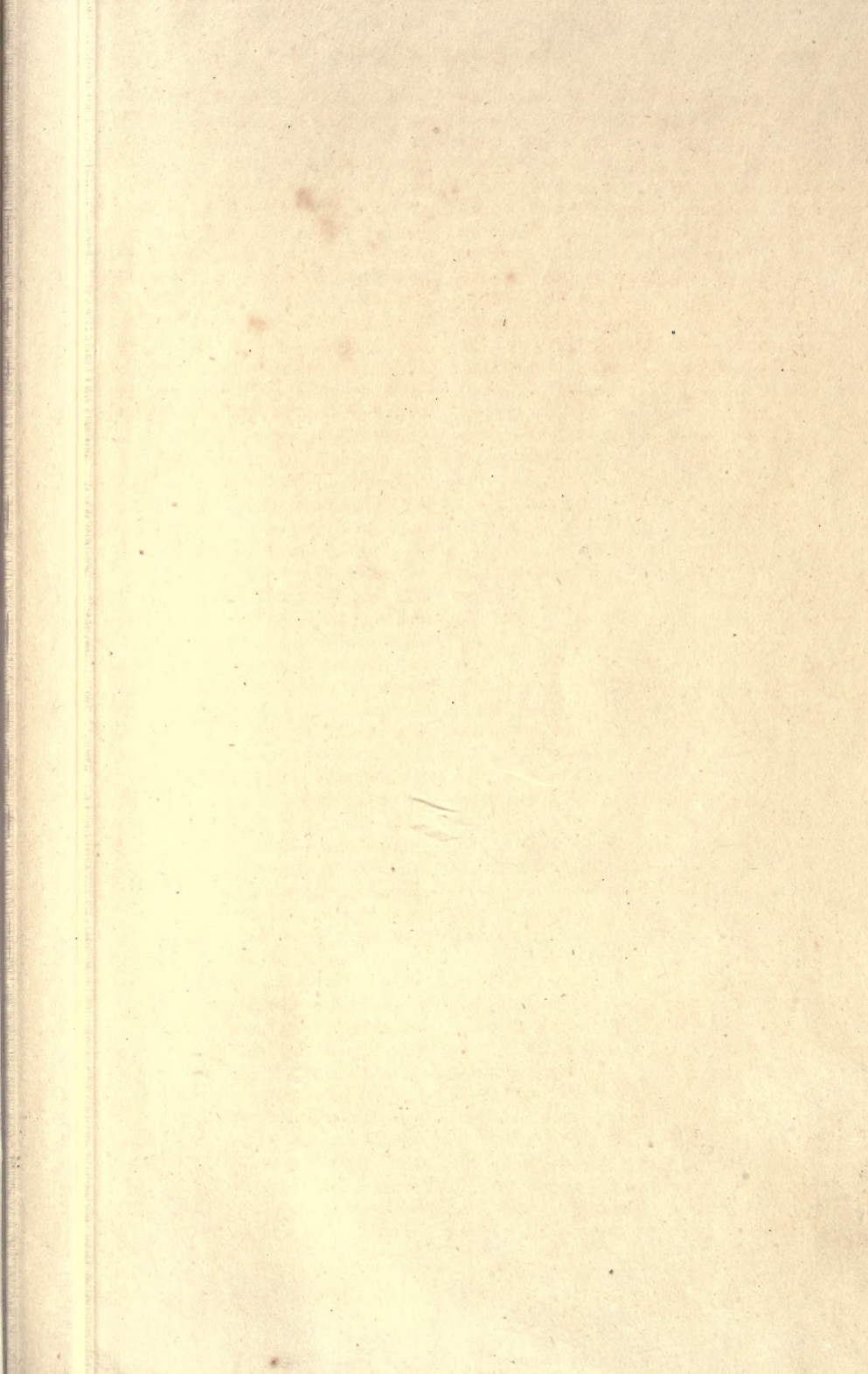
riences. Having surveyed the scene, he naturally proceeded to convert the results to some ultimate benefit for the future. Time showed him, in the endeavour to turn Eldoradian land-claims into fortune, that it was really no good joke to have slipt through Transatlantic tests of citizenship in virtue of a youthful freedom, and no trifle to have attracted the unfriendly notice of the Lawyer Peabody, whose recognitions never dropped. Enough to add that, after trial and perseverance sustained throughout no less than ten weary years, chance joined hands again with these, to conduct him home at last.

END OF VOL. XVI.

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